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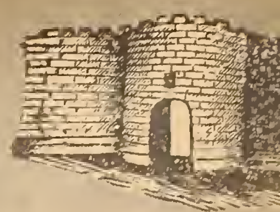
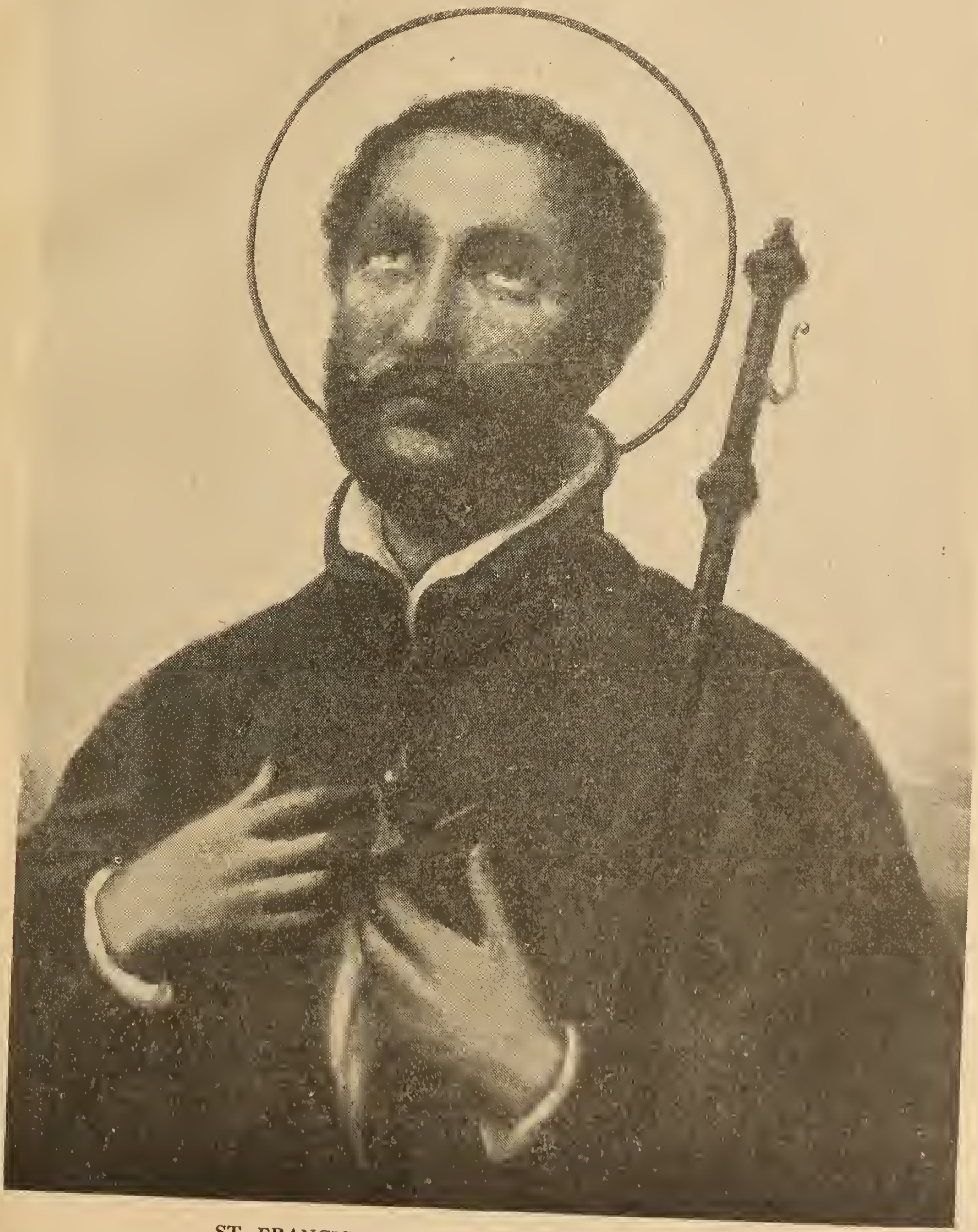


CHINA



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, OUR GLORIOUS PATRON

Vol. 7. JANUARY, 1926 No. 1.

News From Far and Near.

A NEW MISSION.

Father Ford, well known Maryknoll Missionary, has been placed in charge of Maryknoll's new mission amongst the "Hakkas." The Hakkas are a distinct race of people who as Father Fords says, "stand in relation to the Cantonese as the Acadians did to the British, except that the Hakkas prospered." In the new Mission there are six thousand Catholics out of a population of about four million people, about the same proportion as in our own territory of Chuchow.

ANOTHER COLLEGE IN CHINA.

Another college has been opened up in China by the Irish Christian Brothers and at a time when many educational institutions have been forced to close their doors on account of the hostility of the students. Two of the pioneers of the Han Yang College—Brother Donoghue and Brother Roberts—have been placed in charge of the new institution. Some time ago CHINA referred to the fact that the boys of the Brothers' Schools were the only students who refused to go on strike. To those of us who know the Irish Christian Brothers and their invariably cordial relations with their pupils this news occasioned no surprise. We cannot speak too highly of the magnificent work they have accomplished since their arrival in China.

TOKEN OF CONFIDENCE.

The voting of $8,000.00 for famine relief, to be dispersed personally by Rev. Father Cony of the Catholic Mission at Suchiao, is an evidence of the esteem and confidence entertained for the Catholic clergy by the China International Famine Relief Commission. Recent floods in China have caused appalling loss of life and property and Father Cony's is but one of the mission centres where attempts at relief have become imperative. "CHINA" recently published a letter from Bishop Seguin, of Kweiyang, in which was described the terrible condition of his famine-stricken people.

ST. ENDA'S CIRCLE.

On Sunday, Dec. 13th, the members of St. Enda's Circle paid a visit to our seminary to bid goodbye to our departing missionaries and to help them along many miles of their journey by a very generous offering. St. Enda's Circle is comprised of a number of young ladies who some years ago started a mission society with the object of helping in the education of priests for China. The work they have accomplished is little short of marvellous.

SAINT JOSEPH TO THE RESCUE!

Perhaps it is because St. Joseph is the Patron Saint of China that he is taking such a prominent part in the Godspeeds to CHUCHOW. The children of St. Joseph's School, Leslie St., send us every year one hundred dollars for our work. This year they have added another hundred dollars as a Godspeed to Chuchow. They gathered in St. Joseph's Church on the afternoon of the Departure Day, and presented Father Fraser with this handsome proof of their regard for him, and of their zeal for the conversion of China. May Saint Joseph reward them and their zealous and worthy Pastor, Rev. Doctor O'Leary, with the best that is within his power to obtain!

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, HALIFAX, N.S.

"We received the news that the Rev. Fathers were going to China with joy and sorrow, sorrow that we would no longer have them in our midst, and that we were to lose them, perhaps for ever, and joy that Canada at last was to have a real mission centre in China. Truly our loss is China's gain."

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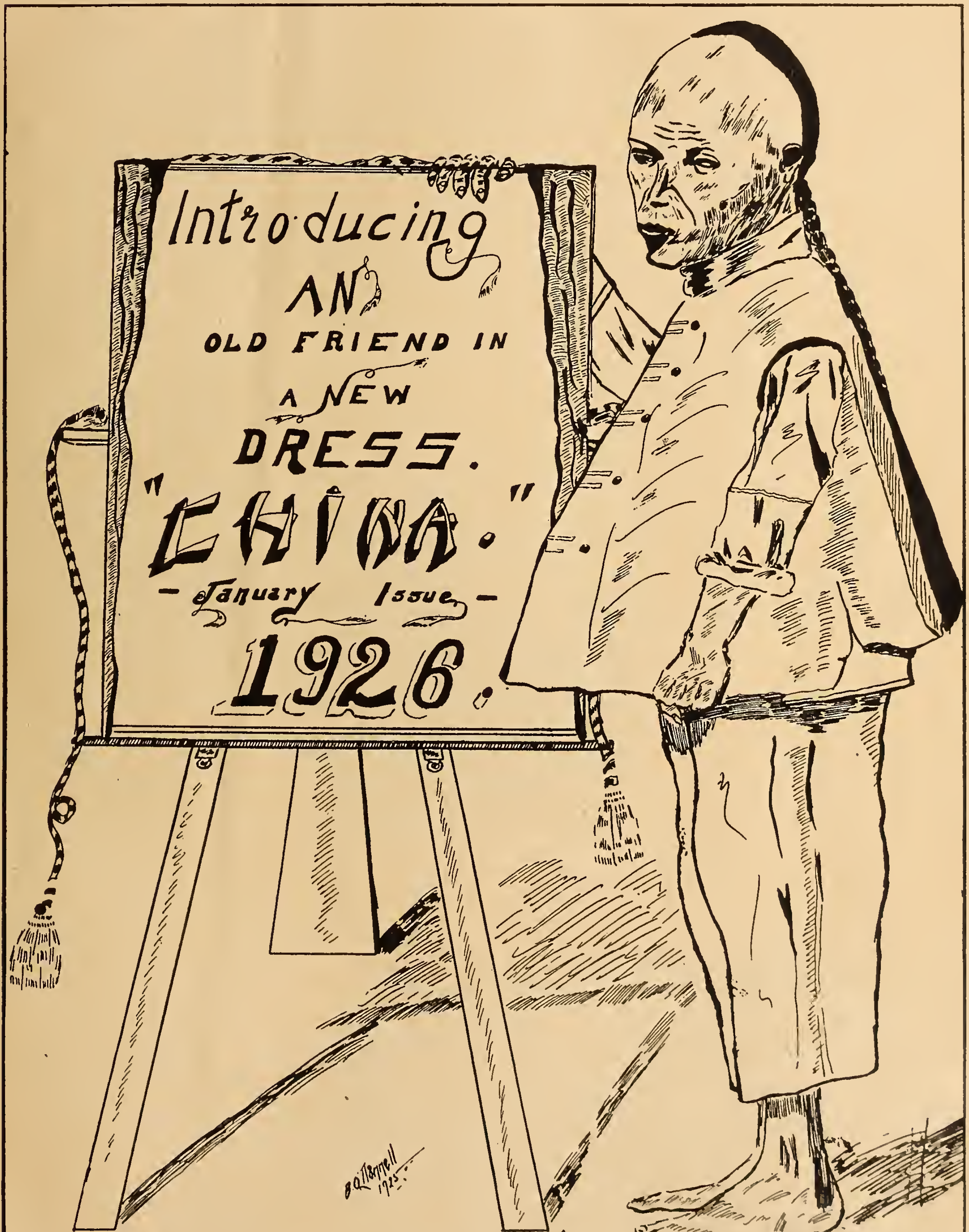
To The Readers of "China"


Introducing
AN
OLD FRIEND IN
A NEW
DRESS.
"CHINA."
— January Issue —
1926.
1925

A Holy and Happy New Year

A GLORIOUS SENDOFF.

Many friends were at the Union Station on the night of Tuesday, Dec. 15th, when Fathers Fraser, Morrison and Serra began their long journey towards China. The priests and students from the seminary were there to cheer them on their way. Gladly would we have changed places with the three happy, smiling missionaries who were setting out with such high hopes to begin the great work of the evangelization of Chuchow. Above the din of the busy station and the roar of the great engines were heard the strains of "For They are Jully Good Fellows" which was begun by the students and soon taken up heartily by the crowds who had assembled to bid them goodbye. **"Are we downhearted?"** someone shouted. The **NO** that echoed back with cheery, ringing assurance left no doubt in the minds of the hearers as to the spirit of St. Francis Xavier's. And then we knelt, to receive the missionaries' blessing; the "all aboard" was shouted and as the Vancouver Express pulled slowly away the very rafters of the old Union Station rang to the three lusty cheers for CHUCHOW which were given with right good will.

Goodbye.

Beneath the smiling faces of our hero missionaries was the realization of the seriousness and the magnitude of the task that confronts them. One was there who knew, as only Father Fraser does know, the strength of those powers of evil from whose grasp he had so often rescued pagan souls in China. For him no youthful glamor of the missions for he has know, through fifteen long years of zealous labor, the trials and difficulties of the missionary in pagan land. Insignificant we felt that night: insignificant beside him as we would have felt beside the saints of old or the heroes of our youthful dreams. For we were face to face with a heroism that our age has rarely witnessed. Had Father Fraser been setting out on a tour of Canada instead of on a long journey to China he would go to be acclaimed from coast to coast. But he has chosen the hidden life, the dangers, the difficulties, the loneliness—the oblivion of China. Small wonder that there surged within our hearts a greater zeal for the missions, a zeal more like unto his own, as his hand was raised to bless us and, smiling, he passed into the night.

WHEN KING WINTER TIGHTENS HIS GRIP.

Typical Scene on the Shore of Lake Ontario near our Seminary.

A LEAF FROM OUR LOG.

We call her the Francis Xavier,
Of the C.C.M.S. Line,
And she is as pretty a ship, sir,
As has ever crossed the brine.
She sails in His Majesty's Service
to the Port of Abandoned Souls,
The flag of Christ at her masthead,
On her waist a cargo of gold.
She's a training ship for sailors
On her maiden voyage bound,
And she sails in Canada's waters,
The only one to be found.
Her decks are six in number,
And each one has a crew;
And her captain's one of the best, sir,
While her mates they number two.
So she has stood the strain well,
And has sailed for full six year
Amid the rocky shoals and reefs
Where God alone could steer.
But I'm only a young midshipman
Who looks ahead for the goal
That lies in the way of vocation—
'Tis the Port of Abandoned Souls.

H. F. X. S.

FROM SAINT CLARE'S.

The Christian Mothers of St. Clare's Parish, Toronto, held a most successful bridge and euchre party in their Parish Hall, the proceeds of which were donated as a Godspeed to our missionaries who are leaving for CHUCHOW. We realize that in parish activities of this kind, there is always a backing from a silent strong figure in the rear—the Pastor. A thousand thanks and best wishes to our staunch friend, Rev. Father McCabe, and to his exemplary Christian Mothers.

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SIDELIGHTS ON THE CHINESE TROUBLE

Fr. TAGGART, in the Field Afar.

THERE are not many known prayers recorded to the credit of Robert Burns, poet and Scotchman, but he made one good one when he begged the Lord to give us the grace to see ourselves as others see us. If we could all see ourselves that way, personal conceit would go begging for a habitat. Nine-tenths of the persecutions of the Church have their origin at the devil's banquet, where they wax fat on ignorance, hate, and superstition. Despite this mean basis, however, there are often accidents which lend color to the accusations.

At present, China is passing through an anti-foreign movement. Canton seems to be the center of activities as it has been the center of most of the disturbing elements in China for many years.

Before the Great War of 1914, it looked as if China's future as an independent nation were ended: the great European powers had the country divided into spheres of influence; the map was definitely dotted and dashed, showing just what would belong to England, to France, to Russia, to Germany, and to Japan. Then the crash came, and the powers found that they had all they could do to keep their own patch of land without taking that of another. In order to get China into the war on the side of the Allies, certain concessions were made, and there was no more talk about the spheres of influence.

After the war, China had the bitter experience of seeing one of her best provinces taken from her. Natrally the people were indignant, at least the portion of the people who take an interest in public affairs.

The Changing China.

Nations, like children, sometimes attempt more than is good for them. It is so easy to assume the white man's burden, especially when the territory in question has trade advantages. Often these poor Chinese do not approve the solicitude of the whites, and, for a lot of backward people, it is amazing the amount of virility they demonstrate in showing this disapproval. China has watched Ireland, India, Egypt, and Turkey better their position, and she thinks it is time that she bettered hers. At present, added to the natural discontent of the Chinese, the powers interested in China have to match their wits with the cleverest diplomat in Peking, the Soviet ambassador, who works with the zeal of an apostle to push forward the incendiary doctrines of his own land. By the liberal use of money this man has been able to place his agents in almost every camp in China. Native papers have changed from "yellow to "pink," and from "pink" to "red," almost overnight.

Ma, who was Sun's agent in America, announced recently in a speech in Shanghai that he could prove that many of the educators in China have already been bought up, and he begged the unbought ones, for the good of China, to resist the temptation.

Blatant Hypocrisy.

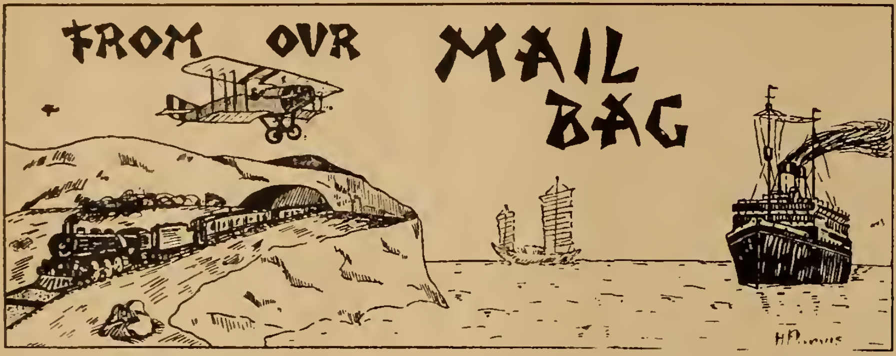
It is said that the signal for the present activities against Christianity was given when Protestants, in an excess of zeal and gall, took over a government-owned building in Peking, for the purpose of holding a convention of a society that goes by the modest name of "World Student Christian Federation." The head of the Kwangtung Educational Association retaliated by forming anti-Christian societies in Shanghai and Canton. The movement has grown until it has spread to all the large centres of the country.

Again some of the Protestant missionaries who came to China are filled with the idea of transferring American laws to China. They make themselves obnoxious by interfering with the legitimate use of wine and tobacco, and, in practically all of the provinces, by going out of their way to show the opium commissioner how to enforce the anti-opium laws. Taking them as a whole, the Chinese are a most temperate people in the use of wine; it is rare, indeed, to hear of a man who uses liquor to excess. About the only dissipation the ordinary farmer knows is his tobacco. To take that away from him after his hard day's labor would be hardly short of cruel. Of course, all of the missionaries are not fanatics of this type, and many have the real interests of the people at heart.

Opium is a curse, but, after all, the Chinese might be excused for wondering why the foreigner is getting on the "saved bench" with so many "alleluias," since it was he who introduced the curse and it is the foreigner who still keeps the country supplied with the bulk of this drug. I wonder how the southern Baptists or northern Presbyterians would feel if a crowd of Chinese flocked to America and started to enforce the laws in the United States over the heads of the duly appointed officials of that country. At the Geneva Opium Conference, these outsiders proved that the Chinese officials were disciples of Ananias. Perhaps they were right in doing this, but it is too much to expect the officials in question to be filled with charity for them or for their works. After all, missionaries are in China on the sufferance of the Chinese, though this

(Continued on page 11)

Officers of Canton Naval Academy.



FROM YOUNG—

"I am only a little boy, six years old. I saved this dollar for you with my mite-box. I love my CHINA paper."

AND OLD.

"I am sending a small donation. I am sorry I can't send more. In two months more I will be seventy-five years old so my time here is getting short. Please offer a prayer that I will have a happy death."

PRAISES CHINA.

The progress of your seminary has greatly interested me. It always has since I began reading CHINA. It certainly is a noble, faithful little paper and represents a great and noble cause.

ALMONTE, ONT.

"CHINA is more interesting each month and my thoughts are with you and your companions who are so soon to go from our midst."

PRAY YE THEREFORE.

"I offer this sacrifice for our saintly, big-hearted and broad-minded missionaries, who can see beyond purely local needs and go to the rescue of human souls abroad. Just one thing now seems wanting and that is a Canadian branch of . . . nuns as auxiliaries to your apostles at home and abroad."

INDOOR SPORTS.
A Corner of the Recreation Room.

A NEWFOUNDLAND FRIEND.

The completion of the seminary at Scarboro will be a lasting monument to your energy and executive ability and I feel assured that those who helped you in this great work will continue to support your efforts for the conversion of China. Newfoundlanders have done a little so far but we are becoming more interested and I hope to see in the future substantial subscriptions from this country to help the cause which is so very dear to you and to which you have devoted your life work.

ST. DUNSTAN'S, P.E.I.

"Many in the world to-day do not realize what those missions mean and in fact it is obvious that they do not see for they would be more liberal in contributing to your missions. I made up my mind to say every day some little prayer for the success of the missions in far-off China that God who is all merciful may shower His graces on His missionaries and crown their efforts with success, that in a few years the cross of Christ will reach from boundary to boundary of China and the last words of the dying people in China will be the sweet names of Jesus and Mary."

FROM FATHER BOISARD, CHUCHOW.

"For a long time now we have been awaiting your arrival in Chuchow. After your long years of labor in the Province of Chekiang you will be quite at home here. The mission is immense and altogether too vast for two missionaries. Your men will do an immense amount of good here and it is a joy for the old missionaries to see from afar this great development which is taking place for the spread of our Holy Faith."

(In the whole of this vast prefecture, which contains ten thousand square miles and many thousands of pagan temples, there is but one Catholic Church, and but two missionaries, Father Boisard and Father Fong.)

CHINESE PRIEST WRITES

I have been asked to write and give you news of your future Mission. Having been placed in Churchowfu since my ordination I am pleased to be able to do so. It is, as you know, a very large Prefecture, almost as large as the whole of the Chekiang Province. The mountains are high and the scattered Christian families make a missionary's life very meritorious. Of course, consolation is to be found, for these Christians, being in the midst of pagans, are grateful and delighted when the pastor comes to pay them a visit. These poor people are honest, peaceful and HAVE NONE OF THE ANTI-FOREIGN FEELINGS FOUND ELSEWHERE. The news of your coming is known. You will be welcomed and already the Christians ask me to present their deep respect.

(Signed) THOMAS FONG,
Unworthy missionary of Chuchow.

(Father Fong is the native Chinese priest in Chuchow).

FROM A PRIEST-FRIEND —N.B.

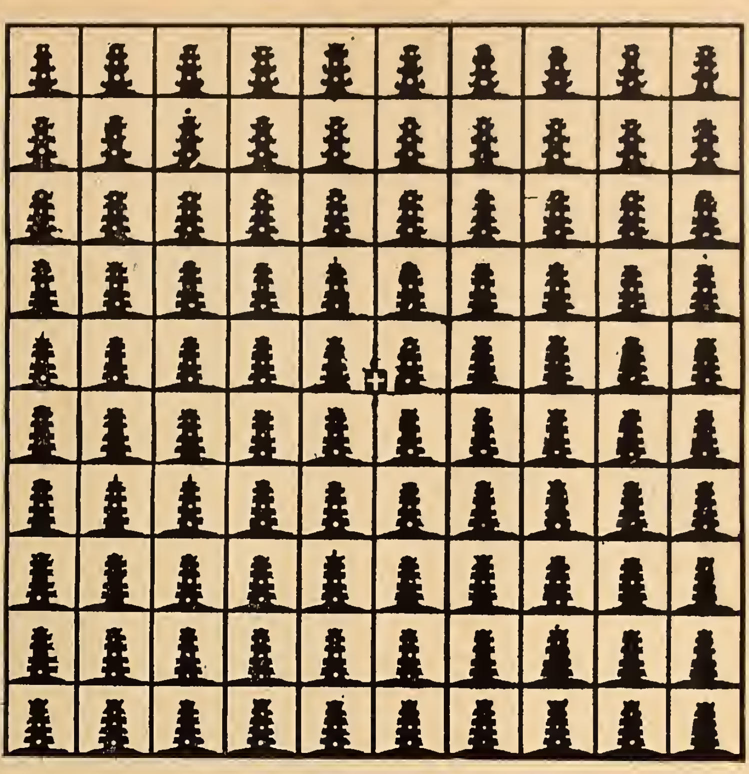
"Just after Holy Mass on this very beautiful feast of the Immaculate Conception I happened to be reading the last number of CHINA and I note by it that you are not leaving for the China Missions until next Sunday. I hasten in consequence to say goodbye and God-speed and to send you my sincere wishes for a fine voyage, a safe landing and after that a splendid harvest of souls. It is certainly a wonderful and blessed work which you are now seeing in active reality after many years of untiring labour and no doubt a very great lot of heart-breaking efforts in planning and attainment, but I am sure that when you get on the ship headed towards the goal of your life-work you will spend many hours thanking God for that which has so far been accomplished. I read the various numbers of your Mission paper and have noted with thousands of others how the great plant is growing from the tiny mustard seed, and please let me break in on your modesty and your desire for self-effacement to send my small word of congratulation to Father Fraser and to pray that God may further bless his work.

"I am enclosing in this note a small material token of appreciation for your personal efforts in this new Canadian effort to preach the Gospel to the heathen nations and I would ask you to keep it for yourself to get a few smokes or anything else that will help to make a few pleasant moments on the big trip.

"May God bless you and the good work and please say a prayer for me; needless to say I need them badly."

GODSPEEDS FROM THE CHILDREN.

Among the many farewells and Godspeeds tendered to our departing missionaries those of the school children stood out conspicuously, and their sacrifice pennies have done much to broadcast the Holy Name in a land that knows it not. As China is at present in a state of feverish unrest, we ask our dear young friends to pray most earnestly that our missionaries may have—not only a peaceful voyage, but especially that its termination may be a peaceful one. God bless these generous little Apostles! and their zealous teachers! May the new year for each and everyone of them be a happy one indeed!



IN CHUCHOW—THE PAGODA OR THE CROSS?

In Chuchow there are 2,000,000 people of whom 2,200 are Christians. In the above diagram each square stands for 20,000 inhabitants. The tiny cross in the centre represents the proportion of Christians in our newly-acquired district in China.

SUBSCRIBERS---ATTENTION!

Although "CHINA" is now just twice as large as formerly the subscription price will continue to be

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AND YET

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P-L-E-A-S-E-!

YOU do not like to lose your friends, neither does "CHINA."

Send in your renewal to-day.

What Will You Say?

By Rose Graffe Will

If your daughter comes to your side some day,
Your child with the sweet, affectionate way;
If she nestles close to your tender breast
And tells of the work she would love the best;
And tells of the urge in her singing heart
To choose, with her Jesus, the better part:
If this happens to you, some day, some day,
Father or mother, oh, what will you say?
Will you thrust her away with angry hand,
And murmur that youth cannot understand,
Ignore the hurt look in her brimming eyes,
And prate of ingratitude, self, and surprise?
Or will you gather her near to your breast,
Whispering softly that you have been blessed
In this call to her from your gracious Lord,
And that souls she saves will be your reward?

* * *

If your young son comes to your side some day,
Your boy with the resolute, manly way;
If you feel his warm hand and loving touch,
And, hesitant, says that he loves you much.
But, that deep in his heart, a soft, clear voice
Has counseled forsaking, for Christly choice:
If this happens to you, some day, some day,
Father or mother, oh, what will you say?
Will you tell your boy in an angry rage,
That you need his help in your aging age,
And strive to kill, with your venomous word,
The call of the great, the almighty Lord?
Or will you smile back in his anxious face,
And tearfully whisper of God's great grace
That has blessed your home, that you, though the least,
Shall have, for your son, His anointed priest?

* * *

O parents of boys and of girls who choose
The most perfect life, do you dare refuse?
Those children are Heaven's favorite few
Whose blessings, reflected, fall back on you.

CHINA
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CHINESE MISSIONS
Published monthly by
St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

The shores of China will soon "heave in sight" of our band of missionaries who are now well on their way across the Pacific. They should reach Shanghai about Jan. 13th. Their departure marks the beginning of the real work for which China Mission Seminary was established and we are all most hopeful for the future of "CANADA IN CHINA." And now to our friends, by way of introduction! Readers of CHINA, meet:

Dr. McRae.

Dr. McRae is President of our Seminary. Upon his shoulders will fall the greater part of the burden of guiding its destinies in the years that are to come. It is you who have made light that burden in the past and we feel, with Dr. McRae, that now, with the added responsibilities that are ours, you will be united with us more closely than ever before in this work of the conquest of China for Christ.

Father O'Toole.

Away back in the pioneer days of Almonte, the days of humble beginnings, Father O'Toole was Father Fraser's right-hand man. Things have changed since then but not Father O'Toole. He is now one of our valiant campaigners and in the very near future some of you will meet him personally.

Father Carey.

Who doesn't know Father Carey? Who hasn't read his letters from China, brimming over with generous zeal and rippling Irish good-humour! Read what the "Press" has to say of his "Blazing the Trail." Father Carey is also engaged in campaign work for the present but is eagerly looking forward to that next departure ceremony.

Father McGrath.

Is the man who is always pleased when your letter reads: "Please send me your splendid little magazine for another two years." Drop in to see us and you will find him poring over "copy" or immersed in a pile of letters. Such is the daily bread of a busy and worried (?) editor.

Father Kam.

Is our Professor of Chinese and he says it is really a very easy language. We say it does have its little difficulties but we do appreciate the privilege of being able to learn it here in the seminary. It will save us many valuable years in China.

And so you know us all. If you would meet the students you must come to visit us in person. Nothing would give us greater pleasure. And—just between ourselves—if you like music or are fond of a game of billiards, try to make it between 6.30 and half-past seven—p.m., of course.

OUR PRIESTS AND SENIOR STUDENTS
Left to Right: Seated: Fathers Kam, Morrison, Fraser, McRae, McGrath, Serra.
Standing: Extreme left, Father Carey; extreme right, Father O'Toole.
Father Fraser and his companions (Fathers Morrison and Serra) are now crossing the Pacific on their way to Chuchow.

THE NEW "CHINA"

Our subscription list is growing apace. It is now close to the fifteen thousand mark and thanks to the efforts of our campaign priests new subscriptions are coming in in gratifying numbers. Before the end of 1926 we hope to reach 25,000 and the beginning of the New-Year seems an opportune time to introduce the long-contemplated new CHINA. During our recent campaigns we have asked the opinion of our friends, of our priest-friends particularly, as to the advisability of enlarging CHINA. Almost unanimously has come the request for a larger magazine. With the help of selective advertising we shall be able to keep the subscription price as it was before—50 cents a year. For the new CHINA we need ask nothing more than the welcome and support accorded its trusty little predecessor.

HOW TO PUT CHINA IN YOUR WILL

Form of Bequest

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY THE SUM OF $........................."

$250 will support a student in China Mission Seminary for a year.

$1,000 will pay for a student's entire course at China Mission Seminary.

$5,000 will found a PERPETUAL BURSE on which, not one, but a chain of students will be educated for China—the MONUMENT of MONUMENTS to leave to your own or your dear ones' memory.

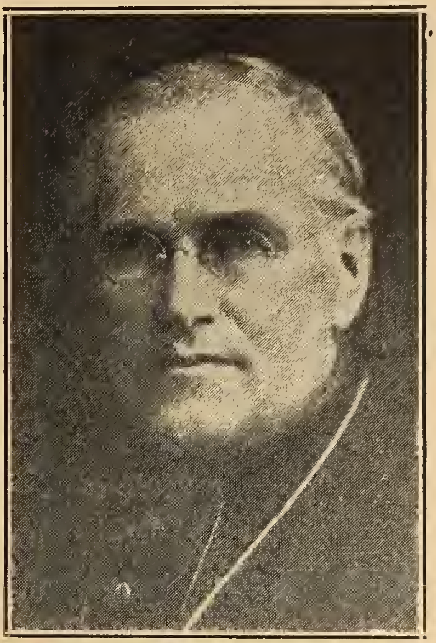
Impressive Ceremony at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto

Cathedral Was Crowded to Capacity and Many Hundreds Were Unable to Gain Admission. Eloquent Sermon by Father Handly.

Rarely has St. Michael's been thronged as it was on the night of Sunday, December 13th, when thousands of our friends from Toronto and vicinity assembled to witness our first departure ceremony and to bid Godspeed to our departing missionaries. People were filing into the spacious Cathedral as early as five o'clock, two hours before the time set for the ceremony. By seven o'clock every available seat was occupied and the crowds overflowed into the aisles and side chapels, barely leaving room for the procession to pass. It would have taxed the capacity of St. Peter's to accommodate the other thousands, who, though scattered throughout the length and breadth of Canada, were present with us in spirit that evening.

Present in the sanctuary were His Grace Archbishop McNeil, celebrant, Rt. Rev. M. F. Fallon, Bishop of London, Rt. Rev. M. J. O'Brien, Bishop of Peterboro, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Sullivan, President of St. Augustine's Seminary and representatives of the clergy of Toronto, from the dioceses of Ottawa and Hamilton.

The account of the Ritual of the Departure Ceremony has already appeared in CHINA. It was compiled specially for the occasion by His Lordship Bishop Fallon to whom we are also indebted for the beautiful translation of the Departure Hymn. Impressive in its simplicity, every detail suggestive of the sacrifice which is part of the very life of the missionary, the ceremony produced a profound impression upon the thousands who were privileged to be present. The singing was excellent throughout. In the sanctuary the chancel choir, under the direction of Brother Francis joined with the schola cantorum of St. Augustine's Seminary, the united choir being under the baton of Father Ronan. The singing for Benediction was beautifullly rendered by the Cathedral choir. To one and all we express our very sincere gratitude for the amount of trouble and preparation which must necessarily have preceded such splendid results. At the risk of being partial we must mention the Departure Hymn. Rendered in perfect unison, every word articulated with a clearness that carried to every corner of the cathedral, it formed a touching and impressive conclusion to the whole ceremony.



MOST REV. NEIL McNEIL, D.D.
Archbishop of Toronto.

RT. REV. M. F. FALLON, D.D.
Bishop of London.

In a sermon of forceful eloquence Father Handly paid a glowing tribute to the life work of Father Fraser, who had played such a part in the foundation of many of the great missionary movements of the present day. He asked the prayers of the congregation for the departing missionaries who face to face with the almost visible powers of evil in pagan China would depend above all upon continued assistance from on high. After the ceremony a reception was held at the palace and many friends availed of the opportunity to meet Father Fraser and his companions.

We were all deeply impressed with the departure ceremony. We were impressed because it brought home to us the realization that it marks the awakening of English-speaking Canada to the crying needs of the missions. In the eager upturned faces of the thousands who hung intently on the words of the preacher and followed with such absorbing interest every detail of the ceremony, we saw depicted a newly-aroused love for the missions, for the cause that carries with it such an irresistible appeal for the Catholic heart. There will be other departure ceremonies. Our three departing heroes are but the vanguard of the Canadian Missionary army. Next time the appeal will be wider for the whole Departure Ceremony will be broadcasted so that it may be followed not only by the few within the walls of the cathedral but by our thousands of friends from coast to coast.

RT. REV. M. J. O'BRIEN, D.D.
Bishop of Peterboro.

PRIESTS' RESIDENCE AT CHUCHOW.
Mission Headquarters in Our New District in China.

THE MOVIES IN CHINA.

In China there is little difficulty in making the people laugh. They are a simple and childlike race (when they are not uncannily inexplicable), and so the same delightful slapstick and glue-pot brand of humor that rejoices Broadway is highly popular in the Flowery Kingdom.

A fat person is always good for a laugh. He doesn't have to do anything—just walk into the picture with a large, protruding stomach. To fall into water is another scream for them. For some unaccountable reason getting wet is, to a Chinese, the climax of humor. It may be funny, possibly, because as a general rule the Chinese don't indulge in water to any noticeable extent. As to that I don't care to say, but I do know that if a man falls into a creek the audience ushers have to silence them, and if a manager can get hold of a film where a half dozen fall into the water he doubles the price of admission.

Since the beginning of time the Chinese have never had women actors, the feminine parts being taken by boy actors. It was a profession among them, but in the last two years girls have begun to appear in the moving pictures. They are very popular, and for the first time in its history, China is having leading ladies.

When a Chinaman goes to a moving-picture theatre he makes a night of it; he goes at 7 and stays till midnight. The manager has to give him his money's worth in footage. His demands in the way of quality are slight, but he does want quantity. While he sits on the hard, wooden bench he drinks tea, eats water-melon seeds, and wipes his face with hot towels.—(Annals).

The New Rink in the Making.

SACRED HEART LEAGUE BURSE.

A Suggestion From a Member.

"Stop for a moment and think! If the members of the Sacred Heart League—560,000 members in Canada and Newfoundland—would each contribute one cent a year it would found a Burse whereby one priest for the Chinese Mission could be educated in perpetuity. Now when we see what sacrifices the other Church members in Canada will make to obtain their objective of $11,000,000 to be raised in their forthcoming drive—the forward movement scheme—it should most assuredly make us Catholics ask ourselves 'what are we going to do to raise funds for our Home and Foreign Missions,' and again 'what have we been doing in the past along these same lines,' practically nothing compared with what our separated brethren have done and will do to assist in carrying on their religious propaganda at home and abroad.

"Now as Rev. Father Devine said if each member of the Sacred Heart League would contribute one cent each a Burse would be assured, and I wish to say that if each member would contribute the small sum of only 10 cents each for one year, we would have eleven Burses established, this small sum would not inconvenience any member in the least, and just see what a glorious deed we would have done for the glory of God and our dear Sacred Heart."

(This suggestion was made some years ago through the columns of the Catholic Record. If it were now acted upon the Sacred Heart League Burse, which now amounts to $3,375.00, would very soon be completed. —Ed.)

SAINT JOSEPH AGAIN.

A farewell entertainment was tendered to our departing missionaries at St. Joseph's College-Academy, Toronto. The School was assembled en masse, and a most pleasing programme was presented. At its close a beautiful and touching address was read, and a substantial donation towards our work was presented. A bright happy new year to our young apostolic friends at St. Joseph's! We ask a prayerful remembrance for our missionaries both during their journey and after they have reached its distant termination.

From Out the Mouths of Babes

A Tale of Two Little Mission Crusaders who Learned a Useful Lesson and Taught It, Too.

"Music hath charms!" Thus Edward Smith, philosopher, as he opened the den-window of his San Francisco home to catch the "harmony" of a distant hurdy-gurdy. The strains of "Home Sweet Home" came stealing into the room and, ere Edward was aware, the hand of memory was weaving the blissful scenes of long ago. "Christmas at home for me this year!" he cried at length. "Each year for ten years I have wished to go, but business interfered. Watch me this year!"

December twenty-third found him back in Toronto in the old home with dear old Dad and Mother, sitting before the same old fireplace around which, as a boy, he had hung his stockings to await the coming of Santa.

A Real Democracy.

On Christmas Eve, accompanied by Dad and Mother, he visited the home of his brother Thomas. Here he was greeted by a bright happy group of fair-haired blue-eyed children anxious to see what a "Yank" looked like and to discover if these Californians really wore oranges in their buttonholes! Uncle Edward saw the opportunity of a lifetime to create a favorable impression. So, to Bessie the eldest he gave two dollars as a Christmas gift. As he paused to consider what he should give the other children, sharp eyes told him that he was living just now in a real democracy that would tolerate nothing other than equal rights for all. Respecting therefore the laws of the democracy he proceeded at once to disburse equal sums to each of the three other children.

Quite a New Idea.

Curious to know childhood's decision in regard to the things really worth while, "Now, little ones," asked he, "what are you going to buy for yourselves?" "Oh, uncle," promptly answered three-year-old Billie, "I'll buy a sled and then I can go down the High Park slides!" "And I'll get a pair of skates and a hockey stick," said Tommy, "and when I grow up I'll join the best hockey team in the world, good old St. Patrick's!" Uncle Edward smiled. Turning to Agnes, who had just started to school, "Well," he asked, "and what for you? A great big doll, I suppose?" Never having been confronted with the task of disposing of an estate of such magnitude, Agnes hesitates. Bessie comes to her aid: "No. Agnes, you give your money to the little Chinese orphans you heard Father Kam talking about the other day. And, as for me, well, I'll help buy the tickets for the priests who are going out from Toronto to baptize them!" This is quite a new idea, and causes quite a sensation. Side by side, in Agnes' mind, with the picture of hungry little Chinese boys and girls is the vision of a beautiful "Momma Doll" just like Stella Ryan's, and, Oh! which to choose?

Nature and Grace.

"Well," said Uncle Ed., "can't we let the big people look after the Chinese and let Agnes buy something for herself? After all, it's the big people who are feeding the orphans in China; the priests, brothers and sisters are all big people!" "No," countered Bessie, "the priests are not all big people. Father Kam is not big, and he is a Chinese priest! Besides, you remember the sister telling us that Our Lord said that whatever we give to our little brothers and sisters in China we give to Him!" Sister's name was an unfair weapon to use in this struggle between nature and grace. Agnes recalled how often Sister had explained to her the love of the Little Jesus and His appeal every day from the Tabernacle for His little friends in far-off China. She had promised to do something every day to make Him happy, and now—well, she couldn't refuse. Bessie again breaks in: "Agnes, dear, what was that recitation you gave last Friday — Mission Day, you remember?" Uncle Ed. is all attention. With tears glistening in her bright blue eyes, Agnes begins:

"A Little Boy of heavenly birth,
  But far from home to-day,
Comes down to find His ball, the Earth,
  That Sin has cast away.
O, comrades, let us one and all
Join in to get Him back His ball."

"Well, Agnes," says Bessie, "now will you help the Little Jesus?"

Agnes at once presents the money to her mother: "Mother, dear, please send this to the orphans for me!" "And here," from Bessie, "give this to the China Mission to buy the missionaries' tickets."

A Lesson I Shall Long Remember.

From out the mouths of babes God's appeals have an irresistible charm and power! Touched by this tender scene, Uncle Ed. himself offers assistance for the orphans and missionaries, and his generous donation is at once handed over to mother's keeping. But the hour for Santa's eagerly expected visit is close at hand and the children ask to be excused, whispering a request to mother to break up the company early, lest Santa seeing the lights may not call! Mother's smile betrays the confidence and the company uninvited makes an early departure. But, before bidding goodbye, Uncle Ed. presses a banknote into Thomas' hand—"a little present, Tom, for the Home Missioners! They have taught me a lesson that I shall long remember."

SIDELIGHTS ON THE CHINESE TROUBLE.

(Continued from page 5.)

sufference may be backed up with treaty rights; but common politeness dictates that the guest should not do too much tinkering with the host's household.

The Church's Attitude.

So far the Catholic church has not been much inconvenienced by the anti-feeling, but the average Chinese does not know enough to distinguish, so that we shall get some of it. However, we can continue to treat the Chinese as Chinese and try to save their souls as such. In this way, we shall at least be free from the moral odium attached to the outbreak.

After all, the Chinese have a right to run their country to suit themselves. Vice and misrule and mercenary motives are enthroned, but the Chinese are the great sufferers themselves. If persecutions do come, the Church can stand it; she always gains by persecutions, though it sometimes takes centuries to compute the gains.

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS"
St. Anthony's School Children Devise a Way of Their Own to Help the Missions.

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There are friends of yours who perhaps have never read "CHINA." It would be easy for you to secure one, two, perhaps ten, subscriptions at the small subscription price of **FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.**

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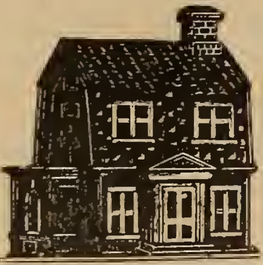

Heavy cast iron bank, finished in gold bronze; coin slot in side; 2½ inches wide, 1¾ inches deep, 2½ inches high.

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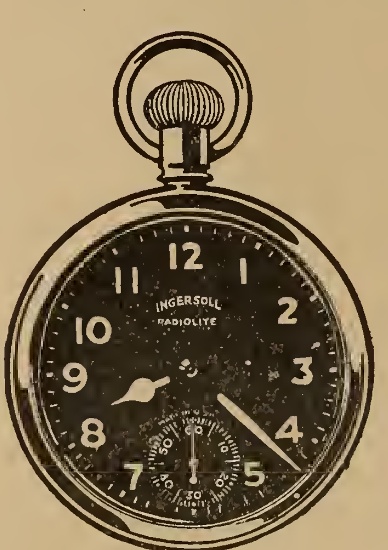
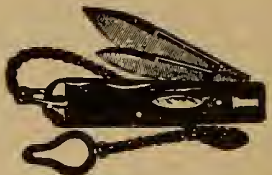


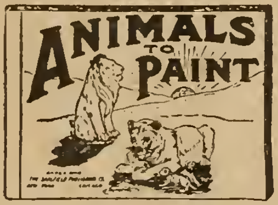
A useful watch, in style and size like the original Maple Leaf. Black face with white numerals and hands which glow brightly in the dark.

No. 3—FOR FIVE
Pocket Knife and Chain



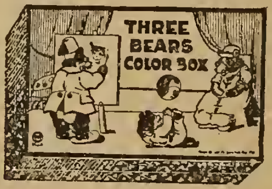
Medium size, black wooden handle, nickelled end cap and name-plate, button tab and chain; length, 3⅜ in.

No. 6—FOR THREE
Burgess Animal Paint Book



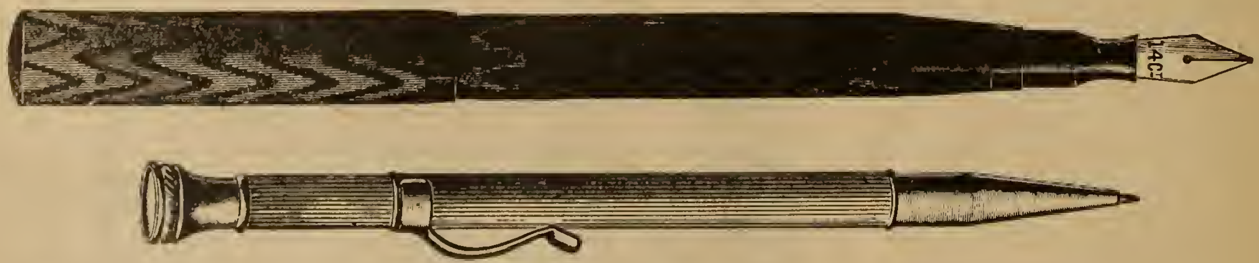
All children delight in the Thornton Burgess Bedtime Stories. Contains pictures to color and colored copies of the animal characters made famous by the Bedtime Stories. Sixteen pages and covers, size 9¾ x 13¾ inches.

No. 7—FOR THREE
Ten-Color Paint Box



This box contains ten cakes of paint in ten different colors, tin mixing pan and quill brush with wooden handle; attractive lithographed top with "Bunny Rabbit" design. Size 5⅛ x 9⅝ inches.

No. 2—FOR SIX SUBSCRIPTIONS (Fountain Pen), and No. 5—FOR FOUR (Pencil)



Fountain Pen, "The Scout"; hard rubber case with nickel lever filler and pocket clip, screw cap; fitted with gold-plated nib.

Silvered Propeller Pencil, with clip. Pencil contains extra leads.

If so desired, any combination of prizes may be chosen. For example: If you get seven subscriptions, you may take prizes Nos. 4 and 6, which are offered for four and three subscriptions respectively. If you get six subscriptions you may care to have prize No. 6 (for three) and prize No. 7 (for three) instead of prize No. 2, the Fountain Pen, and so on.

WHAT TO DO

Show "CHINA" to your friends who are not subscribers. Tell them the very small subscription price—50 cents a year. When you have secured three or more subscriptions, send us the amount by registered letter or postal order, payable to "CHINA MISSION SEMINARY," and tell us the prize you want. Then watch for the postman.

Address your letter—
"CHINA," SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

A RECORD FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Two hundred and ten subscriptions to CHINA in a parish of two hundred and twenty families! That is the record set by the Blessed Sacrament parish, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., and we venture to say that it is a record that will long remain unbroken. The generous and whole-hearted assistance of Rev. Fr. Fawcett, the pastor, enabled our campaigning priest to place CHINA in practically every home in the parish.

St. Joseph—to a pagan land you once bore the world's Redeemer. Ask Him now to send us many Missionaries who will carry His Gospel into the Pagan Land of China.

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BOOK REVIEW.

Felix Westerwoudt, Missioner in Borneo. Published by Maryknoll, N.Y. Price: 85 cents.

Child of an influential and wealthy family of Holland, Felix Westerwoudt had labored and suffered during twelve long years amongst the Singhi Dyaks, an uncivilized tribe of Borneo. He died in 1898. The tale of his trials and sufferings as told by his sister sounds incredible. At his death there were only about twenty Christians who had been confirmed and two Catholic households, the children of which Felix had baptized. To worldly eyes this may appear failure. Yet it was the "Triumph of Failure." To-day Father Westerwoudt's field of labor is the most promising mission in Borneo.

Maryknoll is to be congratulated on putting before American readers this romantic tale of missionary heroism. May it inspire many a young man and woman to follow where Felix Westerwoudt led!

"E'en were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dreams and slothful ease."

Life of Arnold Janssen. Published by the Mission Press, S.V.D., Techny, Ill. Price: $1.50.

Without reserve we commend to our readers this very complete biography of the Founder of the Society of the Divine Word and of the Missionary Congregation of the Servants of the Holy Ghost.

The work is a masterly translation from the original German, very faithful to the honest purpose and spirit of reverence of the author. It has been written as a tribute to the memory of one of the greatest men of our own day. It is a glowing tribute.

Arnold Janssen died January 15, 1909, at the ripe age of seventy-two. He was ordained to the priesthood August 15, 1861. The first twelve years of his priestly career were spent in teaching. In 1875 he founded and developed at Steyl in Holland a Mission House which became in time the mother-house of the wonderful Society of the Divine Word. In 1889 he founded the Congregation of Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost. To-day this Society and this Congregation number upwards of 6,000 men and women engaged in or preparing for mission work in pagan lands and in the extension of the Kingdom of Christ on earth. The Society has missions in China, Japan, the Philippines, West Africa and German New Guinea, and is engaged in much pastoral and educational activity in both North and South America.

This work should find a place in every community and parish library. It will make a splendid New Year's gift for the many friends of the foreign missions and for all students of the missionary activity of the past fifty years. It is a solidly-bound volume of 520 pages, well and suitably illustrated. We congratulate the Fathers at Techny on this finished product of the Mission Press.

Two Vincentian Martyrs. Published by Maryknoll, N.Y. Price: $1.00 postpaid.

This latest publication of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America is an invaluable addition to our missionary bookshelf. It is a happy translation and adaptation, by a noted Catholic writer, of the French lives of two of the best-loved martyrs of the Church in China.

Blessed Francis Regis Clet was martyred in 1820, Blessed John Gabriel Perboyre in 1840. Both had labored in the same mission-field and were done to death in the same way, though the torture of Blessed Perboyre was more prolonged than that of his predecessor. The story of the betrayal and martyrdom of Blessed Perboyre resembles in a striking manner that of the Loving Master for Whom he died.

We can assure our readers that this is a book worth while, a book the reading of which will give a clear insight into the lives and characters of these saintly missionaries, soldiers of Christ in pagan lands and eternal witnesses to the truth of His Gospel of love and mercy.

OLD FRIENDS MEET.

Two years ago, in Hankow, China, Father Connaughton (right) welcomed a bearded missionary returning from Kweichow. A short time ago, the welcome was cordially returned when Fr. Connaughton visited our Seminary. In the meantime a barber met Father Carey.

A Little
Now
& Then

"IS RELISHED BY THE WISEST MEN."

THE TORTURED MUSICIAN

A little girl returned home to her parents after taking her musical examination. They asked her how she had got on.

"Very well, I think," she answered. "What was the examiner like?"

"Quite a nice man—and so religious."

"Religious! How could you tell?"

"In the middle of one of my pieces he put his head in his hands and said, 'Oh, heavens! Oh, heavens!' very fervently."

QUITE SO.

"Caterpillars are the most voracious of all living creatures," said a naturalist. "In a month a caterpillar will eat about six hundred times its weight."

Whereupon an old lady who was somewhat deaf, interposed, "Whose boy did you say he was?"

PITY THE BLIND!

"My poor fellow," said the lady, "here is a quarter for you. Goodness gracious, it must be dreadful to be lame, but just think how much worse it would be if you were blind."

"Yer right, lady," agreed the beggar, "when I was blind I was always getting counterfeit money."

TOO CHEAP.

Rastus—"Here's dat quatah ah borrowed from yuh last year."

Sambo—"You done kept it so long dat ah don't know if it's wuff while for me to change mah 'pinion of yuh jes' fo' two bits."

A SENTENCE.

Teacher: "Make a sentence with the words 'defence,' 'defeat' and 'detail.'"

Tommy: "The cat jumped over defence and defeat got tangled up with detail."

A SURE REMEDY.

Minnie: "Mother, do you know where Johnnie's washrag is?"

Mother: "No, why do you want it?"

Minnie: "I just wanted to scare him—he has the hic-coughs."

OR THEREABOUTS.

Colored Rector — "And now brethren, let us pray for dem heathen dat lives in de uninhabited parts of the world."

PROVED.

Little Boy—"Mother, is it true that sheep are the dumbest animals?"

Mother (absent-mindedly) — "Yes, my lamb."

PREMATURE.

Ikey: "Well, Abie, how's business? Heard you had a fire last Tuesday night."

Abie: "Sh——h——'tis next Tuesday night."

PLAYFUL RETORT.

"I say, Jones, I want to insure my coalyards against fire. What would a policy for $20,000 cost?"

"What coal is it? Same kind as you sent me last?"

"Yes."

"I wouldn't bother insuring it if I were you. It won't burn."

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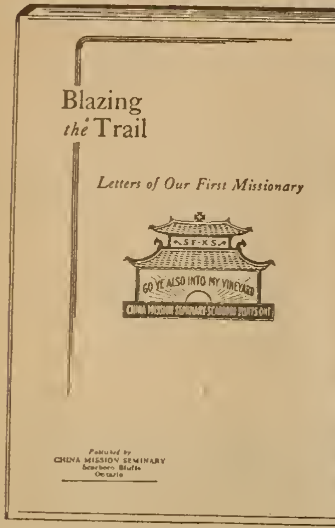
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"Though we had entered upon a soured senility, 'Blazing the Trail' would rejuvenate us. It awakens the pioneer spirit dormant in the most unromantic soul. It is a tale of Christian charity and of pagan poverty, enlivened with ripping Celtic enthusiasm."—The Sign.

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Friends, $500.00; Collection, St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, on the occasion of the Departure Ceremony, $225; Subscriptions, Blessed Sacrament Parish, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., $105; St. Mary's Church, South Amboy, $104.

Towards St. Joseph's Room from children of St. Joseph's Convent Schools, $175.86, made up as follows: St. Anne's School, $20; St. Francis, $11.88; St. Mary's, $13; St. Peter's, $26; Barrie Mission, $10; Orillia Mission, $10.34; St. Basil's, $6.50; St. John's, $1.29; St. Michael's, $5.50; Sacret Heart, $5.15; Lafontaine Mission, $5; Thorold Mission, $8.60; St. Paul's, $33.75; St. Clare's, $18.85.

The Following Gave $100.00 each: Rt. Rev. J. T. McNally, D.D., Bishop of Hamilton; Rev. A. Lenard; Rev. Edward Griffin; Rev. L. Callaghan; Friend, Ottawa; Rev. W. A. McCann; Mr. T. J. Ford; Pupils of St. Joseph's Convent for Missionaries to Chuchow; Rev. Herman J. Heuser; St. Vincent de Paul Church, Toronto, per Rev. L. Minehan; Friend, Sask.; Children of St. Joseph's School, Toronto, per Rev. A. O'Leary, D.D.

Miscellaneous Amounts.

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The Following Gave $25.00 each:

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Subscriptions, Fox Harbour, Nfld., per Rev. A. J. Dee, $24.

The Following Gave $20.00 each:

Our Lady of Angels Unit, C.S.M.C. Niagara University; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fox; Mr. McAuley, Mr. Simon P. Paoli; Friend, N.B.; A. McM.; Friend, Toronto; Miss Bridget Hogan.

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Mrs. W. J. Heenan, $15; E. M. St. John, N.B., $15; Pupils of Queen's Square School, Charlottetown, P.E.I., $13.31; Pupils of St. Stanislaus School, Hamilton, $11.50; Mite-Boxes, School Children, Miscouche, P.E.I., $12; Children of Corpus Christi School, $15.

The Following Gave $10.00 each:

Friend, St. John, Nfld.; Rev. B. Campbell: P. Bromley; Mite-Boxes, St. Patrick's Hall Schools, St. John's, Nfld.; Mite-Boxes, St. Mary's Separate School, North Bay; In Honor of the Little Flower, Toronto; Miss Agnes M. Dawzy; Rev. M. J. Gearin; Julian A. Hogan; Rev. T. Crowley; Sisters of Service, Toronto; Miss Irene Barrett; Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan; Mrs. Catherine Naphan; Mrs. M. H. Sullivan; Dominic Kedroski; Miss Alberta Cruickshank; Miss Elizabeth Teresa McCarthy, in Thanksgiving to the Little Flower; Mrs. J. B. Farrell; Rev. C. F. Curran; Mrs. Ella F. Groves; Rev. David S. O'Keefe; Francis Collins; per Mrs. W. J. Charters, Toronto; Sister Thomas Aquinas, St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto; In Memory of Eva Heverle, deceased; Mrs. L. H.; Mission Society, St. Mary's College, Halifax, per Jas. P. Hayes; Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. C. McLean; Mrs. Catherine Williams; C.S.M.C., St. Joseph's Academy, Lockport, N.Y.; Sacred Heart Academy, Buffalo, N.Y.; Rev. Friend, Brooklyn; House of Providence, Toronto; Mrs. Buckley; Miss M. Hoskin.

Miscellaneous Amounts.

Miss M. G. Taylor, $9.62; Mite-Box, St. David's School, Toronto, $7.74; Miss Emily McDonnell; M. O'Brien, $5.07; Aev. Leo. O'Connell, $5.15.

The Following Gave $5.00 each:

Jean Chiasson; Friend, N.S.; Rev. R. McKenzie: Friend; Sisters of St. Martha; Miss Mary O'Quinn; Miss Teresa O'Brien; Rev. F. Brennan; Miss Olive Therein; Angus O'Handley; Mount St. Joseph, Peterboro; Montreal Friend; Friends, Hamilton, per Sister M. Francesca; Miss Catherine McDermott; Miss Jennie Kelly; J. M. Speechly; Thomas Brown; Mite-Box, Notre Dame Convent, Mildmay, Ont.; Mrs. Daniel McNeill; Miss Magdalene Bauer; Alex McDonald; Friend, Pontiac; Mrs. B. Condon; John J. Dunbar; Mrs. D. B. Kileen; Rev. M. J. Rooney; Cong de Notre Dame, Port Hood; Catholic Women's League, Kingston Mills, per Mrs. Wm. Gerdis; Mr. and Mrs. DeFerrari; St. David's School, per Sister Zoe; Friend, Algoma; Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D.; Rev. W. P. Smith; St. David's School, per Sister M. Euphresene; St. Joseph's School, Marion and Niagara Sts., Windsor, Ont.; John A. MacDonald; Mrs. Margaret Blank; Rev. T. J. Hunt; Miss L. Spielmacher; Miss Grace Burke; James O'Halloran; Miss Gertrude M. Britt; D. Falaher; Miss Bryde Breen; Leo Bernier; Rev. Fr. Cox; Miss O'Leary; J. A. Egan; Miss McLean; Friend, Miscouche; Mrs. C. Kentleton; Terra Nova; Friend; Rev. F. Pennylegion, Miss M. Foy, Leo Smyth.

Miscellaneous Amounts.

Mr. J. and Miss Leahy, $3; Mrs. John Brodcrick, $3; Student Friends, St. Augustine's Seminary, $4; Miss Margaret A. MacDonald, $3; Miss Ethel Morris, $2.25; The Misses Pender, $3.50; Miss Sadie Agnes Smith, $2.50; Miss Mary J. Bonness, $3; Mrs. John J. McDonald, $2.25; Pupils of St. Mary's School, Barrie; Miss Helen Powers, $2.50; Miss Mary E. Scully, $3; Friends, Miscouche, P.E.I., $4.50; Miss B. Walsh, $3; Sister M. Antoinette, Parry Sound, $3; Seminarians, St. Augustine's Seminary, $4; Patrick J. Keeley, $3; Sister St. Anthony, $3; Rev. Friend, $2.50; Sister M. Gregory, Eganville, $3.50; Mattawa School, per M. H. Bulger, $2.35; Patrick J. Keeley, $3; Mrs. T. A. Taylor, $3; Mrs. Julia A. Kenny, $3.50; Sister St. Eunice, $3; Thos. Kingdom, $4; Mrs. Joseph Schulthers; Miss Loretta Cassin, $4; Melanie and Margaret McManamy, $4; Rev. J. Emery, $2.50; Miss Annie J. Quinn, $3.25; Sister St. Adelaide, $2.50; Children of Holy Family School, $3.75; Mrs. M. J. McManus, $3; Adam Pataski, $4; John J. Gibbons, $3.75; John Schretlen, $4.50; Mrs. Edward Kennedy, $3; Mrs. James E. Murphy, $2.50; Miss McCarthy, $4.75; Friend, $4.

The Following Gave $2.00 each:

Well-wishers, Toronto; Miss Rose McGrath; Mrs. John McGurtie; Mrs. J. F. MoLaughlin; Miss Teresa Fay; Mrs. Donnelly; Friend Stoco; J. J. Moran; Mr. Alfred Rivett; Mrs. Dugas; Ronnie McMaster; Mrs. Peter M. Prince; Miss Mary M. Hummell; Miss Mary A. McKinnon; Miss Mary Cunningham and class; Friends, Halifax; Mrs. F. Papierre; Dan A. O'Handley; Mrs. J. H. Mosack; Mrs. D. J. McKee; Mr. and Mrs. Dan J. Rankin; Miss Mary Keough; Mr. Dan M. Nash, Mrs. Martha Gavard; James N. Campbell; Martha McDonald; Miss Lucia Bauer; Brother Francis, Buckingham, P.Q.; Rev. M. Staley; Dan McKian; per Miss Agnes Beer; Annie and Lillian Garvin; Miss Kathleen Bird; St. Ann's Convent, Renfrew; J. H. Joanette; Edward Devine; Miss O'Connor; Patrick Casey; P. B. Dunn; Miss Mary Best; Miss Anna E. Redmond; Mrs. James DeCoste; Friend, Barrie; Miss Teresa Diemer; Friend, Ottawa; Mrs. Sarah Hines; Mrs. S. Dougherty; Agnes Recoski; Mrs. M. Koster; Anonymous; Mrs. Ed. Campbell; Mrs. W. P. Hourigan; Anna King; Friend.

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Miss Sadie T. McDonald, $1.50; School Section No. 1, Cornwall, Ont., $1.75; School Children, Amirault's Hill, $1.56; Miss Eliza Rankin, $1.50; Miss E. Murphy, $1.25; Brother Damien, $1.40; Mrs. C. C. Handrahan, $1.55 Mr. Hugh McCullagh, $1.10; Mrs. Ellen O'Neill, $1.50.

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Friend, Arisaig; Mrs. Daniel Keenan; Mrs. Alex. McDonald; Miss Maggie McDonald; Rod S. O'Handley; Miss Mary Odair; Miss Rita Blainey; Regine Doucet; Patrick Morris; Mr. C. McElligot; Mary L. Browne; Mrs. N. A. McMillan; Mr. Whelan; Mrs. M. McCroken; Simon Gillis; Gerald Baumar, Mrs. Joseph Baudette; Jas. Carden; Miss N. M. Crawley; Peter Kearns; Miss Jena Hobson; Elizabeth Ryan; Mrs. Francour, Miss Mary O'Hara; A. J. McDonald; Mrs. Richard McCaffrey; Mrs. P. Mayer; Mary Beale; Mrs. A. V. Tuthill; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ruddy; Margaret McAdam; Miss E. Tobin; Daniel O'Neill, T. White; Mrs. A. Carver; John Bradden; Dr. Vincent Martin; Mrs. Bridget Guiney; Doris E. Murphy; per Mary McConnell; Mary G. Burns; Robert A. Fitzgerald; Mrs. Michael Mulvihill; Mrs. M. J. Coughlin; Irene Cameron; Clementine Gross; Friend, Albion.

Others Gave Smaller Amounts:

Our work of educating young men for missionary work in China, sending and supporting them there, necessarily depends on a continuous stream of gifts from our friends.

Kindly make cheques and money orders payable to:

CHINA MISSIONARY SEMINARY
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

CHINA

FEBRUARY, 1926

NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR

CHINESE IN AMERICA.

There are approximately 62,000 Chinese living in the United States. Most of these are congregated in the Chinatowns of San Francisco and New York and the remainder scattered through other large cities.

A HEAVY BURDEN.

As the result of the Boxer outrage of 1900, China has to pay an indemnity of over two hundred and seventy-five million dollars to the various governments, in annual installments, extending over a period of forty years.

FOREIGNERS EXEMPT.

All foreigners in China are exempt from persecution under the Chinese laws, trial being held by their own Consul, or Courts of their own country. There are British and American Supreme Courts at Shanghai as well as other Courts representing the various nations.

MADE IN CHINA.

At Siccawei, just outside Shanghai, the Jesuit Fathers have a furniture factory in which Chinese workmen are employed. Some of the palaces of Europe boast of productions of this factory and it is a byword amongst travellers to China, to "carry home one of the carved camphor wood or teakwood boxes" produced at this wonderful plant.

FROM CANNIBALISM TO CATHOLICISM.

When Catholic missionaries, some ninety years ago, came for the first time to the New Hebrides, a group of islands in the Pacific, the inhabitants were savage cannibals. Since then the Marist Fathers have accomplished fruitful work. Recently, on one of these islands, three native priests were ordained. The native king, accompanied by his chiefs, was present at the ordination ceremony.

LACE MAKING IN CHINA.

Lace making was practically unknown to the Chinese previous to the arrival of Missionaries. Now it is quite important among the smaller industries. Nearly every variety of lace is produced by Chinese and sold much cheaper than in any other part of the world. On account of the early development of the silk industry in China, their skill at embroidery has a longer history than that of any other nation.

DR. WONG

Dr. Wong, formerly a non-Catholic army surgeon, was converted by Father Van Oijen. He founded a Catholic Hospital in Taichowfu, beginning with a small private house and with money provided by Fr. Van Oijen and himself. The hospital, growing rapidly, now takes in a wing of the mission compound.

CHINESE AT BREAKFAST.

Nothing but Chinese is spoken during breakfast, both by our priests and students alike. This, coupled with our regular classes, affords a splendid opportunity of acquiring a "working" knowledge of the language that is supposed to be so difficult. When we are stuck we simply have to say "Kin-kong zing-vu, cong-koh-wa kyiao shih-mo," or in plain Anglo-Saxon, "Father Kam knows, please ask him." Even though the salt cellar sometimes arrives in response to a desperate appeal for "Min-pao" (bread) we manage very nicely to take our breakfast in Chinese.

CATHOLIC INDIANS IN AMERICA.

There are now 300,000 Indians in the United States. Of these 100,000 are Catholic. A number of trained Catholic lay teachers have sacrificed promising careers to devote themselves to work on the Indian reservations. In Canada the number of Catholic Indians is 43,986, the greater part of the missionary work among them being done by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

CARMELITES IN TONKIN.

A young Canadian girl, who received her vocation while travelling to China in 1913, later founded a Carmelite community in Tonkin, the place where Blessed Theophane Venard suffered martyrdom. The community now numbers eight and many native vocations are assured. Two professed religious and two postulants arrived from Canada last year.

A LONG STRING.

"Enclosed please find—. There is a string attached and it reaches up to the throne of God and way down to Purgatory, and I feel assured you will work it hard both ways."

These are the strings we like. They will stand a pull in any direction—strong as a tug-o'-war rope, pliable as a sapling. Stringed gifts are good, but not the best.

Across Canada With Our Missionaries

Father Fraser and his companions enjoyed a splendid trip across Canada and their letters tell us that all three are in the best of health and spirits and are looking forward eagerly to the work that awaits them in Chuchow. They speak in glowing terms of the kindness accorded them at Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver and Victoria.

WINNIPEG.

"We arrived safely in Winnipeg," writes Father Fraser, "in zero weather, and were pleased at finding Father Lynch awaiting us with his auto. In a few minutes we were at the palace where His Grace Archbishop Sinnott received us very kindly. We also visited Archbishop Beliveau and I spoke to the children of St. Mary's and St. Edward's schools. Several of the boys manifested a desire to study for the Chinese Missions. We called at St. Joseph's Convent and Hospital and St. Mary's Academy, paid a visit to Fathers McAuley and Lambert and other friends. His Grace very kindly told me that he would be pleased to have one of our priests give a lecturing tour in the Archdiocese. We are all three well and in the best of spirits and hope and pray that the dear ones we left behind us are the same."

CALGARY.

"We arrived in Calgary after passing over the prairies; the swaying of the coach from side to side gave the impression of rolling and the prairie, undulating and lightly covered with snow, looked for all the world like the ocean in a storm. His Lordship Bishop Kidd was at the station to meet us and soon had us comfortably lodged for the night. I had a long and pleasant conversation with him. From the Bishop's house the view of the city with its thousands of lights is simply enchanting."

CALGARY TO VANCOUVER.

"Yesterday afternoon Bishop Kidd took us to visit the Convents and Academies where I gave a few short talks on our work for China. In the evening I preached on the Chinese Missions to a large congregation in the Cathedral. His Lordship drove with us to the station. We have been traversing the Rockies all day and are due to arrive in Vancouver at 7.45 a.m. to-morrow. The scenery is magnificent. At one place the train mounted 1,300 feet in 22 miles, taking one hour and 16 minutes to do it. We had a splendid view of the gigantic Mount Stephen, towering a mile above the track. Fathers Morrison and Serra are well and enjoying the trip."

VANCOUVER.

"We arrived safely at Vancouver Dec. 22 at 8 a.m. and proceeded to the Cathedral. We visited Archbishop Casey and received his blessing. His Grace and the priests treated us all with great kindness. In the evening we attended a delightful Christmas presentation in which the children, admirably trained by the Sisters of St. Joseph, presented a playette. Father Forget invited us to pass Christmas with him, but as I had already been invited to be Bishop O'Donnell's guest, a happy compromise was effected. Father Morrison remained and Father Serra and I proceeded to

VICTORIA,

where we were received very kindly and royally entertained by His Lordship. The trip from Vancouver was very enjoyable, the scenery very picturesque, the weather delightful. On Christmas morning I celebrated three Masses at St. Ann's Academy and preached at the last Mass in the Cathedral. At midnight Mass, celebrated by Bishop O'Donnell, Father Serra was deacon of honor and I assistant priest. This afternoon I gave a long talk to the Sisters on the Chinese Missions. Our ship pulls out from Victoria at 6.30 p.m. to-morrow, Saturday."

FATHER FRASER'S FAREWELL MESSAGE.

On Board S.S. Empress of Australia,
Victoria, Dec. 26, 1925.

My Dear Friends:—

Just a parting salute as the hawsers are lowered and our ship launches on the broad Pacific towards the land of our choice—CHINA. I wish to thank you all most sincerely for the extreme kindness and generosity offered me during the past few years during the founding and establishment of China Mission Seminary. I place the fullest confidence in the present Rector of our Seminary, the Very Rev. John E. McRae, D.C.L., whose zeal and ability are known to you all, and in the other priests who have been associated so intimately with me during the difficult and arduous work of our pioneer days. I would ask in their regard the same kindness and generosity you have shown to me. Take them to your hearts and aid them to carry on this all-important work of training the future missionaries who will be sent to reinforce our first contingent—Fathers Morrison, Serra and myself. To-day we set out to take possession of and to evangelize CHUCHOW, the district teeming with immortal souls, still in "darkness and the shadow of death." It is my urgent desire and request that you may continue your generous support of the Seminary on which CHUCHOW depends for a continuous stream of missionaries and which is pledged to supply the sinews of war to our priests in Field Afar.

Good-bye, dear friends, one and all, and may God bless you!

Yours most faithfully and gratefully in J.M.J.
J. M. FRASER.

LEAVING FOR THE STATION

This picture was taken on the evening of our missionaries' departure for China. Father Fraser is in the centre, with Fathers Morrison and Serra on his right and left, respectively. They arrived in Shanghai on January 13th, and by this time are in Chuchow.

C.P.R.S. Empress of Australia

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA

With Fathers Fraser, Morrison and Serra on board. The Empress left Vancouver on Dec. 26th to begin her fifteen-day run to Shanghai. So far we have not had time to receive news from China. Watch for our Chuchow news in "CHINA."

CHRISTIANITY IN ANCIENT CHINA.

Whether or not St. Thomas the Apostle and his disciples penetrated into those parts of Asia which to-day are known as China to deliver the message of salvation has been and still is a very much disputed question. That Christianity, however, was known in the "Flowery Kingdom" in the first half of the seventh century, and that it was in a flourishing condition, is testified by a stone monument and an inscription thereon written in Chinese and Syriac in the year 787.

This monument was discovered at Singan-fu, the capital of Shensi, in 1623, and its mysterious inscription was deciphered by Fr. Trigault, S.J., in 1625. It gives a summary of Christianity in China from the year 636 to 780.

That this form of Christianity was not the heretical form of Nestorianism, but the religion of Rome, is strongly defended and proved by Mgr. Favier, the late veteran Vicar Apostolic of Peking and pioneer missionary of China. But how far the influence of Christianity extended in China in those centuries—whether it was limited to Shantung, Shansi and Shensi—is not known. For, owing to a severe persecution, every trace of Christianity in the Celestial Empire seems to have disappeared when five centuries later Christian missionaries re-entered China.

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Show Them That You've Been Around The World Just Say "I Saw Your Ad in China"

漢口進德學校總理回國紀念攝影

Fr. Mullins and Some of His Christians, Hankow, China.

BLESSED SACRAMENT CHURCH—VJU-SI-AJIOE-NEW MENG
This Church was erected for $2,000.00, and is the gift of Miss Mathilda Masson of the United States. In this country such a building would cost ten times as much. Material and labor are much cheaper in China.
WHO WILL ERECT, AND NAME, THE FIRST CHURCH IN FAR-AWAY CHUCHOW?

DO YOU REALIZE THIS?

"The nations that spread the Faith abroad never lose it at home. When the Catholic Church in any nation has sons and daughters of that nation in the mission field, when the people at home read about foreign missions, talk about them, pray for them, help them financially, the faith is safe. There is no danger of dry rot, the curse of stagnant Catholic churches. We insure our lives, our health; why not take out spiritual insurance for our souls, for our Faith? Home and foreign missions are a spiritual insurance company, protecting us against apathy, selfishness, worldliness, the weakening of the Faith, or the complete loss thereof."

—America.

WORDS OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

"There is now a very large number of persons who have only one reason for not becoming Christian and that is there is no one to make them Christians. It often comes into my mind to go around all the universities of Europe, and especially of Paris, crying out everywhere like a madman, and saying to all the learned men there, whose learning is so much greater than their charity: 'Ah, what a multitude of souls is through your fault shut out of Heaven and falling into hell!' Would to God that these men who labor so much in gaining knowledge would give as much thought to the account they must one day give to God. I am sure that many of them would be moved by such considerations so as to hear what God might say to them, and, then renouncing their ambitions and desires and all things of the world, they would form themselves wholly according to God's desire and choice. They would exclaim from the bottom of their hearts: 'Lord, here I am; send me whithersoever it shall please Thee.'

"I declare to God that I had almost made up my mind, since I could not return to Europe myself, to write to the University of Paris and to show them how many thousands of idolaters might be made Christian if we had only men here who would seek not their own advantage but the things of Jesus Christ."

(How many missionaries, wearing themselves out in the struggle for souls in China to-day, would convey the same message to us were they but to return and tell us the story of their heroic struggles for Christ).

A Catholic bi-weekly paper in the Annamite language has recently been established at Tonkin. For years there has been a Catholic daily published in Chekiang, something that our own country cannot boast of.

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Although "CHINA" is now just twice as large as formerly, the subscription price will continue to be

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THE INEFFABLE SWEETNESS

BY A MARY KNOLL SISTER

At the window of a big house opposite the Baltimore Cathedral stood a very small boy looking earnestly into the wintry dusk. Bye-and bye a young woman with the same fair hair and blue eyes as the small boy, came and stood beside him.

'Well, Johnny boy," she said, "what can you see?"

"I am loking at the Cathedral, mother," he answered without hesitation; "I am thinking of the time when I shall be old enough to go to Midnight Mass and see all the people so happy because the little Christ is born."

Before his mother could answer, the postman came up to the door and John ran to get the mail. There were several very Christmassy looking packages and a whole bundle of letters. John's mother laid them all aside when she saw a letter with Chinese stamps. After she had read a few lines, she put the letter down and John saw that her face had grown white. But she was not crying; her eyes shone and her lips moved slightly. John knew that she was praying.

A few moments later she became aware of the little boy's solemn gaze and she smiled at him.

"I have been saying the 'Magnificat,' Johnny," she said, "Your Uncle Jean is with God. This letter is from Father Gonnet who left the Paris Seminary for China with my brother's band. Father Gonnet writes that Jean was carried away by the cholera while he was bringing Our Lord to the sick. He says that he has sent my brother's breviary. Look and see if it is among those parcels. And you may go to Midnight Mass tonight, even if you are such a small boy. You must thank Our Lord that he has taken Uncle to be with Him so soon, and you must pray that, as you are named after him, so you may inherit his great love for Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar."

In the Cathedral, that night, John saw the blaze of lights, the decorations, and the scarlet figure of the beloved Cardinal, as if in a dream, for his thoughts were busy with his uncle's breviary, clasped tightly in his little hands. His mother had explained to him that it had been printed in China, at a place called Nazareth. Its leaves had a very foreign smell, and there were some queer-looking holy cards on it, on which was even queer writing. John was feeling for the first time the romance of far-away countries.

Yet this was not the only fascination of Uncle Jean's breviary. On the fly-leaf were written in the dead missioner's own hand the words, "Jesu, dulcis memoria." His mother had told him that this was the first line of a hymn written long ago by one who understood Christ's love for us, a certain Bernard of Clairvaux. She had said the first stanza of the hymn to him in English:

"Jesus! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast.
But sweeter far Thy face to see
And in Thy presence rest."

The attraction of these words was even vaguer in the small boy's mind than his ideas of China, but he knew that they meant something supremely wonderful to his mother.

So it came about that, as the Cardinal raised the Host, a resolution took root in John's heart which was never to leave it. He was named after his uncle. His uncle had desired above all things to bring the Sacred Host to the Chinese. But his uncle was dead. As soon as he was big enough he must go and take his uncle's place. It was all very simple and evidently his duty. He glanced up at his mother's face as she looked at the Host and he knew that she would be glad.

John grew up without the struggles and temptations a good many boys go through. His aim was always before him and he bent all his energies on making ready. He learned the Mandarin language while he was at college and read more about China than he ever had about his own country. When he had graduated from college with a brilliant record, he filed his application at the Foreign Mission Seminary of America, at Maryknoll, New York.

"John puzzles me," said his father. He is so business-like about the whole thing, just as if he were qualifying to be an architect, or anything at all. Now, your brother Jean and other friends of the old days in France were different. They made you feel that they had a personal love for Christ."

But John's mother only smiled. "Our son has faithfully corresponded to what Our Lord has given so far," she said, "and in His own good time, Christ will meet him in the way."

* * * * *

This meeting between John Rambo and his Saviour took place on the first Christmas he spent at Maryknoll. His mother undoubtedly knew of it in heaven; she died just after he entered the seminary. It was while the Superior was saying Midnight Mass in the unfinished seminary chapel. John looked around at the stone walls, bare of plaster, and at the ceiling, where all the rafters showed, and he was glad that he was not in a richly finished church. This was nearer to the poverty of Bethlehem. He wished that his mother were there to enjoy this holy night with him.

Then, suddenly, at the Elevation, he knew that she was there in the communion of souls he had always believed but never before understood. He heard distinctly, in her own dear voice, the words "Jesu, dulcis memoria." The true inwardness of those words rushed in upon his soul for the first time—Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament sustaining our souls with His Own Substance, changing us, if we will but let Him, into Himself. His vocation appeared no longer as a duty, but as the most splendid of all privileges. Like his uncle, he was to bring the Host, the most tender of all the loving mercies of God, to those who sit in utter darkness. Christ had indeed come to meet him in the way.

* * * * *

The years previous to his ordination were the happiest of John's whole life, if we except the last hour before his death. Nothing was hard, nothing unpleasant. It was all a loving preparation for the time when he would bring the Beloved to heal the souls sick with sin. The splendour of the vision he always carried with him cast its light on others. He was the means of saving several vocations. Long before his ordination, the Superior had singled him out as a leader of men.

When the names of the departing missioners were announced, just after

In Oriental Shantung, where some of the pagan sailors go to pay their respects to the false "Mother," the idol whom they call the Queen of Heaven. Their devotion is accompanied by the burning of paper and the beating of tom-toms.
(Courtesy, Catholic Missions.)

ordinations, John's was not among them.

"I need you at home, my boy," said the Superior. "In a Society as new as ours there are few who are fitted to teach in the home Seminary. There is no service you could render the Society more important than the training of its apostles. You are young and we will be able to release you after a few years."

For some days John simply could not grasp what had befallen him. He was so sure of the Master's call to the missions. Then he went to the chapel and had it out. He understood that the years of sweet consolation were past. He had never really suffered anything for Christ until now. Like the other John, he must stand at the foot of the Cross and drink of the chalice with the Master.

* * * * *

During forty long years he tasted of the bitter cup. The Superior died before it was possible to release Father Rambo for the missions; the new Superior never dreamed of releasing the Director of the Seminary, who had such a remarkable influence over the students. Generations of young departing missioners kept in veneration the memory of their director. Was it not he who had brought them face to face with Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and revealed to them what their vocation really meant? "I wish," said one of them, "that we might live to see him canonized as Father John of the Blessed Sacrament."

Father Rambo himself was totally unaware of all this veneration. He thought himself unworthy of his uncle's heritage. The pain of his passionate longing for the missions became sharper as the years went by and there came a time when he could no longer bear to read those passages in his former students' letters which told of the joys of the ministry on the missions. But he never spoke of what he endured.

* * * * *

At length, during the month of All Souls, he fell ill. He grew steadily worse with the passing weeks, and his agony began on Christmas Eve. The Superior, the members of the faculty, and as many of the students as could crowd into the room, surrounded the bedside. Earlier in the day, the dying priest had asked for an old breviary, and now he held it fast, though he was delirious. They saw him press it to his face and smile happily.

"The smell of China," he murmured. He began to talk eagerly. He was in China and there was an epidemic among his Christians. He must reach them quickly, quickly, for Our Lord wanted to come to them and lead them with His Own hand through the valley of the shadow.

The Superior now had an inkling of what Father Rambo had suffered for Christ. "God grant that he may die under this illusion," he prayed.

But it was not to be. One hour before midnight, Father John became perfectly conscious. The window of his room was open, for he had been gasping for breath. It was bright moonlight outside and he saw distinctly the river gleaming beyond snow-covered fields. Then his dim eyes rested on the familiar room and the familiar faces. It was all a dream. He had never carried Our Lord to sick souls on the missions. His eyelids closed, and those near him saw two great tears steal down his cheeks.

The Superior made haste to bring him the Viaticum with his own hands, while the others prayed that he might remain conscious until he had received the Blessed Sacrament.

* * * * *

When the dying priest looked on the Host, his face changed. All sadness slipped from it like a garment; it became the face of a young man. In the moon-lit heavens above Our Lord, Who was graciously coming to meet him in the way, Father John beheld a great company of men, women, and children, following the Master. Most of this multitude were of the yellow race, but there were some who seemed to be leaders, and these were white. When Father John looked at them more closely, he recognised many of his own students who had died on the missions. He would have looked at them longer, but the Master began to speak and he had no eyes but for Him.

"My son," said the voice containing all love and all sweetness, "these are My sheep and My lambs whom you have fed. You have carried Me to them, to heal their souls for all eternity."

When Our Lord took him in His arms, Father John spoke for the last time. "Jesu, dulcis memoria," he said. Then, like that other John, he "leaned his head on His breast."

The others had not seen the vision, but beholding Father John's face and hearing his words, they knew that, having drunk the chalice to its very dregs, he had found there Sweetness Ineffable.

We have assuredly reached a pitiful state of spiritual sloth when when we are concerned exclusively with the salvation of our own small souls; and, even at that, measure our duties to God and His interests by a skimpy yard-stick.

—The Sign.

WISE SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS.

"Have no friends not equal to yourself."

"When you have faults do not fear to abandon them."

"If for three years he does not alter from the way of his father, he may be called filial."

"Peace is to be prized."

"I will not be afflicted at men's not knowing me; I will be afflicted that I do not know men."

"I do not know how a man without truthfulness is to get on."

"To see what is right and not to do it is want of courage."

"He who offends against Heaven has none to whom he can pray."

"They who meet men with smartness of speech, for the most part procure themselves hatred."

YEAR OF THE TIGER.

Every year of the Chinese cycle is known by the name of an animal which is thought to have an influence on the events of the year. The first animal of the cycle is the Rat, then comes the Ox, the Tiger and so on. The year of the tiger, more than all the rest, is dreaded by the superstitious Chinese. A person born during this year is thought to bring disgrace to his family and is doomed to be unsuccessful in all the affairs that he will undertake in later life. The year of birth is always considered when choosing a wife. No pagan will marry a woman born under the auspices of the tiger.

Cormorants are used for fishing in China. A ring is placed around the bird's neck to prevent it from swallowing the fish. As soon as a fish is caught, the bird is drawn to the boat and relieved of it.

(Courtesy, Catholic Missions.)

CHINA

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CHINESE MISSIONS

Published Monthly by

St. Francis Xavier China Missionl Seminary

Vol. VII SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO No. 2

"Thus idly busy rolls their world away" Goldsmith
—The Traveller.

His name is ——well! his name doesn't matter. He can tell you, offhand, just what is wrong with the world and how much better things would be if THEY—oh, yes—THEY, always the other folks—would only do so and so. Over and over again his friends have heard him prescribe a remedy for the ills that afflict this vale of tears, have heard him speak of world evils with the pitying disdain of one who hailed from another and more virtuous planet.

His Name Is Legion.

He does not stand alone. Wherever conversation is held advice and opinions such as his are pouring forth incessantly and the world is none the better for them. If only the millions who **advise** would take it into their heads to **act**, to play well their own little part and not grieve over the folly of the rest of men, what a bright, cheery little place this world of ours would become.

And So With the Missions.

Mr. Smith has studied the mission question from many an angle. "You know," he confides, "the question of the missions has always held a great fascination for me. It is so hard to account for the fact that after all those centuries of Christianity over two-thirds of the human race are still sunk in the darkness of paganism. Something must be wrong somewhere."

Sincere Interest.

Mr. Smith is sincere. He is genuinely concerned over what he is pleased to term the "mission problem." His interest is real—and kindly—but he loses sight of the fact that something more than mere passive interest is required if the world is to be won for Christ. He does not feel that he should DO anything about it. The very vastness of the problem appalls him and paralyses his activity. He knows full well that his unaided efforts will never materially change the existing state of affairs and so, resignedly, he settles down to a self-pitying inactivity as if he alone had "discovered" the problem, and as if he were confronted with the disquieting alternative of solving it in its entirety or of leaving it severely alone.

What of God's Designs?

And yet God has designs in his regard. He has a part for him and for thousands of just such other Mr. Smiths to play. If they all played that part the problem would not be so baffling, but Satan seems to have lulled them into a harmless state of coma. As far as the mission cause is concerned they may as well never have been born. While they waste their lives in useless fretting, pagan souls go daily down to Hell.

Many Mr. Smiths.

How many Mr. Smiths there are! how many good, kindly, charitable souls who take this fundamentally wrong view of the missions. They do nothing and yet the dire results of their inactivity can hardly be attributed to "want of heart." And these are from among our best and most zealous Catholics, souls whom the light of God's grace had urged to a more active and generous interest in a cause so dear to the Sacred Heart. Millions there are, alas, for whom the mission problem causes no concern.

Are You a Mr. Smith?

Dear reader, you will assent that all this is only too true, but what of yourself? This article is meant, not for the other fellow, but for you. Are you a Mr. Smith? "Oh, well," you say, "there is not very much that I can do." Let us see!

What Can Be Done.

What of that generous impulse that has come to you from time to time to do something really worth while for this, the greatest of causes? Are you poor in this world's goods? Then offer to God in secret your own prayers and your own sacrifices—none other can take their place—that pagan souls may come to know and love His name. Are you stewards of riches that God has entrusted to your keeping? Then realize the power that is yours of employing them for eternity. This seminary is training and educating young men who are giving their all—giving themselves to devote their lives to the work of saving souls in China. Your help is urgently needed to make possible this generous sacrifice on their part. If you can give but little do not think it is not worth giving. Apart from what your alms may effect there is the all-important fact that you are doing **your** part and that God, who seeth in secret, will be your reward. If you can give of your abundance then it is in your power to make lighter our burdens and easier our task. Do not be satisfied merely to sympathize with those who are spending themselves fighting Christ's battles in pagan lands. Let it not be laid to your charge in eternity that a single pagan soul was lost because of failure on your part to hearken to the promptings of God's grace in your souls.

HOW TO PUT CHINA IN YOUR WILL

Form of Bequest

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY THE SUM OF $.."

$250 will support a student in China Mission Seminary for a year.

$1,000 will pay for a student's entire course at China Mission Seminary.

$5,000 will found a PERPETUAL BURSE on which, not one, but a chain of students will be educated for China—the MONUMENT of MONUMENTS to leave to your own or your dear ones' memory.

VERY REV. JOHN E. McRAE, D.C.L.
Rector of St. Francis Xavier Seminary.

MR. LO PA HONG'S WARNING.

We quote a few of the statements made in Washington by Mr. Lo Pa Hong, the "St. Vincent de Paul of China" on the occasion of his recent visit to America. Mr. Lo has been twice decorated by the Pope for his constant charities. He is a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Sylvester and a Knight of St. Gregory. An American Bishop declares that "We have no men in America like Lo Pa Hong."

Mr. Lo's Statements.

"Unless Catholic missionaries come to China in great numbers very soon, it may be too late.

"As soon as China can adjust her internal difficulties she will enter a period of commercial prosperity. Even now the culture of Europe and America is being brought into the country by returned university students. The whole nation is anxious for Western Civilization. Unless they receive Catholic civilization, the Chinese will become materialists as have their Japanese neighbors.

"If every Catholic college in America would provide an education for but one Chinese youth, great good would be done."

"Everything points to favorable opportunities for American foreign missionaries if only the people of America will support them and enable them to take advantage of these conditions."

MISSION ORGANIZATION OF THE CHURCH.

"A feature of the Church of Rome, which every Protestant, and, in fact, every man is bound to appreciate, is her unparalleled organization." Thus writes Dr. Gilbert Reid, a Presbyterian missionary in China. He continues with a brief outline of this wonderful organization:

"The whole world is mapped out into a complete system, and all parts of the system are unified in the Papacy. The Supreme Pontiff is certainly the **greatest** ruler on earth; his sway extends into every country; amongst all races — all alike called his children. He is rightly called in Chinese the Emperor of Religion.

The Church in China.

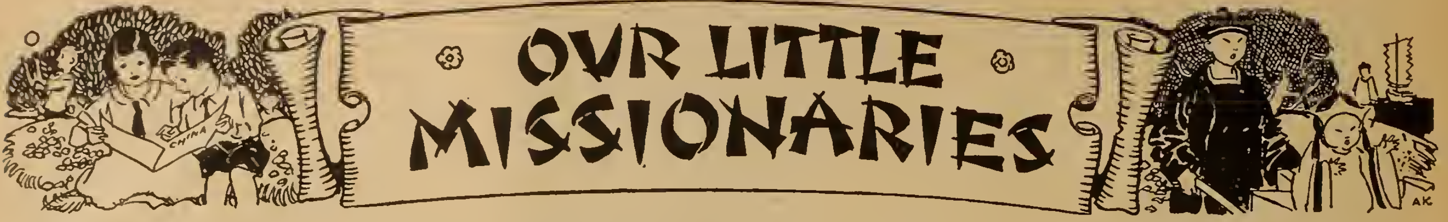
"Here in China an illustration is afforded of this wonderful Church organization. The whole country is divided into districts, and in each district one Society is at work. This is the perfection of mission comity. The particular Society is seldom named; all that the Chinese through the length and breadth of the land ever hear of is the Religion of the Lord of Heaven — the one Church of Rome."

ADMIRAL'S GIRL IN CATHOLIC COLLEGE.

Miss Cecelia Hsu, daughter of a Chinese admiral, has arrived in Toledo to enter Mary Manse College, the women's branch of St. John's College.. She expects to remain until she receives her B.A. degree.

Miss Hsu's father is vice-minister of the Chinese navy, and is known in the United States, having visited this country twice on official missions. Miss Cecelia's coming to Toledo, however, is the outgrowth of a meeting in China between her father and Dr. Barry O'Toole, a Toledo priest, who has been in the Orient for several months. When the admiral expressed the intention of sending his daughter to an American college, Father O'Toole suggested Mary Manse. Miss Hsu's sister is a Franciscan nun.

Miss Hsu has been attending a Franciscan Sisters' school in Peking. When she arrived, Mother Mary Margaret, dean of the college, took with her to the station a French girl, in the hope that if the new student could not speak English she could converse in French. To her astonishment, Miss Hsu spoke both English and French fluently.



OUR LITTLE MISSIONARIES

FINDS IT EASY TO WIN SUBSCRIPTION PRIZES.

The Editor,
CHINA.
Dear Father:—

I have succeeded in getting fifteen subscriptions to your popular magazine and I would like prize No. 1 (the watch) and prize No. 3 (the knife and chain). It took me only two days to get these subscriptions.

FIRST TO WIN PRIZE.

The first prize for securing subscriptions to CHINA—A Maple Leaf Radiolite Watch—goes to Master Abbie Dube, Blind River, Ont., who forwarded us thirteen subscriptions. Miss Winnifred Thompson, Beaverton, Ont., is also a prize-winner, and it looks as if the postman would be kept busy for some time delivering the prizes to our many young friends who are working for CHINA. Success to you all. Every subscriber means another friend for us and a step nearer one of the attractive prizes for you. Come on now youthful missionaries, and see how busy you can keep us.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS STORY?

Are you witty? Read this story and see what is wrong with it.

Whenever Napoleon met any of the old veterans of his campaigns he invariably treated them with great kindness. He even went out of his way on many an occasion to meet those who had been with him through his battles. On one occasion in particular he was told of an old soldier who had lost an arm in the battle of Marengo. He travelled miles out of his way to meet him and pinned on his breast the Military Bar for valor. The veteran was visibly affected. "Most valiant Emperor," he cried, "I do not deserve such an honor. If I had lost both arms" . . . . But Napoleon interrupted him. "If you had lost both arms I would have given you the Cross of the Legion of Honor." And there and then the old veteran drew his sword and cut off his other arm.

CHINESE FRUITS.

Some of the Chinese fruits, carefully cherished through many centuries, are said by experts to be delicious. There is an orange grown in China that is said to surpass in sweetness and delicacy any of the oranges to which the people of Europe or America are accustomed, and it may be grown in places where the temperature falls to 20 degrees below the freezing point. There is also a peach unlike anything to which the West is accustomed, and a winter muskmelon that will appeal irresistibly to the American palate. This melon is at its best in December and January. There are many other good things in China to which Canada will doubtless be introduced in time. Our students, however, will not wait till such delicious fruits are brought to Canada's shores. Don't you envy them?

LITTLE MISSIONARIES
Convent of Mary Immaculate, Pembroke, Ont.

EATS IN CHINA.

Rice is the staple food in China. The ricksha coolie or the boatman who works the sampan can consume about 10 small bowls of rice in the day. The Chinese say it is bad to eat rice by itself, and to offset its evil effects they eat vegetables with it. To the ricksha coolie or the boatman, meat is unknown. They eat twice a day—in the morning about 10 o'clock, and in the evening about 4 o'clock. From early morning until late at night they work hard, and how their meagre diet sustains them is a mystery. The better class Chinese eat three times a day. If they can afford it they will have meat or fish, and in this case they content themselves with three or four small bowls of rice.

WHAT CAN A LITTLE CHAP DO?

What can a little chap do
For his country and for you?
What can a little chap do?
He can play a straight game all through;
  That's one thing he can do.

He can fight like a knight
For the truth and the right;
  That's another good thing he can do.

He can shun all that's mean,
He can keep himself clean,
Both without and within;
  That's a very fine thing he can do.

His soul he can brace
Against everything base,
And the trace will be seen
All his life in his face;
  That's an excellent thing he can do.

He can look to the light,
He can keep his thoughts white,
He can fight the great fight,
He can do with his might
What is good in God's sight;
  Those truly great things he can do.

Though his years are but few,
If he keeps himself true,
He can march in the queue
Of the good and the great,
Who battle with fate
And won through;
  That's a wonderful thing he can do.

And in each little thing
He can follow the King—
Yes, in each smallest thing
He can follow the King—
  He can follow the Christ, the King.

—John Oxenham.

TRICKS

AN EDIBLE CANDLE TRICK.

This is a clever little stunt that will mystify onlookers. From a large apple cut out a cylinder the size of an ordinary candle. Take a long slim walnut kernel and stick it in the end of the cylinder for the wick. When complete this edible candle looks almost like a candle that has been burned down to about two inches. In performing the stunt you first light the walnut, which burns with a flame similar to that of a real candle. After it has burned long enough to satisfy your audience that it is a real candle, blow out the flame and proceed to eat the candle.

TRICK WITH A COIN.

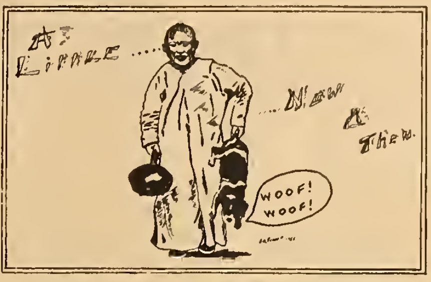
Lay a nickel on the palm of your hand, extend the fingers, so that the coin lies quite unprotected. Then tell any one that he can have the coin if he can brush it off your hand with a clothes brush or hair brush. He is not allowed to gouge or dab at the coin; he will find that for all his brushing he cannot move the coin.

THE FIVE-STRAW TRICK.

If a friend should hand you five straws, each about six inches long and ask you to support them all together in the air, holding on by the extremity of one alone, how would you manage it?

The artful intervention of a silver coin in the centre interlocking of the five straws will do it. It is quite a simple affair — when you know how it is done. The coin prevents the slipping of straws out of your system; but even so, its presence is not entirely indispensable.

Propose the problem to a person who is unacquainted with the manner of doing it and you will be surprised to see the time he will take to solve it—if he can solve it.


A LITTLE .....
.....NOW & THEN.
WOOF! WOOF!

CAVE CANEM!

Classified Ad: "For sale, a thoroughbred Irish Terrier. Will eat anything; very fond of children."

THE RASCAL!

A schoolboy asked in class to define hypocrite, replied: "A kid that comes to school with a smile on his face."

JUST SO!

"I like cheerfulness. I admire any one who sings at his work."

"How you must love a mosquito."

IMPOSSIBLE!

Old gentleman (to street urchin): "How old are you, little boy?"

Urchin: "Five years."

Old Gentleman: "You must be mistaken. You couldn't get that dirty in five years."

SAY THIS QUICKLY.

Betty Botter bought some butter.
"But," she said, "this butter's bitter.
If I put it in my batter,
It will make my batter bitter.
But a bit of better butter
Will surely make my batter better."
So she bought a bit o' butter
And made her bitter batter better,
Better than the bitter butter;
So 'twas better Betty Botter
Bought a bit o' better butter.

GAMES

GAME OF PROFESSIONS.

All the boys have been given cards on which are written the professions each one of them is to pantomime. The girls have been given cards on which corresponding professions are named, and as soon as each girl recognizes the profession being pantomimed as the one corresponding with hers, she claims her partner. Sometimes, however, she makes a mistake. She thinks a man is pantomiming a doctor's profession when he really is a carpenter.

1, piano tuner; 2, dentist; 3, surgeon; 4, teacher; 5, hairdresser; 6, vocal teacher; 7, artist; 8, judge; 9, riding master; 10, actor.

SHADOW TAG.

Here is a game which, while it is best played in the bright sunlight, may be played by moonlight, under a bright electric light, or around the campfire. The one who is It tries to step on the shadow of any one of the players. The players may try to save their shadows from being tagged in this manner by It by seeking the shade for a moment, by bending, twisting, or dodging. Whenever It succeeds in stepping on the shadow of another player, that player becomes It in turn and tries to tag some other player.

GRAB BAG ORCHESTRA.

An event, planned for the younger children, is "the grab-bag orchestra." A large grab-bag is brought in, and each child is given a grab for some musical instrument, which should be carefully wrapped to disguise as much as possible what it really is. Care should be used in the selection of the instruments, and no particularly noisy ones should be included. When each child has a package, the instruments may be unwrapped and played upon. The result will be rather discordant, perhaps, but it will provide much amusement.

PUPILS OF CATHOLIC BOYS' SCHOOL—CHEMULPO, KOREA

Out of the hundreds of millions of little boys and girls in China, only a small number are privileged to attend the Catholic Schools. The greater number know nothing of God or His Blessed Mother.

BOYS and GIRLS PRIZES GALORE!

Our Youthful Readers Are Winning Them. Why Not You?

There are friends of yours who perhaps have never read "CHINA." It would be easy for you to secure one, two, perhaps ten, subscriptions at the small subscription price of **FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.**

BEGIN TODAY

Below you will see a list of prizes for securing subscriptions — just the things you have been wanting to own. We do not offer anything **FREE.** There are no "simple conditions" to be fulfilled other than those stated here.

PRIZES FOR OBTAINING SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "CHINA"

No. 4—FOR FOUR
Colonial House Bank

Heavy cast iron bank, finished in gold bronze; coin slot in side; 2½ inches wide, 1¾ inches deep, 2½ inches high.

No. 6—FOR THREE
Burgess Animal Paint Book

ANIMALS
TO
PAINT

All children delight in the Thornton Burgess Bedtime Stories. Contains pictures to color and colored copies of the animal characters made famous by the Bedtime Stories. Sixteen pages and covers, size 9¾ x 13¾ inches.

No. 1
FOR TEN SUBSCRIPTIONS
Maple Leaf Radiolite

INGERSOLL
RADIOLITE

A useful watch, in style and size like the original Maple Leaf. Black face with white numerals and hands which glow brightly in the dark.

No. 3—FOR FIVE
Pocket Knife and Chain

Medium size, black wooden handle, nickelled end cap and name-plate, button tab and chain; length, 3⅜ in.

No. 7—FOR THREE
Ten-Color Paint Box

THREE
BEARS
COLOR BOX

This box contains ten cakes of paint in ten different colors, tin mixing pan and quill brush with wooden handle; attractive lithographed top with "Bunny Rabbit" design. Size 5⅛ x 9⅝ inches.

No. 2—FOR SIX SUBSCRIPTIONS (Fountain Pen), and No. 5—FOR FOUR (Pencil)

Fountain Pen, "The Scout"; hard rubber case with nickel lever filler and pocket clip, screw cap; fitted with gold-plated nib.
Silvered Propeller Pencil, with clip. Pencil contains extra leads.

If so desired, any combination of prizes may be chosen. For example: If you get seven subscriptions, you may take prizes Nos. 4 and 6, which are offered for four and three subscriptions respectively. If you get six subscriptions you may care to have prize No. 6 (for three) and prize No. 7 (for three) instead of prize No. 2, the Fountain Pen, and so on.

WHAT TO DO

Show "CHINA" to your friends who are not subscribers. Tell them the very small subscription price—50 cents a year. When you have secured three or more subscriptions, send us the amount by registered letter or postal order, payable to "CHINA MISSION SEMINARY," and tell us the prize you want. Then watch for the postman.

Address your letter—

IMPORTANT! **"CHINA," SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.**

THIS OFFER APPLIES ONLY TO NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS

A
Little.....
.....Now
&
Then
B.O. Bonnell 1925

"IS RELISHED BY THE WISEST MEN."

HOT DOGS.

Johnny: "Say, pop, what do those sheiks live on in the barren desert?

Pop: (Tired of cross-examination): "Oh, I guess they eat the 'sand-which-is' there."

TOUGH.

Lady, to tramp: "So you're back again. And you're the same man that stole my pie last week."

Tramp (reproachfully): "Oh, no, mam—the doc. says I'll never be the same man again."

WHO CARES?

Mother—Get up, Elsie. Remember, it's the early bird that gets the worm.

Elsie (drowsily)—Let him have it, mother, I'm not hungry."

GOING UP.

Toronto will never have anything on Hamilton. A fellow from Toronto came to Hamilton the other day just to look around and find fault. He approached a fruit stand, picked up a large melon and asked with a sneer:

"Is this the largest apple you have in Hamilton?"

"Hey," bellowed the owner of the fruit-stand, "put that grape down."

OUR WONDERFUL LANGUAGE.

Frenchman: "Ah, my good friend. I have met with one difficulty—one ver' strange word. How do you call h-o-u-g-h?"

Tutor: "Huff."

Frenchman: "Tres bien—huff, and snuff is s-n-o-u-g-h?"

Tutor: "Oh, no, snuff is s-n-u double f. The fact is, words ending in ough are a little irregular."

Frenchman: "Ver' good. 'Tis beautiful language. Hough is huff I will remember. And c-o-u-g-h is cuff. I have one bad cuff."

Tutor: "No, that is wrong. We say k-a-u-f."

Frenchman: "Kauf, eh bien. Huff and kauf. And pardon me, but how do you call d-o-u-g-h? Duff, ah."

Tutor: "No, no, not duff."

Frenchman: "I understand—is dauf, eh?"

Tutor: "No, doe."

Frenchman: "Doe, it is ver' fine wonderful language. It is doe; and t-o-u-g-h is toe, certainement. My beefsteak was ver' toe?"

Tutor: "No, you should say tuff."

Frenchman: "And the thing the farmer uses; how do you call him—p-l-o-u-g-h, pluff? Ha! you smile I see I am wrong; it is plauf. No then it is ploe, like doe. It is beautiful language; ver' fine—ploe?"

Tutor: "You are still wrong, my friend; it is plow."

Frenchman: "Plow! Wonderful language. I shall understand ver' soon. Plow, doe, kauf; and once more, r-o-u-g-h, what you call a sailor, rauf and ready."

Tutor: "No; ruff."

Frenchman: "Ruff, ah! Let me not forget. Ver' simple, wonderful language; but all the same I have had what you call e-n-o-u-g-h; ah, what you call him?"

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THE STRINGLESS GIFT.

We are sometimes asked "What is a stringless gift?" It is an alms sent us by a benefactor, and left entirely to our disposal; and to quote "The Far East" the stringless gift is always best, though not always the most plentiful. If you remember that every time you give to the missions you really give to God, that you are not so much a benefactor of the foreign missions as a "benefactor" of God, Who gave you everything you have, then you will find it easier to send your gift without strings. Many of our friends are realizing that the stringless gift is the best for the work in the long run and that it is not the purpose for which the gift is made that really counts, but the sacrifice and the intention of the giver to promote God's Glory. It is that which brings the reward.

If you can manage to leave your donations stringless they will chase away more cares, and will do just as much for God.

Not that we don't appreciate the other kind.

Nothing is too big to help in God's work—and nothing is too small.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations, received before January 15th:—

Collection, St. Michael's Parish, Montreal, per Rev. L. Callaghan, $200; Bequest through will of Catherine Kestner, per Peter Kroetsch, $100; Towards Madeline Sophie Burse, Convent of Sacred Heart, Halifax, per Madame E. Murray, $100; Mite Box offerings and subscriptions, St. Patrick's Convent, St. John's, Nfld., per Sister M. Rose, $54.73; A Friend, $30; St. Joseph's Parish, Kentville, N.S., $30; Mr. J. J. Carolan, $25; Rev. Henry J. Noon, $25; Mount St. Vincent Academy, Halifax, per Sister M. De Chantal, $20; Mrs. Jeffrey Sampson, $15; St. Joseph's Convent, Charlottetown, P.E.I., $12.96; St. Joseph's School, Chatham, Ont., per Sister M. Bernard, $12; New Germany Separate School, $12; Miss Catherine McAlenney, $11; Anonymous, $11; subscriptions, Alliston, Ont., $57.

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The Following Gave $5.00 Each:—Miss Clara E. Mulcahy; Pupils of Notre Dame Convent, Charlottetown; Miss Kate Dunn; Mr. W. A. Fawcett; Dr. M. F. McRae; Mrs. J. A. Brennan; S. E. Sheehan; Mrs. John Foley; Mrs. Mary O'Connor; Miss Margaret M. Thompson; Sister M. De Chantal, Mt. St. Vincent, Halifax; Sister M. Margaret, Mt. St. Joseph, North Sydney; Rev. J. P. O'Riordan; M. Vice; Mite Box, St. Ann's Convent, Renfrew; Rt. Rev. Guillaume Forbes; Hedrig Marky; Mrs. D. A. Coste; Miss Sadie MacNeill; Miss Ella O'Connor; Miss Margaret O'Brien; Miss Margery Martin; Julian A. Hogan; J. M. and Mrs. Speechly; Friend, St. Rose; Sister M. Francesca; Clement Sutherland; Friend, Montreal; Rev. M. J. Leahy; Pupils, St. Mary's School, Halifax; per Mr. R. M. Burns, Catholic Record; Rev. M. J. Smith; Miss Mary Hoskin.

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Others gave smaller amounts.

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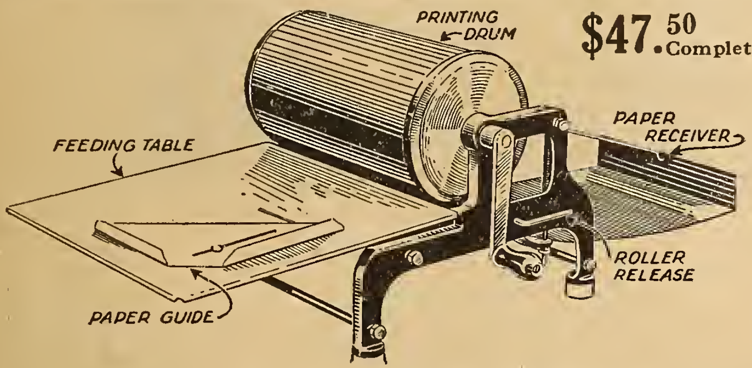

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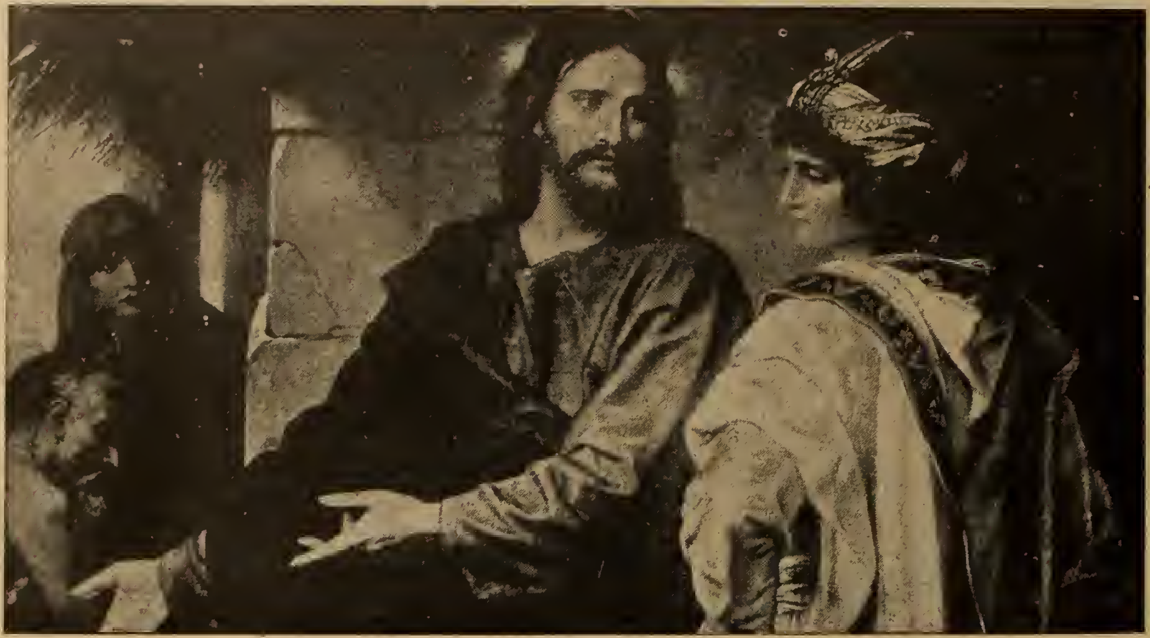

"And Jesus looking on him loved him, and said to him: One thing is wanting unto thee: go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me—who being struck sad at that saying went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions."—(Mark 10, 21:22.)

"Alas, alas. for those who die without fulfilling their mission, who were called to worship Christ and who plunged into this giddy and unbelieving world; who were called to fight and remained idle. Alas for those who have had gifts and talents and have not used, or misused or abused them.

"The world goes on from age to age, but the holy Angels and blessed Saints are always crying alas, alas and woe, woe over the LOSS OF VOCATIONS and the disappointment of hopes and the scorn of God's Love and the ruin of souls."

—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

I Have a Vocation to be a Missionary Priest

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There are More Pagans in China than there are Catholics in the World

CHINA

WINTER IN CHEKIANG

MARCH, 1926

CHINA

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NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR

During 1925 ninety thousand adults and three hundred and seventy thousand children were baptised in China.

According to statistics compiled by the N.C.W.C. Bureau of Education, students for the Priesthood in the United States now number 13,984.

The number of Catholics in England and Wales now totals 2,042,000. This figure is slightly smaller than that which represents the number of Catholics in China.

By the will of Mr. Ernest G. Miller, who died in September, 1925 at Milwaukee, the Vicariate of Foochow, China, will receive $30.00. Yes, the word before the Chow is "Foo" not "Chu." Better luck next time.

The Chinese Mission Society of Omaha, Nebraska, has recently received a bequest of one million dollars. With the Fathers of St. Columban's we rejoice at this "good fortune" which is theirs. It will enable them to send much-needed assistance to their parishes in China.

The S.S. Empress of Asia on her outgoing voyage from Vancouver on Feb. 6th, carried a shipment of Canadian fish eggs for Japan. The supply of 5,000 Eastern Canadian brook trout will be used to stock the streams and lakes of the Tokio Angling and Country Club, the most exclusive millionaire club of Japan.

CHINESE STUDENT SPEAKS AT CONVENTION

At the recent convention at Cincinnati of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Leo P. Woo, student at the Catholic University, Washington, spoke on "China for the Catholic Church." He said that the Catholic Church is the one great hope of China to-day. "The light from Galilee extends to all sections of China, the Cross on the Catholic churches is our one great inspiration," he said. "But we need help in our infancy, we need Sister America to lend a helping hand to win new souls to Christ."

SISTERS LEAVE FOR FAR FIELDS

A touching ceremony recently took place in the chapel of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, the blessing of 47 young Sisters about to depart for distant missions in Ceylon, India and China.

The young religious are the newest flowers that have blossomed in the shadows of St. Francis, and of Mary Immaculate. Before starting their long and arduous journey they were consoled by the Jubilee Indulgences, by the special blessing of Pope Pius XI, and that of Cardinal Bonzano, who assisted at the ceremony of departure. They go, thus strengthened by heavenly aids, to dwell in the midst of pagans and of idolaters, and they will exercise their gentle apostolate in striving to win souls to Christ.

FATHER COHILL DIES IN CHINA

Dispatches confirm the report of the death of Father William J. Cohill, a priest of the mission of Kai-feng, China, and an alumnus of Georgetown University and St. Mary Seminary, Baltimore.

Father Cohill won extensive publicity for the Chinese missions through his knowledge of newspaper work, having served as a reporter on the staff of the Baltimore "Sun" in his earlier years.

Father Cohill was ordained in China and was thirty-eight years of age. His death was the result of fever contracted while on a trip to Shanghai.

The dead missionary will be remembered by Crusaders who attended the Notre Dame Convention of the C. S. M. C. as having one of the largest exhibits at that assembly. (The Shield).

NATIVES BUILD A CATHEDRAL

A cathedral, built by natives under the direction of a lay brother, with bricks made at the workshops of the White Fathers, has been opened at Rubaga, Uganda.

One and a half million bricks were used in the construction of the cathedral, which is 258 feet long and 74 feet in breadth, and has two towers rising 50 feet over the main building.

Every one of the bricks was carried to the building site by the natives from the Fathers' shops at Kisube, many miles away, and the workers would accept no pay for their labours. Even some of the highest native chiefs, men of wealth and position, carried bricks for the building when they attended Mass.

The architect was a lay Brother, and his assistants were Baganda masons and bricklayers.

BOAT NAMED POPE PIUS XI.

The Milanese Committee "Pro Africa," has decided to offer to the missions of Central Africa in which for many years the treasures of apostolic zeal of Italian missionaries have been poured out, a little boat for the purpose of navigating the Nile River.

The providential work has been entrusted to public subscription, and the first name which appears upon the list is that of the Cardinal Archbishop. It is expected that all classes of the faithful in the city of Milan will show a practical interest in this great work.

This boat will be specially constructed for its holy purpose and will prove a boon to the missionaries who, by means of it, will be enabled to make more frequent visits to many sections of their vast field.

The craft will bear the august name, "Pius XI."

OUR MISSIONARIES ARRIVE IN CHINA

Father Fraser Sends Graphic Account of Journey

Finds conditions "much improved" in Province where he spent fifteen years. Fathers Morrison and Serra enjoy first meal of "rice, shrimps and black tea." All well and happy.

S.S. Empress of Australia,
Fifth Day Out, Dec. 30, 1925.

The sea is still calm and we have been enjoying summer weather ever since we reached British Columbia ten days ago; this is the more appreciated as news comes through by wireless that 35 persons have been frozen to death in Chicago in the coldest snap on record. But we are tast leaving wintry climes behind for good and all. We have covered about fifteen hundred miles and will soon be in sight of the Aleutian Islands, when we begin to turn south towards Japan and China.

Yesterday I had a long chat with a doctor going to South China, Dr. McDonald from Lac St. Francois, Que., the birthplace of our Father LaChapelle. The hospital he attended near Macao was closed during the troubles last summer and he is going to endeavor to re-open it. He is not one of our faith but we must give him credit for making a great sacrifice. He is leaving his wife and family, will receive much less salary than in Canada, and it is all, as he says, "for the love of being helpful to his fellow-men." Would that we could inspire young Catholic doctors to do as much even for a few years!

To-day our cabin boy took us all through the ship from stem to stern and top to bottom. We visited, without envy, however, the spacious first class. Second provides all that a missionary could desire. We passed through the dingy crowded quarters of the Asiatic steerage, in the prow of the boat, where if it is stormy the pitching is felt to advantage. Here were Chinese, Hindus and Mongolians huddled together in groups or lying seasick in closely built bunks. There are four classes on board: first, second, third and steerage, but as this is the season when few travel, our total number of passengers is only three hundred. The Empress has a capacity of 1,000 cabin passengers and 600 steerage. There is a crew of 550 men.

New Year in Mid-Ocean.

1926—New Year's Day, Mid-ocean, aboard S.S. Empress of Australia.

To the Priests of St. Francis Xavier Seminary.

Dear Fellow-Workers:

You are continually in my thoughts and in my prayers. I appreciate most sincerely all your labors in the great work we are endeavoring to make a success. A new year has dawned to-day and though far away in the middle of the broad Pacific, I am with you in spirit and wish you all from the bottom of my heart A Happy New Year.

Everything looks bright and promising for our work. The Bishops, priests and people of Canada and Newfoundland are most favorable and even in the United States we have many kind friends. The schools are filled with earnest children praying for our success. The High Schools and Colleges contain many who, with a little urging, would offer themselves as candidates for the Chinese Missions. In the convents we have powerful intercessors with Heaven. May this be an incitement to us all, both in China and in Canada, to redouble our efforts for the great cause. The years are passing fast. The time of our reward will soon be at hand. May God bless and sustain us all.

Street Scene—Kobe, Japan.

Your Fellow Worker in the Vineyard of the Lord.

J. M. FRASER.

Nearing Japan.

On Board, Jan. 7th.

We shall sight Japan this afternoon and arrive at Yokohama to-morrow. I was well and able to say Mass all through the trip. Father Morrison and Father Serra were ill for a day or two. This is a wonderfully steady boat even in a heavy sea such as we have had during the past three days—a mile a minute gale and blizzard with waves mountains high. They must have measured fifty feet and three hundred or more from crest to crest. When you receive this letter, which I will post at Yokohama, you will know that we have arrived safely at the other side of the Pacific.

P.S.—Since I began this letter the steward announces that we have come in sight of the coast of Japan.

Yokohama.

We arrived at Yokohama on Jan. 8th and after a brief stay took the electric railway to Tokyo, arriving in that great capital at noon. After dinner (Japanese style) in a native restaurant—a bowl of rice with shrimps eaten with chopsticks and followed by tea without milk or sugar—we started on a tour of the city. Father Morrison and Father Serra greatly enjoyed their first Japanese dinner. It was a public holiday and everyone seemed dressed in his best. The dresses of the little ones, all the colors of the rainbow and of most variegated patterns, were fascinating as they clattered along on their queer little wooden sandals. After looking in vain for a Catholic Church (nobody seemed to know where it was) we boarded the electric train and reached our boat, tired and hungry, just in time for supper.

Early this morning the Empress pulled out of Yokohama and is at present plowing through huge waves against a hurricane on her way to Kobe where we are due to-morrow morning.

Crossing the Yellow Sea.

Jan. 11, 1926.

We docked at Kobe yesterday (Sunday) morning and after saying Mass on board went by rickshaw to the Catholic Church where we assisted at High Mass. We then went to the post office and sent a cablegram to the Lazarist Procure at Shanghai to announce our arrival. From then till noon we took in the principal sights of this picturesque city.

Father Morrison took a great fancy to the cloaks worn by the Japanese. We spent some time after dinner doing our best to get one to fit him but they were all too small! At 4 p.m. our ship pulled out from Kobe and entered the Inland Sea of Japan. Before night came on we had a magnificent view of its delightful scenery. The Yellow Sea is like glass and we are making good headway.

China at Last.

Jan. 14, 1926.

We arrived in China—in Shanghai—yesterday morning at about ten o'clock. The Empress anchored at Woosung at the mouth of the Wangpoo river, twenty miles from Shanghai. There we were transferred to a small steamer which brought us to the city. Halfway up the river we passed a sunken steamer which had been rammed by the Empress of Asia two days before.

At the dock we were met by Brother Joly. With him we travelled by rickshaw to the Lazarist Procure where we were comfortably lodged. We have a number of visits to make which will keep us in this big city for a few days. Yesterday we visited the great Jesuit establishment of Siccawei. We learned a great deal and saw with surprise the great variety of Church goods manufactured here in China. It will not be necessary to send to America for anything in that line. We went to see the two priests of the Montreal Foreign Missions who are ill at St. Mary's Hospital. They will soon be returning to their Mission in Manchuria where their confrere is labouring. Fathers Morrison and Serra are well and happy.

" 'Two' Little Maids From School."

P.E.I. Priest in Shanghai.

Jan. 15th.

Yesterday we visited Father McDonald, S.J., the new parish priest of the English-speaking Catholics here. He treated us very kindly and invited us to tea at the Catholic Club Rooms where he introduced us to a number of people. To-day he will take us for an auto ride around Shanghai.

(Father McDonald, more familiarly known as Father Frank (not the pastor of Summerfield) is a native of St. Andrew's, P. E. I. Father Morrison hails from the same parish.—Ed.)

A Magnificent City.

On Sunday last, Father Serra and I took a walk through the principal Chinese business street of Shanghai. The stores are very fine, some of them architecturally beautiful. The crowds are enormous. We went through two large department stores about the size of Simpson's and having as great a variety of up-to-date goods as that Toronto store. Anything under the sun can now be procured in Shanghai.

I could not begin to describe all that we witnessed—the bustle and noise, the criss-crossing of the rickshaws, the shouting of those pulling them, the beauty of the carved and gilded shop fronts, the sheen and variety of the wares displayed—one would have to come to Shanghai to get an idea of it all.

A Great Institution.

On Monday, by invitation, we three priests said Mass at St. Joseph's Hospital, Shanghai, the institution founded and maintained by the famous Lo Pa Hong. My Mass was humbly served by the great man himself. He received Communion and after a fervent thanksgiving invited us to

General View of Kobe, Showing Catholic Church in Foreground.

London? New York? No. Shanghai. The City Waterfront Along the Wangpoo River.

take breakfast with him. We visited the numerous wards of his immense institution, the latest addition being a college and industrial school to house A THOUSAND BOYS, under the care of the Salesian Fathers. In the afternoon we boarded a fine, large steamer called "New Peking," from which we had a good view of Shanghai Harbour and the shipping. Thousands of steamers, sailing vessels and row boats thronged the river. We spent a quiet night in well-equipped cabins. We awoke next morning near Ningpo city, a hundred and thirty-four miles further south. The Vicar-General, Father Lepers, was at the wharf to meet us and we were soon at the altar in the Cathedral saying Mass. The Bishop is still in Europe but will soon be on his way back to China.

Since we arrived in Ningpo we visited the city church, the seminary, convents and orphanages. I found the streets of Ningpo much improved and lighted by electricity. In the seminary there is one student of theology (second year) and three latinists from our district of Chuchow. This is very encouraging news—four Chinese seminarians on the way to the Priesthood.

To-morrow at 10 a.m., we board a small steamer and travel further south along the coast of China to Wenchow, from which port we travel by rowboat and portable chair to our beloved **Chuchow.** The Vicar-General is to accompany us to our destination. This is very kind of him. The Vincentians, to whom the Vicariate belongs, are treating us royally. We are very grateful and also offer thanks to our Lord and His Blessed Mother for our happy journey. I am sure it is due in great part to the many prayers being offered up by our friends.

As we go to press word has been received of the arrival of our missionaries in our district in China. A full account of the journey will appear in April "CHINA."

Ningpo, Showing Catholic Cathedral. In This City There Are 650,000 Pagans.

THE CHUCHOW MISSION.

By Father Boisard.

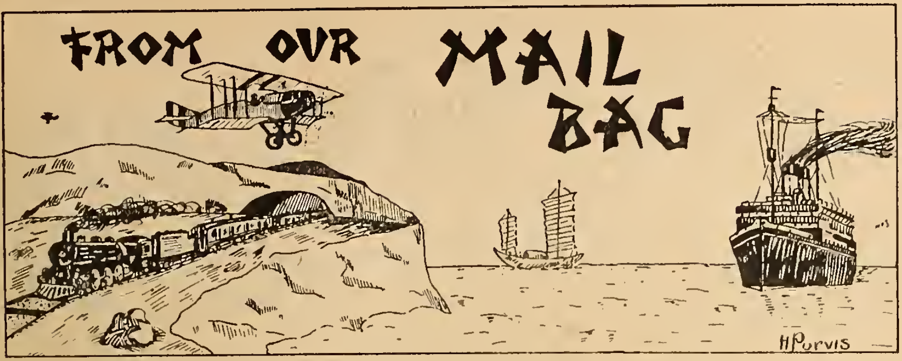
"The first Canadian Missionaries from China Mission Seminary are leaving Canada to take over the district confided to their care. Those who have preceded them there thus summarize the work done during the past fifty years of evangelization.

The beginning of missionary work in Chuchow is closely connected with that of Wenchow, which up till 1909 was the religious centre for the whole territory. For the past sixteen years two missionaries from Wenchow have resided at Chuchow, and from there have taken in hand the administration of the District.

From a religious point of view Chuchow has developed slowly. On account of the extent of territory, the difficulty of communication, the scattered population and the character of its inhabitants, missionary work was more difficult and its progress slower than in other localities. However, Christianity is known everywhere throughout the district and the Church of God numbers her children in every region.

The religious centre is at Lis-hu-hsien, or Chuchow, an ancient civil Prefecture of the Chinese Empire. There the mission is well established with a residence, a large and beautiful Church, dedicated to the Sacred Heart, a boys' parochial school with large grounds where a girls' school and a catechumenate may be built. This year (1925) we have twenty-one chapels or oratorys of which thirteen are the property of the mission. The 2,245 Christians are placed under the direction of fourteen catechists, who in the

(Continued on page 44)



Toronto, Ont.

"I look forward every month to read about the noble work our missionaries are doing. God bless them and give them a plentiful harvest of souls."

Sydney, N.S.

"Kindly send, at once if possible, 150 mite-boxes. We want them for Lent."

Renfrew, Ont.

"We are going to start a little club here which we will call The Renfrew China Helpers. Later on I will write and tell you all the names of the members or send you a picture. Of course, they are all girls."

(Of course. But still don't be too hard on the boys, who are doing a great deal for China too.)

Priest-Friend Likes China.

"Congratulations on your new CHINA. It looks very nice in its new dress."

Barrie, Ont.

"I am only a little boy six years old. I saved this dollar for you with my mite-box. I love my CHINA paper."

From Old Friends, P.E.I.

"The pupils of Queen's Square School again contribute their mite to the funds for that glorious work in which they are all so deeply interested. They wish me to convey to you their wishes for happiness and prosperity throughout the year, and to assure you of their continued sympathy and support."

St. Louis, P.E.I.

"Enclosed is my subscription for CHINA for 1926. We would be lonesome without this little monthly visitor."

Nova Scotia.

"My teacher gave me a mite-box last September. I saved up my pennies and now I am happy to send you .... for your Chinese Missions. There are about forty girls in my class. They want mite boxes so please send me about forty and I shall give them to the other girls."

Arisaig, N.S.

"Nothing delights me more than to read of the work of the missionary priests and if I do not contribute more generously it is because so many other appeals come, that they leave me very little to spare for the Foreign Missions. It is a source of pride to all Canadians to find the great missionary, Father Fraser, so full of zeal for the salvation of souls as to be an inspiration to others to devote their lives to this holy cause. Your publication CHINA is also a means of inspiring readers with zeal for the missions so that all may at least help by the means that God and His bounty has bestowed upon them."

Priest-Friend, Nova Scotia.

"Yours is a hard work, but the work is God's and in His Name you will get all the help you need. May God bless you and all those connected with China Mission Seminary. You will soon have news from the good priests who left for the front lately. God be with them always and give them fruitful labours."

A MUCH-APPRECIATED GIFT

For the beautiful marble statue of the Little Flower which now adorns our Seminary chapel we are indebted to the kindness of Miss Annie McIntosh, Harrison's Corners, Ont. The statue was imported direct from Italy, and we are most grateful to the generous donor for this gift, which is truly an acquisition to the seminary.

AN OTTAWA PRIEST IN SHENCHOW.

The readers of China will be glad to learn that an Ottawa born priest, Reverend Cuthbert O'Gara, C. P., who is with the American Passionist Fathers at Shenchowfu, Hunan, China, has been placed in charge of a Preparatory Seminary for Chinese aspirants to the priesthood in Shenchow. The accompanying picture shows Father O'Gara and his eight young seminarians. Some day Father Fraser will have a similar seminary in Chouchow, for the development of native vocations to the priesthood.

Father O'Gara and His Eight Young Seminarians.
Shenchowfu, China.

Father O'Gara is a son of the late Magistrate O'Gara of Ottawa. He graduated from Ottawa University as Bachelor of Arts in 1910, and after three years' theology in Montreal Grand Seminary he joined the Passionist Fathers in the United States. Most of his priestly career has been devoted to teaching theology. He went to China with the first band of American Passionists. Rev. E. O'Gara, S.J., parish priest of St. Ignatius, Winnipeg, is a brother. Father Cuthbert O'Gara's old comrades at Ottawa and Montreal and all friends of mission work in China will not fail to pray that his young Chinese Seminarians may become apostolic priests.

Have you sent in your renewal to CHINA?

EDITORIAL PAGE
CHINA
Published Monthly by
CHINA MISSION SEMINARY
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.
Editor - Rev. W. C. McGrath

It is a good thing for some of us that St. Patrick's friends did not succeed in persuading him that he had "Ireland enough at home." St. Paul, too, no doubt, was often told that there were gentiles enough in Jerusalem.

The fortitude of the Catholic missionaries during the recent troubles in China stands out in striking contrast to the "anxiety" of those who abandoned their missions when danger became very real. After all it is only the Church of Christ that grows stronger during time of persecution.

Of the 44,316,446.81 lire received by the Propagation of the Faith Society during the year 1924-1925 more than one-third of the whole amount, representing the contributions of fifty-four nations, was contributed by the United States. "The nations that spread the Faith abroad never lose it at home." This is indeed consoling.

The ministry of education at Pekin has decided to enforce legislation forbidding religious teaching in the mission schools. The Western powers rave about the Bolshevist influence in China, but as far as their own so-called education is concerned it is the civilization of Europe and America that has set before the students of China the glorious example of excluding God from the hearts of little children.

THE PRIESTHOOD—AND THE BOY.

"But I'd rather be poor—and be a priest." Tears welled to the eyes of little Johnnie McLean as he heard the court verdict awarding him $14,000. He had been struck by a truck in New York, and crippled for life. "Before I was hurt," he continued, "I was an altar boy at St. Raphael's Church. I wanted to be a priest, but now——" The sentence was left unfinished. He flung himself into his father's arms and sobbed as if his little heart would break. He'd rather be poor—and be a priest.

The Pity of It.

In Canada and in Newfoundland there are many young lads, hundreds of them, who also would like to be priests. They are deterred, not by the impediment of physical disability, but by the almost equally insurmountable barrier of poverty. Young lads on the farms, accustomed to shift for themselves, inured to hardship and not afraid of real work! What excellent subjects they would make for the priesthood and for the missionary life where they will be thrown so much upon their own resources. And the young fisher lads of Terra Nova, accustomed to hardship from their earliest years, often rising at two and three o'clock to go with their fathers in their tiny boats to the fishing ground miles out to sea to help wring a livelihood from the icy waters of the North Atlantic! What missionary material is there! And yet hundreds of these boys, who would make excellent subjects for the priesthood, and who sometimes dream strange impossible dreams as they watch Father—during the awful moments of the Consecration, will never become priests—never, never, never—because their parents cannot afford for them a college education.

A Real Charity.

What a charity it would be for those who can so easily do so, to make it possible for such young boys to become priests, instruments in God's hands for the salvation of many thousands of souls. We are doing a little. We have several boys in different colleges throughout the country, but compared with what might be done, the little we can do is pathetic. The revenue from our Burse money enables us to support only five of the students in our seminary. Anything we can do for the others and for those younger boys whom we are educating must be done out of the common fund which barely suffices to "keep the wolf from the door." When we think of the amount of good one priest could do for abandoned souls in China, and then of the money that is thoughtlessly squandered, even by our good Catholic people, we cannot but pray that God will inspire some generous soul to put it in our power to give a college and seminary education to boys who will otherwise be kept forever from the priesthood by the grim barrier of poverty.

It is a bad will that has not the name of God among its heirs.—Cardinal Manning.

HOW TO PUT CHINA IN YOUR WILL

Form of Bequest

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY THE SUM OF $.."

$250 will support a student in China Mission Seminary for a year.

$1,000 will pay for a student's entire course at China Mission Seminary.

$5,000 will found a PERPETUAL BURSE on which, not one, but a chain of students will be educated for China—the MONUMENT of MONUMENTS to leave to your own or your dear ones' memory.

ARCHBISHOP McNICHOLAS ENCOURAGES MISSION LITERATURE.

At the second annual meeting of the Directors of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Cincinnati, Most Rev. John McNicholas, O.P., Archbishop of Cincinnati, urges the support of missionary publications.

"It is the mission literature," said His Grace, "that has largely developed interest in our missions, that has given to many the first suggestion of a vocation, that indirectly has quickened the spirit of generosity, that has brought home to many the need of personal sacrifices in the cause of the missions," he said. "I think it would be a great blessing to the Church in America to encourage mission literature. The forces of a secular, evil propaganda are given complete liberty; why should not the forces of a good mission propaganda be given equal liberty?

"The freedom of the mission press should be something sacred to us."

TRIBE WANTS TO ENTER CHURCH

An entire native tribe in North-east India, numbering many thousands, and including 33,000 Christians of a Protestant sect, has sent delegates to American missionaries asking that it be accepted into the Church, according to a missionary's letter received in Washington, D.C.

In order to deliver the request, the delegates, seven in number, had to force their way on foot through a hundred miles of jungle, traversing little-travelled paths, and crossing mountain streams in frail boats.

The Rev. Dr. Timothy Crowley, C.S.C., who is in charge of all the Bengal missions, states that the envoys arrived unannounced after a year's correspondence between the tribe and the missionaries.

(N.C.W.C.)

CATHOLIC RECORD URGES SUPPORT OF OUR WORK.

We reprint the following excerpt from an editorial of the Catholic Record, written on the occasion of our Departure Ceremony:

"To-day we have St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, an actual fact; built, equipped, almost paid for; staffed and successfully launched on its great work. It will, for all time to come, send a stream, ever deepening and widening, of Canadian missionary priests to the white harvest fields of far-off China. . . . . . .

"We are sure that we may bespeak for our generous and whole-heartedly Catholic readers a renewed and deepened interest, a more active and effective co-operation with Father Fraser and his crowning missionary work, the St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary.

"'Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren you did it unto Me.'

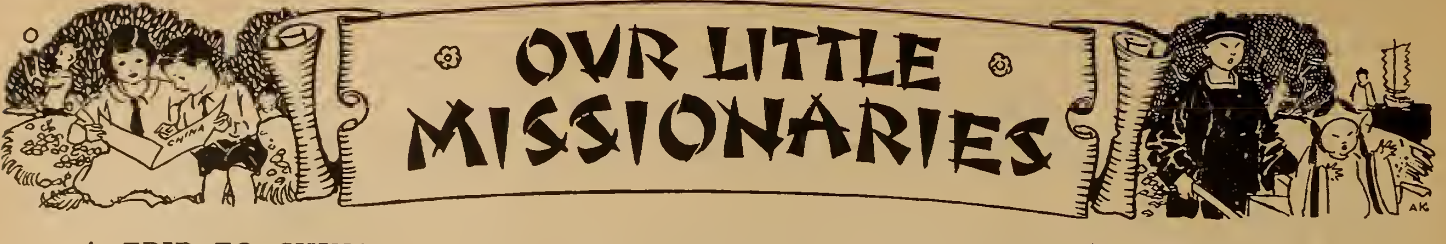
"Father Fraser and his brother missionaries give themselves; we can at least give of the material means of which we are but the stewards. By completing the burses we can ensure the unfailing supply of priests without which nothing lasting can be done for our Chinese brothers still seated in darkness and the shadow of death.

"It is a great privilege to be associated in this great work. It is a dangerous thing to turn a deaf ear to the whisperings of the Holy Spirit of God within our souls; and we feel sure that the Holy Ghost is giving to many the generous and pious impulse to aid, to sustain, and to complete the work He so clearly has inspired."

DURING LENT.

Lent is a time of sacrifice. Remember the mite-box.

The Invaluable Woman Catechist—North Honan, China. A Catholic Lady Who Teaches the Little Ones in Their Own Tongue.
(Courtesy Catholic Missions.)



OUR LITTLE MISSIONARIES

A TRIP TO CHINA.

How would you like to take a trip to China, across the broad Pacific on one of the great ocean liners, to pass through Japan and see the funny people dressed in clothes like the colors of the rainbow, to ride in a rickshaw and perhaps have a Japanese dinner of rice and shrimps! Wouldn't it be glorious. Read all about it in Father Fraser's letter on page 36.

LITTLE MISSIONARIES FROM PAKENHAM

Our little friends from Pakenham have joined in a mission group and have forwarded us a generous contribution of $12.78. We are very grateful to their good pastor, Father O'Toole, who was the inspiration of this little mission circle, and to our little missionaries for their many little sacrifices in our behalf.

What does it mean to be a heathen? To be a heathen means, after a life of but little happiness and one full of suffering and privation, to be in imminent danger of hell with its eternity of torment. And yet this is the unhappy lot of over 800 millions of men today! Our Lord directs your attention to these His children and asks you to help win their souls for life eternal. What is your answer?

Kind words cost nothing. Yet often do we grudge them. On the few occasions when they do imply some degree of self-sacrifice they almost instantly repay us a hundred-fold. The opportunities are frequent, but we show no eagerness in looking out for them, or in embracing them.

A BOY'S REASONS FOR LOVING HIS DOG.

He doesn't make me wash my face and hands.

He doesn't make me go to school.

He doesn't send me to bed at half-past eight.

He doesn't make me take a bath Saturday night, whether I need it or not.

He doesn't forbid my going swimming.

He doesn't try to improve my manners.

He doesn't ask embarrassing questions.

He doesn't mind my fighting.

He doesn't make me say "Yes, sir," and "No, ma'am," to people I don't like.

He doesn't leave his dinner-pail to be washed.

Selfishness always strikes a discord; unselfishness makes melody. Which shall we choose for ourselves, the music or the jarring note?

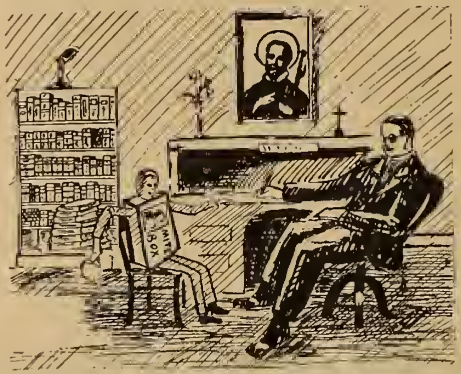
MR. MITE-BOX RETURNS HOME

CLANG ....CLANG ...... GR-R-R-R-R-R-R CLANG! The door bell was ringing madly. I jumped from my desk. A bad accident! Someone coming for help! I rushed to the door and tore it open and there —club-bag in hand, a grin from ear to ear—Johnnie Mite-Box stood before me.

"Holy Smokes, Johnnie," I cried. "So 'tis you. Why all the racket? I thought the fire brigade was out."

"Oh, just plumb crazy to be home again," and Johnnie punched me a wicked one as he tore past into the office.

"Gee, but you've put on weight," I said. "What's the recipe?"



"Well," Johnnie Mite-Box continued, "a few days and I must be on the road again. Lent is always my busiest season."

"Don't worry," he answered. "It will not take me so long to reduce." His eye was on a pile of bills lying on the desk and his face had suddenly grown deathly pale.

"Why, Johnnie" . . . "Oh, it's nothing," he said. "Just got a weak spell when I looked that way." "You know," he continued, "I have only scraped together $6.17! MITE-BOX $6.17! I suppose that's the amount of space in the March CHINA you will devote to my three months' campaign." His sense of humour was beginning to reassert itself.

"Well, darn it, Johnnie, its the best I can do. Suppose I gave you a write up. What about the rest of the boys! You know they are all good campaigners like yourself."

"Oh, yes. I guess you're right," he answered.

"Well, it sure is nice to be home again, that is, for a few days, but say, you big stiff of an editor, you don't know what you're missing. There's . . . . ."

"Johnnie," I interrupted. (I was doing my best to look severe.) "Be careful of your language. You know your little friends might not like to hear you talk that way."

"Ho, Ho," laughed Johnnie. "My little friends. That's good. Say, I want you to know that Johnnie and his little friends understand one another all right. As I was saying when you interrupted me—ahem!—there's no comparison between living with the little folks and spending your time among typewriters and printers' ink. Me for the great open spaces".

"I'm afraid you're hopeless, Johnnie. However, you know we can't all be having good times like, you. Somebody must keep the typewriters clicking."

"Well," he continued, "a few days and I must be on the road again. Lent is always my busiest season. So many little boys and girls giving up candy and paying so much attention to Johnnie Mite-Box. I wish I could bring them here to meet you."

"Johnnie. you don't know how much I'd like to meet our little friends. But perhaps some of them will come some day to meet us all, and to stay. May we not hope that God will reward some of them with his greatest gift—a missionary vocation—for all they are doing for you and for the poor little pagan children of China!"

Johnnie's face had become really serious. "Yes," he answered, "I often think so. I honestly believe that J... and T... will be missionaries some day. They are so kind and thoughtful at home, so willing to help their mother and to make things agreeable for everybody. And they do make so many little sacrifices for the Mite-Box."

"And now, Johnnie," I asked, as he rose to leave, "I may be able to publish some of this interview in the March CHINA. How much of it do you want to appear?"

Johnnie paused. "Well — there's that part about the boys being good campaigners. Get that in. It will cheer them up. And don't forget to tell them how fast I lose weight; they might fill me up more quickly next time. And, of course, what we were saying about. . . . Oh, say, can't you stretch a point this time and publish it all. You're not such a bad scout after all, even though you don't often have an interview with men of my class."

"All right, Johnnie, just for that I'll certainly do my best."

And I certainly did.

W E
A L L
L I K E
C H I N A

"WHY SHOULD PRIESTS GO TO CHINA WHEN THEY ARE NEEDED AT HOME?"

Margaret Skerry, Age 13, Halifax, N.S.

The striking originality of this essay will render it interesting.

This is the year of jubilee.

What connection has that with the question? Only this, we should take time to stop, think, look and listen! Think of what?

That we are Christians, children of God, "Followers of Christ"—Are we? Then we must listen to His words. Push off from the shore, "launch out into the deep."

Push off from the shore now and sail in Christ's boat, until it bears us right to the millions in China.

A voice on the shore calls, "Come back, your China is at home, where charity begins!"

Take warning, heed not the cry; turn not back.

Another cry is heard: "Return!" Just send, to our far away brethren, each week this radio message: "Be Good."

When naughty Johnnie got word "To stop," he just kept on being bad, worse, worst, because he was not shown anything better.

So our friends afar, will keep on in the wrong, unless an elevating influence is brought to bear upon their lives.

Who better than our holy priests can do this?

The harvest is great, the laborers few — let us realize this and sacrifice our time, pennies and home interest to save China. If she is not saved, we may be lost.

Her millions may in time overrun our homeland. Respond to His call: "I have come to cast fire upon the earth and what will I, but that it be enkindled?"

Who will be the first spark of this great fire?

VOCATION.

"The harvest is great, and the workers few,"
A plea, a call from the Crucified,
To any soul with the will to do,
Who would die to self—to Him be true—
Which must not be decried.

But free man must decide.
An invitation from One All-Kind
To leave the world and its lures behind,
And with pay a hundredfold
With a glorious Crown untold,
A chance that will not be designed
By souls of generous mind.

A Cry of Love from the Heart of Christ,
To a human heart that may be enticed
By the glitter of gold
Or world-pleasures cold,
A willing answer shall have sufficed
To save souls by His Own Blood priced.

"Vicarius."

A Little
Now & Then
WOOF! WOOF!

A Sweeet Tooth.

Dentist: "What kind of a filling do you want in your tooth, son?"

Boy: "Chocolate."

Hard Luck!

Lady: "Were you pleased with the new school, little boy?"

Little Boy: "Naw! Dey made me wash me face an' when I went home de dorg bit me, 'cause he didn't know me."

Precocious!

Alfred—Do you know, old fellow, that I've always had a wonderful ear for music?

Ernest—Is that so!

Alfred—Yes. At the age of two I used to play on the linoleum.

Cleaning up.

Jimmie (back from the circus much excited): "Oh, mamma," he cried, as soon as he got inside the house, "Mary spilled some nuts, and what do you suppose the elephant did? He picked them all up with his vacuum cleaner."

A Good Place.

"Maggie, how are you getting on at school?"

"Fine. I'm in the best position in the class."

"Splendid! Top, I suppose?"

"No, right at the foot, near the hot-water pipes."

Father a Lap Ahead

Father ruefully gazed at his last dollar. "Money has wings and house rent makes it fly," he said.

"Yes," said his 15-year-old son, "and some houses have wings, for I've seen many a house fly."

"You're smarter than your old dad, maybe, my son, but I always thought that no part of a house except the chimney flue!"—The Continent.

Teacher—What supports the sun in the sky?

Bright Boy—His beams, of course.

Unnecessary.

"Auntie, will you please wash my face?"

"Why Bobby, I thought you could do that yourself."

"Well, I can, but I'd have to get my hands wet and they don't need it."

TEASERS

What is worse than raining cats and dogs?

Hailing omnibusses.

Who killed the greatest number of chickens?

Hamlet's Uncle. He "did murder most foul."

What grows longer the more it is cut?

A ditch.

Why is a dog's tail a great novelty?

Because you never saw it before.

Who are the most wicked people in the world?

Penmakers.

Why?

Because they make people steel pens and tell them they do write (right).

Teacher: What animal can live the longest?

Johnny: A cat. It has nine lives.

Teacher. You're wrong. A frog can croak every day.

What is the difference between the death of a hairdresser and that of a sculptor?

A hairdresser curls and dies. A sculptor makes faces and busts.

Why is a mad bull a congenial companion?

Because he offers a horn to every one he meets.

What is the most unfortunate vegetable to have on a ship?

A leek.

A Ride in a Rickshaw, a Familiar Sight in the Streets of Japan.

WE ALL LIKE CHINA

THE CHUCHOW MISSION.

(Continued from page 38)

absence of the missionary constitute their leaders and guides.

With a greater number of priests and greater central activity, I firmly believe that Chuchow will reach a splendid stage of development, and for all the apostolic workers who have laboured there in the midst of great and trying difficulties, this will be a great consolation. Those who have sown in tears wish their successors a great and bountiful harvest."

THE WORK OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

Each individual Catholic has his part to play in improving the position of the Church and in assuring the victory to Christ over Satan. In our own lives we have power, under the providence of God; and that is the place for us to do our share of God's work. At least it is the first place to do so. After two thousand years since the atonement was made by Christ on Mount Calvary the great bulk of the world is still against Him. A majority of the human beings living in the world are heathens who have never heard His blessed name. The Christians are split in different bodies since the great rebellion of the sixteenth century. Even amongst Catholics, what proportion are really true? Those portions of the world which figure for the most Catholics on paper — France, South America, Mexico, the West Indies, Italy—have a tremendous dead weight of merely nominal Catholics. God's work is not so very prosperous, taking the Catholic world as a whole. What can the individual do? He can be true himself.

—(The Casket).

CHINESE STUDENTS IN EUROPE.

According to the latest statistics the number of Chinese university students in Europe is as follows:

In Germany there are 600 Chinese students, of whom only one is a Catholic. In Holland, out of 150 students, one is a Catholic. The figures for Belgium are more consoling, for there are 120 Catholics out of a total of 180. There are but two Catholics among the 300 Chinese students in England; 120 out of 800 in France, and in Russia not one of the 100 students is a Catholic. Father L. Lebbe, of the Vincentian Order, is doing splendid work in organizing and increasing the numbers of Catholic students in Europe.

Some years ago the Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, a Protestant clergyman, who served as a chaplain in the American Civil War, published a series of articles entitled "War Memories of a Chaplain." In one he tells the following story:

"In St. Augustine there was a little negro girl, about eight or ten years old, who had been brought out of slavery and was in the care of Northerners, by whom she was affectionately treated and ministered to. But she had been brought up a Roman Catholic, and was now being trained as a Protestant.

"One day when the 'Freemen' about her were rejoicing over the thought of emancipation, someone asked the child, without a doubt as to what the answer would be:

"Rebecca, would you like to go back into slavery again?'

"'If I could have my own religion again, I would,' was the unexpected answer."

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"Unless Catholic missionaries come to China in great numbers very soon it may be too late." This was the message conveyed by Mr. Lo Pa Hong during a recent speech in America. "The whole of China," he continued, "is anxious for Western civilization, but unless they receive Catholic civilization they will become materialists like their Japanese neighbors."

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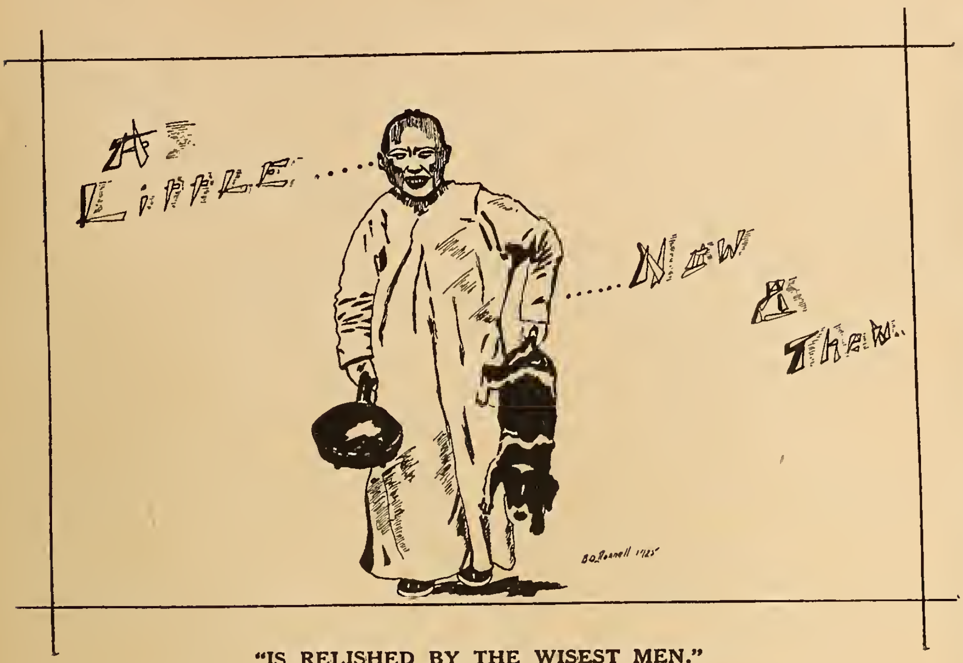

"IS RELISHED BY THE WISEST MEN."

Mistaken Identity.

Col. White—Mose, that turkey you sold me yesterday wasn't a tame one as you claimed it to be, for I found shot in it.

Old Mose—Boss, dat was a tame turkey jest like I sed it was; dem shot was meant for me.

The Only Difference.

What is the difference between Abraham Lincoln and the modern youth?

One burned midnight oil at the table, the other burns it in the tank.

Leaving It to Father.

Little Ada: "Mother, shall I run out and post this letter?"

Mother: "No child, certainly not. It's pouring in torrents, and not fit to turn a dog out of doors. Let your father go."

Impossible!

"Rastus," he observed, "this cow is in a shockingly unsanitary condition. I suggest that you thoroughly sterilize the udder before each milking."

"Yassah, yassah," replied the old darky, scratching his head in perplexity, "but I ain't got no odder—dis yheah am de only cow I'se got, sah."

She Was Mistaken.

The aviator's wife was taking her first trip with her husband in his airship.

"Wait a minute, George," she said, "I'm afraid we will have to go down again."

"What's wrong?" asked the husband.

"I believe I have dropped one of the pearl buttons off my jacket. I think I can see it glistening on the ground."

"Keep your seat, my dear," said the aviator. "That's Lake Erie."

No Doubt.

"They're all crazy about me here," wrote home the new inmate of the lunatic asylum.

Exactly.

"Rastus, what's an alibi?"

"It's proving dat you was at prayer meetin' when you wasn't, in order to show dat you wasn't at the crap game when you was."

Asked No More Questions

Stalled in the snow the driver cranked his car repeatedly without results, and was not in the best of temper.

"Tryin' to start yer car?" asked a passerby.

"Naw, I'm just shaking the ashes down," retorted the cranker.

Quite Accidental

"Why, Johnny, you've got a lump on your head. Have you been fighting again?"

"Fightin'? Not me."

"But somebody struck you."

"Nobody struck me. I wasn't fighting at all. It was an accident."

"An accident?"

"Yes, I was sitting on top of Tommy Scanlan, and I forgot to hold his feet."

HOW PAT DUG THE WELL

An Irishman was engaged to dig a well. When he had dug about twenty-five feet down, he came one morning and found it caved in—filled nearly to the top.

Pat looked cautiously around and saw that no one was near; then took off his hat and coat and hung them on the windlass, crawled into some bushes, and waited events.

In a short time people discovered that the well had caved in, and seeing Pat's hat and coat on the windlass, they supposed he had been buried by the fall.

Several hours of brisk digging cleared the loose earth from the well. Just as the eager workers had reached the bottom, and were wondering where the body was, Pat came walking out of the bushes, and good-naturedly thanked them for relieving him of a sorry job.

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NEWFOUNDLAND PAPERS PLEASE DON'T COPY.

On February 4th a copy of the St. John's Daily News, addressed to the Editor of CHINA, was forwarded to this office from Yokohama, Japan. Yes, Yokohama, Japan. Sounds funny, doesn't it! It was sent along shortly after Father Fraser's arrival in the Orient city.

The paper left St. John's on Dec. 19, 1925, and the round trip to Scarboro Bluffs was made in 47 days. Particularly fortunate it was that Father Fraser happened to call at Yokohama in the meantime.

We'd hate to appear unreasonable; we would do a great deal to oblige; but while we don't mind this for once, we simply cannot make a regular practice of calling at Yokohama for our mail. And besides—there are so many less roundabout ways of getting at those facts of history.

CONTRIBUTIONS:

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations, received before Feb. 15th:—

Priest Friends, Nova Scotia, for education of a student, $225; Rev. D. MacPherson and Parishioners, Port Hood, N.S., for room in seminary, $255; Subscriptions, St. Patrick's Church, Niagara Falls, Ont., per Father Carey, $196.96; Subscriptions, St. Alphonsus' Church, Windsor, Ont., per Father Kam, $174.38; Collection, St. Catherine's Church, St. Catharines, Ont., per Rt. Rev. Msgr. Morris, $160; Subscriptions, Barrie, Ont., per Father O'Toole, $95.25; Subscriptions, Welland, Ont., per Father O'Toole, $78; Subscriptions, Uptergrove, Ont., per Father O'Toole, $54; Subscriptions, St. Mary's Church, St. Catharines, Ont., per Father Carey, $39.97; Donations and Subscriptions, per Mrs. R. T. McGrath, St. John's, Nfld., $31.30; Rt. Rev. O. Charlebois, O.M.I., Le Pas., Man., $20; Rev. J. Cunningham, South March, $20; Assumption College, Sandwich, $25; Mite Boxes. Presentation Convent, St. John's, Nfld., $15; Pupils of Queen's Square School, Charlottetown, $12.80; Christmas Crib Collection, Wilcox, Sask., $10.71.

The following gave $10.00 each: Mrs. J. Morry; Mite Box Collection, Rev. G. O'Toole, Pakenham; M. H. Murphy; W. L. Scott; Miss L. Nugent; Mrs. Brennan; Pupils, St. Mary's Academy, Windsor; Robert McCausland, Ltd.

Miscellaneous Amounts: Mite Box, St. Columban's Convent, Cornwall, $7.50; Acme Dairy Co., $8; Mite Box, Mercy Convent, St. John's, $7.78; Subscriptions. per Rev. B. Doyle, Victoria Harbor, $8; Friend, Toronto, $6; Mite Boxes, "M.C.D.," $5.82; Mite Box, Iona Academy, St. Raphael's, $6.25; Mrs. Courtney, $7.50; Mite Box, Halifax Infirmary, $7.

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Contributions from Father McPherson and Parishioners, Port Hood and Harbour View, N.S.: Rev. D. McPherson, $5; Roderick McDougall, $5; Mrs. Flora McIsaac, $5; Mrs. Catherine McDonald, $5; Edward McQuairie, $2; John Beaton, $2; D. C. MacDonald, $2; Miss Helen Moran, $1; Richard Harding. $1; Mrs. (Dr.) Chisholm, $2; Mrs. Hugh McMaster, $1; Mr. and Mrs. Rod Livingstone, $2; Mrs. John Botherson, $1; Mrs. Roderick McDougall, $2; Miss Mary McLennan, $2; Mrs. C. McEachen, $1; Mrs. Alex Beaton, $2; Mrs. Angus Gillis, $3; Mrs. John A. McKinnon, $1; Angus S. Beaton, $2; Angus McPhee, $2; John S. MacDonald, $1; Lauchlin McEachen, $1; Mrs. Margaret Willen, $1; Proctor Malcolm, $1; W. A. MacDonnell, $2.

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The following gave $2.00 each: Adam Pataski; Rev. D. J. Rankin: Miss Rose Recoskie; Mite Box, Mrs. F. J. Trickey; John Betz; Mrs. Alex McDougall; Mite Box, Junior 4th and 2nd, Immaculate Conception School, Peterboro; Mite Box, Stella O'Keefe; Miss Ellen Livingstone; Miss Margaret Gorman; Friend, Barrie; Miss Katie M. O'Leary; Adam Pataski; Friends, Windsor; Miss Margaret Woolcott; Mr. P. Wheeler.

The following gave $1.00 each: Miss Mary M. Arsenault; Viola Maley; Mrs. Michael J. Rossiter: Mrs. Kate Thompson; Mrs. H. McFee; John Betz; Mrs. M. Murphy; Mite Box, M. E. Deane; Mite Box, Rita Bedford; Mite Box, Mrs. F. J. Shea: Mite Box, Rita McKenzie; Rita Blainey; Mr. A. F. Power; Mite Box, Mrs. McKay; Mrs. Hector Minard; P. Connolly; Mite Box, S. S. No. 4, Hogarty; Patricia Hayes; Mrs. Rekers; Mite Box, Miss Mary Luce; Mite Box, John J. McEachern; W. M. Snyders.

Others gave smaller amounts.

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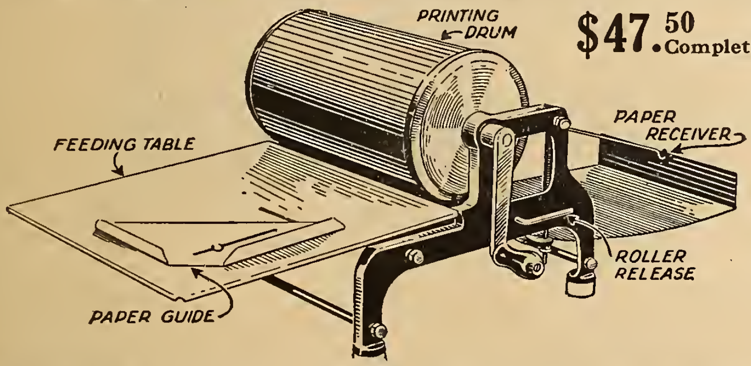

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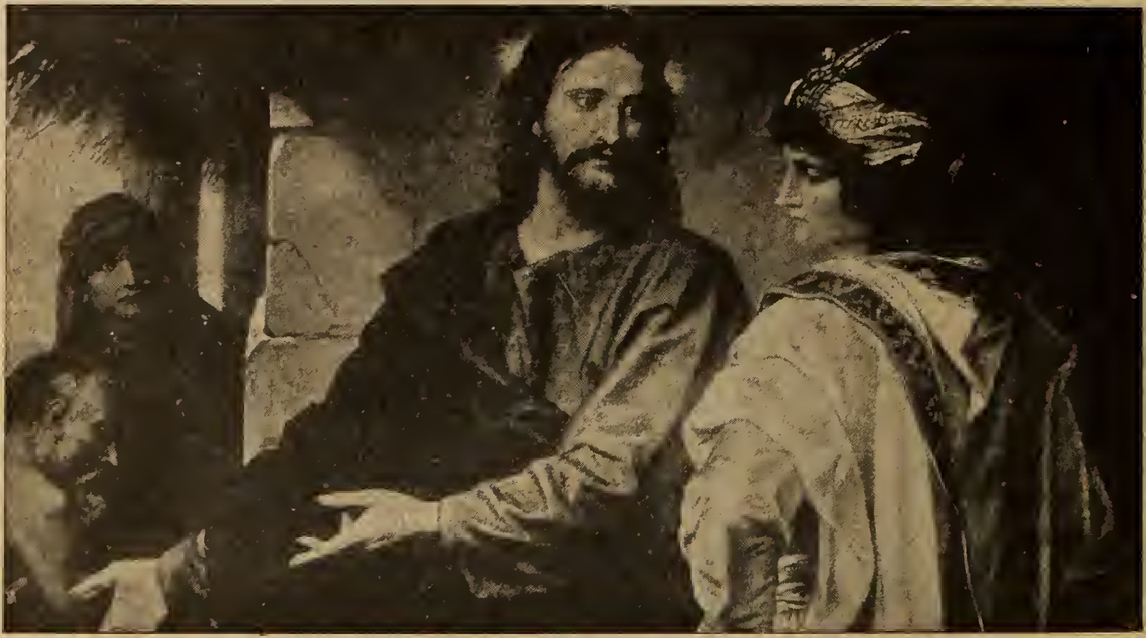

"And Jesus looking on him loved him, and said to him: One thing is wanting unto thee: go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me—who being struck sad at that saying went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions."—(Mark 10, 21:22.)

"Alas, alas for those who die without fulfilling their mission, who were called to worship Christ and who plunged into this giddy and unbelieving world; who were called to fight and remained idle. Alas for those who have had gifts and talents and have not used, or misused or abused them.

"The world goes on from age to age, but the holy Angels and blessed Saints are always crying alas, alas and woe, woe over the LOSS OF VOCATIONS and the disappointment of hopes and the scorn of God's Love and the ruin of souls."

—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

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—if I have a desire to serve God and gain eternal reward
by working to save souls,
—if I have been living a good Catholic life,
—and if I have average mental ability.

You can join our Priests in their missionary work. There is a place for you among those preparing to devote their lives to the work of China's conversion.

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Delay May Mean Losing Your Vocation

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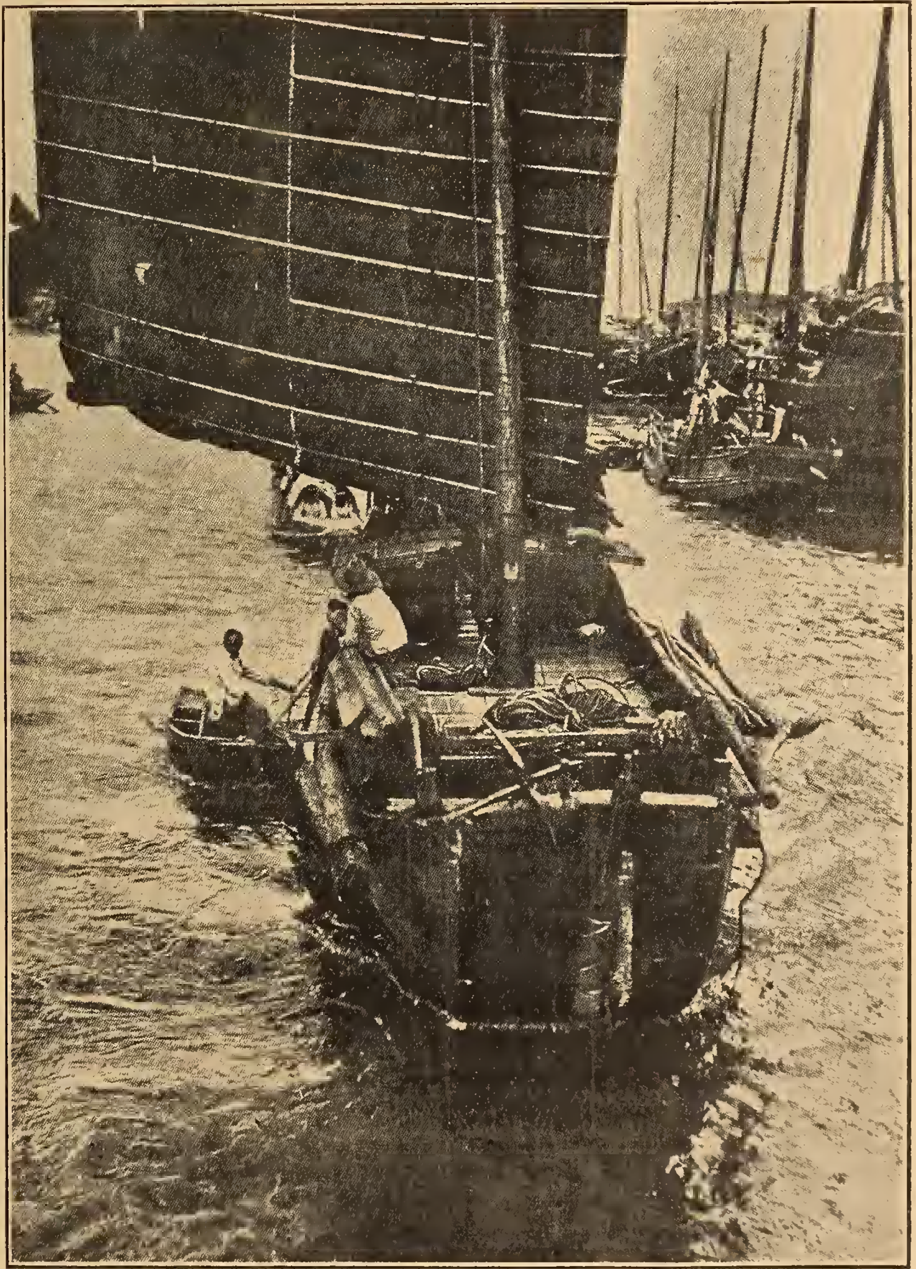
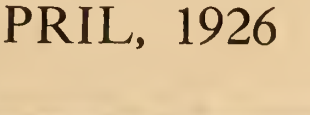
There are More Pagans in China than there are Catholics in the World

CHINA



BOAT LIFE IN CHINA (Geographic Picture)

APRIL, 1926



VOL. VII **CHINA** NO. 4

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An Easter Thought

"For the love of God come out to us. I have come across thousands of men and women here who have only to hear the name of God to become so many devout and zealous Christians." It was the appeal of a missionary in China.

"Forty-three of my parishes are without pastors, and one of these parishes numbers 23,000 souls." It was the Archbishop of Manilla who was speaking, and as he spoke tears coursed down his youthful face.

In the sense in which we speak of thousands in the Catholic Philippines we must reckon with millions in pagan China.

Let those who are mathematically inclined figure out for themselves the number of those who pass from paganism to eternity, strangers to the very God who created them. In China alone, and China is but one-quarter of the world, 33,000 die daily without baptism.

During Lent we have meditated on the passion of Christ. We have gone back in spirit to the scourging at the pillar and gazed upon the tortured mangled body of the God who came to earth that we might live forever. We have seen the crown of thorns pressed upon his tender head, and witnessed the mockery of the reed and the purple robe. Further have we accompanied Him—yea, even to the shame and ignominy of Cavalry. We have wanted to do something — anything — to prove to Him that we are not indifferent in regard to the salvation of those souls for whom He suffered it all.

This is the lesson of Good Friday. Without it there could be no Easter Sunday.

The greatest thing you can do for the salvation of those teeming millions in the darkness of paganism is to go yourself as a missionary, to buy souls with your very life, even as Jesus did.

If you cannot do this, help those who are willing to sacrifice all, to give themselves for the work of the conversion in China. One practical and timely way to help them is to contribute to the completion of the Burses, which will ensure for all time a band of generous young missionaries who will bring to those abandoned souls the message of redemption.

May this be one of your Easter thoughts!

News of the Missions

SIX SECULAR MISSIONARY PRIESTS.

"The secular Clergy joins in for apostolate. On Sept. 11th, 1925, Rev. Ls. Adelmar Lapierre, Eugene Berichon and Leo Lomme left the Foreign Mission Seminary of Pont Viau, near Montreal, to go to Manchuria, in Mukden Vicariate, to there preach the Gospel of Christ. And on Dec. 13th, Rev. J. M. Fraser, R. Serra and V. Morrison left their Mission Seminary of Scarboro, near Toronto, to go to China, to establish a Catholic Mission in Chu Chow, Eastern Chekiang. Former Pastors, Chaplains and Curates coming to the rescue! In truth, the Pope's appeal has been heard. Every one must do his share, the religious, the priests and the laity. —Missionary Bulletin.

THREE MISSIONARIES FROM ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY, PONT VIAU

Left to Right: Rev. Leo Lomme, Rev. L. A. Lapierre, Rev. Eug. Berichon.

BISHOPS IN CHINA.

Of 57 Bishops in China, 25 are French, 11 Italian, 6 are Dutch, 5 Spanish, 5 German, 4 Belgian and 1 Portuguese. The Parish Foreign Missions head the line with 13; the Lazarists count 12; the Franciscans 9; the Scheut Fathers 6; the Jesuits 3; Milan Foreign Missions 3; the Dominicans 2; the Society of the Divine Word 2; the Capuchins 1; the Augustinians, 1; the Benedictines, 1; Parma Foreign Missions 1; Rome Foreign Missions 1; the Salesians 1; the Secular Clergy 1 (1924).

CANADIAN PRIEST IN CHINA.

On Oct. 19th, 1925, Rev. Edward Lafortune, S.J., left Montreal for China. There he will labor with Father Lavoie and his Jesuit confreres in Siou-Tscheou-Fou Mission which was assigned to the Canadian Jesuits in 1923. Father Lafortune is a native of L'Assumption, Que. The first band of Canadian Jesuits left for China in September, 1924.

DYING PRELATE URGES SUPPORT OF MISSION SEMINARY.

In a touching farewell message to his clergy the late Archbishop Roy urges them to cultivate "an ardent zeal for all the works of the Propagation of the Faith, especially for our Foreign Mission Society, and our Seminary of St. Francis Xavier."

"With my most affectionate benediction," His Grace's message concludes, "please accept this expression of my ardent desire that my first and best motto in the Sacred Heart of Jesus 'Adveniat Regnum Tuum' may be realized among you more and more as the years go on."

FR. WILLIAM COHILL.

Sacrificed His Life in Caring for Chinese Soldiers.

A letter written by Sister Joseph Henry, of Providence Convent, Kaifeng, Honan, China, to Miss Louise Cohill, sister of the late Fr. William Cohill, whose death in China was recently announced, reveals that the Missionary died of typhus contracted while caring for Chinese soldiers at Pengpu, Anhewi.

Fr. Cohill was held up at Pengpu on his way back to Kaifeng from Shanghai on account of the civil war. He threw himself into the task of helping sick and wounded soldiers, and in a message stated that he had baptized nine who afterwards died. R.I.P.

FROM OUR MAIL

WINNIPEG, MAN.

"Your kind letter was a most pleasant surprise to me, but still more the beautiful watch which I received Friday. This nice watch will always remind me of China. I am still working for you."

A WONDERFUL RECOVERY.

"Enclosed please find . . . Will you please publish in CHINA. After promising this money and publication a wonderful recovery from a serious operation was made."

LIKES CHINA.

"Speaking of CHINA it improves every month and is very interesting reading. I think I read it from cover to cover. And what an artistic cover it has! The little pictures are very nice and seem to bring it all closer to us. How I would love to be able to help. How pleased you must all be to know Father Fraser arrived safely with his companions! How bravely they are facing the future, Father Fraser knowing so well the hardships they must go through! And how gently and delightfully he tells about it all!"

SOMETHING WORTH WHILE FROM P.E.I.

"Enclosed please find $44.00, eighty-eight subscriptions to CHINA. Praying God to bless your work."

A ZEALOUS WORKER.

The following letter was sent out recently to some of her friends by a little missionary who is anxious to do something more for China.

"Dear Friends:

I was thinking of starting up a little club. The name of it would be the 'China Helpers.' To enter it you send me . . . . . and I will forward it to China Mission Seminary. Then each one would receive a mite box which they would try hard to fill, send it to China and try to save the dear little pagans. So if anyone would like further information write to me."

(Our little missionary deserves great credit for her enterprising efforts. We hope the club will be a success.)

EDITORIAL PAGE
CHINA
A. KEBLOR

Published Monthly by
CHINA MISSION SEMINARY
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.
Editor - Rev. W. C. McGrath

THE LATE BISHOP REYNAUD.

The death of Bishop Reynaud, Dean of the Bishops of China and missionary for over forty-five years, marks the passing of one of the most outstanding and illustrious figures of the Church in the Far East.

Bishop Reynaud was born at St. Croix, France, on the 12th of April, 1854. Entering the Lazarist Community in 1873, he was ordained Priest on the 10th of June, 1879, and shortly afterwards took his departure for China. At the early age of thirty he was consecrated Bishop and appointed Vicar Apostolic of the Province of Chekiang. Up to that time missionary work in the Province had produced but little fruit, owing chiefly to poverty and persecutions. The transformation whereby the Church in Chekiang has emerged from obscurity to its present strong position is in great measure due to the indefatigable labors of Bishop Reynaud during the forty-two years of his fruitful episcopate.

Not less outstanding than his missionary achievements was his work in connection with famine relief, in which he was instrumental in saving the lives of hundreds of thousands of people. In recognition of this great service to the country he was thrice decorated by the Chinese Government and received the Cross of the Legion of Honor from the Government of France.

Some few months ago Bishop Reynaud came to Rome to pay his "ad limina" visit to the Holy See, and while there he had the consolation of viewing the missionary exhibition, in which there were so many evidences of the results of his own great work in China. He was destined, however, never again to see the scene of his great labor for souls. Shortly after his arrival in Paris he was stricken fatally with an illness from which he had long been suffering, and this great Apostle of China passed to his reward on February 27, 1926. May he rest in peace.

THE RED LAKE TRAIL.

There is a trail that leads to Red Lake, a slender wisp of trail across Northern Ontario's virgin snows. Somewhere at the end of it lies gold, gold for the taking. In the face of difficulties almost insurmountable men are pushing on, hurrying with feverish anxiety to stake their claims and be there for the golden harvest in the springtime. Grim and resolute they are, seasoned sourdoughs, veterans of many a similar campaign. And resolutely have they set themselves to the accomplishment of their task. Between them and their destination lie 160 miles of open country, swept by the frozen blasts from the Northland. Exhausted, starved and frozen, dogs drop dead in their harness, but men push on, grimly and doggedly, across that bleak expanse to where the lure of gold is beckoning them on. For some it will be success, for many disappointment and disillusion, that will come with the approaching spring. Now it is only the vision of wealth that allures and nothing will daunt or deter them, "men who are girt for the combat, men who are grit to the core."

Another Trail.

There is another trail. Two thousand years ago it was blazed by Christ and His Apostles across the plains of Galilee. Down through the centuries it has been blazed and beaten anew. Through malaria-infested swamps and jungles where lurk the treacherous beasts of prey; under the fierce rays of the tropical sun that beat pitilessly down upon the weary traveller; from East to West and from North to South, from the straw-thatched hut of the tropics to the igloo of the frozen North. It is the trail of the Missionary, and it leads wherever there are souls of men.

"So they're camping by the Yukon and they tramp
the Niger's banks;
They are paddling down the Yangtse and the Han
For they're manning all the outposts and they're
guarding all the flanks;
They're on duty from Alaska to Japan."

A Difference.

What a similarity, and yet what a difference, between the men who trek along those widely different trails! Grim, determined and persevering, undaunted by obstacles that would break the spirit of softer men, they have in common that resolute determination that will carry them to their goal. For the prospector the end of the trail may bring success or failure. It is a blind gamble with blind chance. For the Missionary failure cannot be. He seeks not worldly wealth, but a wealth that will endure. His will be the reward a hundredfold which Christ has promised to all those who leave father or mother or lands for His sake.

"The traders go for treasure that the worm will
take by stealth,
And death will come to cheat them of the whole.
But these win prize eternal, seeking out another
wealth;
They have guessed the blinding value of a soul.
They are pioneering miners and they quest the
purest gold;
They are merchants seeking naught but pearls
unpriced,
So a thousand roads they're breaking and they're
trekking, trekking, trekking.
Oh, they'd blaze a trail to anywhere for maddening love of Christ.

A Lesson.

There is a lesson for us in the gold rush to Red Lake. If men can face such indescribable hardships for the merest chance of worldly wealth, in itself often a curse, surely it is not surprising that men should be willing to sacrifice even more for the certainty of reward that is eternal. The pity of it is that while so many are ready to suffer hardships for the sake of gold, there are so few who will embrace the life of the Missionary for the sake of immortal souls of men.

Our Missionaries Reach Chuchow

Make the Journey of Over Ten Thousand Miles in Forty-six Days. People well disposed toward Missionaries, and Brigandage Unknown.

Wenchow, Jan. 27, 1926.

“On Saturday, Jan. 23rd, we boarded the S.S. ‘Yung Ning’ (Eternal Peace) a half mile from the Bishop’s residence. The little steamer of 800 tons was literally packed with passengers on their way home to pass the Chinese New Year. At least 800 people were on board and every inch of space was occupied. They were lying in their quilts on the decks and in the corridors, so closely packed together that it was almost impossible to pick one’s way along. Some of them had been on board for 36 hours for fear of losing their place.

We had rooms engaged beforehand, so we passed several agreeable days and nights. We reached Chusan in the afternoon. We did not have time to go to the Catholic Mission there, but my friend and former curate Father Yao was at the wharf with several other priests and friends.’ Sister Berkeley sent a messenger with a note of welcome and good wishes.

Meets Old Friends.

The scenery on this trip through the islands and along the coast of China was very interesting, but the bedlam at the different wharves where the ship stopped was simply indescribable. In the morning early we called at Haimen, where our steamer stopped twelve hours. We were able to say Mass in the large Church there and spent a very pleasant day visiting the orphanages and schools. I met many old friends, among whom was a young Chinese priest who was a child in my catechism class many years ago.

Church of the Sacred Heart at Our Mission Headquarters, Chuchow.

On Sunday evening we boarded our little steamer again and travelled all night to this port of Wenchow. We were met by Father Proux and several Chinese priests, one of whom, Father Ling, was the little boy, James John Ling, whom I sent to the seminary long ago and whose benefactress was Miss Breen, of Toronto. We have spent three most happy days here and visited every nook and corner of the big city of 300,000 inhabitants. Now we are about to set out again, this time on the final lap of our journey. At five P.M. we board a row boat which will be our home for the next three days. Father Fong will accompany us and remain for the present in Chuchow. Father Boisard will return to Wenchow to take charge of the newly-erected college. We are all in the best of health. The weather here in

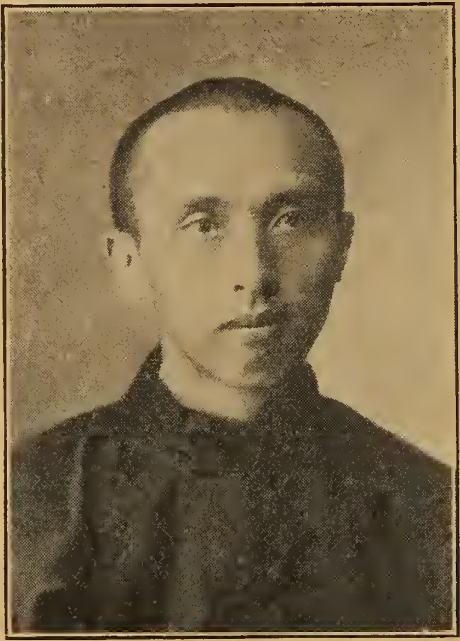
GENERAL VIEW OF WENCHOW, SHOWING CATHOLIC CHURCH
Wenchow is the ocean port about forty miles from our Chuchow Mission.

Wenchow is beautiful. The fields are green and the garden in front of the priest's residence is all in flower.

The End of the Trail.

Chuchow, Feb. 1, 1926.

On Wednesday, January 27th, we left Wenchow amid the fervent good wishes of the Vicar-General and Father Aroud and assistants. We rode in rickshaws, the men who pulled them ringing bells and shouting continually to clear the way through the narrow, crowded streets to the river bank where our boat lay. As these river boats are small, the passengers and baggage had to be distributed equally. Father Fong and I were in one boat, Fathers Serra and Morrison in another, and our baggage in the third and fourth. Some 40,000 boats handle the traffic of this region. They are all about the same size and shape, 6 x 25 feet. We were soon comfortably seated and the boats pushed off. The sail was hoisted and we made good way before a favorable breeze that remained with us all the way. The weather was delightful, just like summer the whole way to Chuchow. The boatmen toiled hard, rowing, pushing or pulling the boat, sometimes up to their waist in water. We made good time, arriving at Tsingtien (after a night's sleep in the bottom of the boat, wrapped in our blankets) the first city in our district, the following morning. Here I said Mass in the little chapel. The rest of the day, the following night and the next day we spent in the boat, sometimes, however, getting out for a walk along the bank. We arrived at Chuchow on Friday evening, just 48 hours after leaving Wenchow. This was much quicker than we expected. The trip was very pleasant.



FATHER JAMES JOHN LING

"We were met by several Chinese Priests, one of whom, Father Ling, was the little boy I sent to the seminary long ago."

Brigandage Unknown.

We are pleased to learn that brigandage is unknown in the district of Chuchow. A score of Christians were at the landing place to welcome us and as they conducted us to the Church the bells pealed forth joyously and thousands of firecrackers were set off. Our first act was a visit to the Blessed Sacrament to offer fervent thanks for the successful termination of a long long journey. Father Boisard is still here but will leave in a few days. We are deeply grateful for his kindness to us. Father Fong will remain. Today he gave Father Morrison and Father Serra their first lesson in Chinese. I have been named "Tsong pu dang," Archpriest or Dean of Chuchow, with special faculties. I understand the language here pretty well although it is somewhat different from the two dialects I know already. It will require a little study before I am able to preach.

Prospects Bright.

The church is a fine one, the house ample, containing nine rooms. Across the road from the church there is a piece of our property which would be suitable for a convent and girls' school. We have seen the whole city in the last few days. It is not much of a place from an American standpoint, but in population it numbers about 40,000. Today we visited the electric power house, to which is attached a match factory and rice mill. We partook of refreshments at the proprietor's house. He is a pagan, but very well disposed towards the missionaries. There is no anti-foreign feeling here, thank God. There are two public high schools with about a thousand pupils. The Catholic school is only in an initial stage. There are no sisters in the whole district of Chuchow.

Summer Weather.

The first two days here the weather was as warm as early summer, and the birds were singing in the hedges. Today it was a little cooler but when the sun came up it became comfortable. Yesterday, Sunday, Father Fong preached and I said the parochial Mass, the congregation numbering 60 or 70. They chant the prayers, the same as the students do at China Mission Seminary. We all send our best wishes to those at home. Please God it will not be long before our boys will be out here to join us in this great work of bringing our holy Faith to the benighted souls in faraway Chuchow.

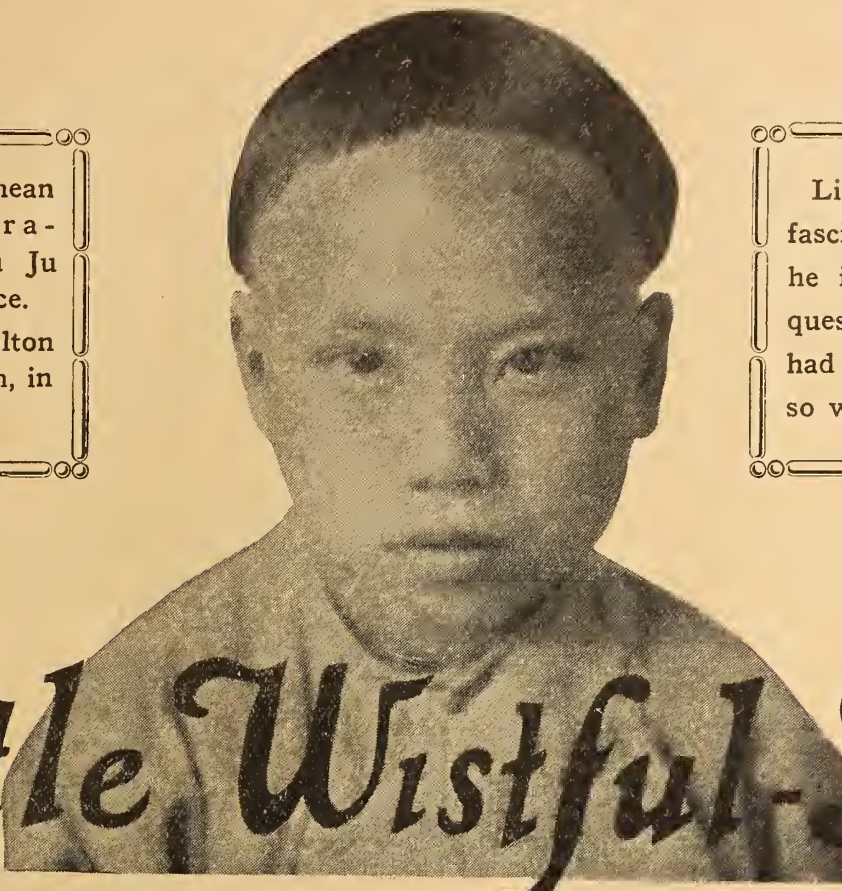
Yours faithfully,
J. M. FRASER.

CHINESE RIVER-BOAT

From Wenchow to Chuchow (a journey of forty-eight hours) our missionaries travelled by row-boat, like the one in the picture.

What does that mean — 'Blessed sacrament'?" asked Lu Ju in a bewildered voice.

Then Brother Dalton started to tell him, in the simplest way.



Little Lu Ju listened, fascinated. Sometimes he interrupted with a question. Never before had he heard anything so wonderful.

Little Wistful-Face

Little Lu Ju Ling became very excited when he heard his father say that they must go to Han Yang. Han Yang! Why, that was ever so many "li" from Da Ho. It was far beyond the next village—far beyond all the villages. It must be near Pekin, thought Lu Ju.

A journey to Han Yang would be the wonderfulest thing Lu Ju had ever known. It would mean the glorious confusion of packing up; it would mean ponies and meals in inns and sampans and junks and sailing on the river-steamer. And, at the end of it all, they would see the big walled city that Wang the Storyteller used to describe. Little Lu Ju nearly lost his breath when he thought of it. Never before in his twelve years had he been so excited. He felt that he had to tell somebody all about it or he would burst.

So, when his father's back was turned, he shot out of the house, leaving his bowl of rice unfinished, and raced down the street in search of some one who would listen to the great news.

He had not far to go. A noisy little mob of his young friends had gathered outside the door of old Mr. Chau, the Cobbler. A rumor had spread to the effect that Mr. Chau was to kill a hog that day. No boy in the village of Da Ho was going to miss that. Nothing more entertaining could happen than the killing of a hog by Mr. Chau. There was tragedy in the squeals and struggles of the luckless animal; there was comedy in the behavior of the rather irascible old cobbler. What more did the juvenile population of Da Ho require! The only thing that could beat this for interest was, perhaps the coming of Wang the Storyteller or, maybe, a real big fire.

But today the old cobbler was slow in getting to work on his hog and the youthful crowd outside was losing patience. Lu Ju's appearance, therefore, was welcomed. Maybe he had something to tell that would relieve the tedium of waiting.

And he had. He blurted it out straightway. "Going to Han Yang—Going tomorrow—My father's bringing me!"

This was a bombshell. Han Yang! Was he joking? No? Why, that was hundreds of li distant. "That's where my grandfather saw the acrobats when he was small!" said one.

"You'll see the Iron-works! My brother's wife's uncle used to work there," cried another.

"There are foreign-kingdom people there. Big eyes and white faces!" added a third in a shriek. The street rang with the din.

Lu Ju was the hero of the hour. Even when Mr. Chau at last began to kill his hog, the youthful spectators could not take their minds wholly off Han Yang. How they envied Lu Ju.

Meanwhile, Lu Ju's father was uttering imprecations against all the gods of China. He heartily disliked having to undertake this journey. There was money at stake, however, and since the bad floods a few years ago, money meant a great deal to him. Taking Lu Ju with him was additional bother but it couldn't be avoided. His wife was dead and none of his friends would take the little fellow even for a few weeks. They were so poor that they could scarcely give their own families food and shelter. Hence Lu Ju must make the journey with him. But if he got the money, it would be worth it all.

His brother, who had left Da Ho years ago, had died in a big city in some far-away country, leaving him a small fortune as legacy. There had been endless letter and messages about it—old Chau the Cobbler did the reading and writing for him—but no money had arrived. Yesterday, however, a letter had come from the postmaster in Han Yang, saying that he should appear there in person. If he did, he would get the first installment from the estate of Quang Ling, the Chicago laundryman. Chi-ca-go! That was the name of the far-away city where his brother had died. So to Han Yang he would go, bringing little Lu Ju with him. Maybe he would return as the wealthiest man in Da Ho. Quang Ling, the Chicago laundryman might have amassed great riches. . . .

A week later, they were in Han Yang. Lu Ju had made the journey in alternating intensities of admiration and weariness. Morning hours might see him hysterical with excitement over the weighing of the river-steamer's anchor; afternoon would find him exhausted and asleep, half-buried in someone else's baggage. He was a drowsy bundle in his father's arms on the night of their arrival at Han Yang river-side. He had no interest in anything and just blinked at the swinging lanterns as his father carried him through the crowded, narrow streets.

In the morning, however, he felt better. His father soon went off to see about that all-important legacy and Lu Ju slipped away to do some delightful exploring.

Through the narrow streets he wandered, feeling more and more dissatisfied. Once he got a hearty curse from an irritable coolie just because he hit his head against the long bamboo pole on which the man was carrying his big bales. Lu Ju thought it unfair to be abused so vociferously, as his head had got a bump in the accident.

He was almost wishing he was back in Da Ho when suddenly he saw an interesting looking house. It wasn't a pagan temple and it wasn't a dwelling house. And why were the people entering in such numbers? And what were they chanting inside? And why were so many lights gleaming within? Every time the door was opened he caught a glimpse of them.

Lu Ju sat down on an old packing case to watch. Suddenly he gasped and nearly fell off the box with excitement. Here were two foreign-kingdom men coming towards him. It was the first time he had seen any of these folk. They had white faces and big eyes but were dressed in Chinese fashion and looked delightfully good humored. They were walking swiftly—they were going into that house where all the Chinese were chanting and where the lights were gleaming!

Open mouthed, Lu Ju watched them approach the door. Suddenly, the taller of the two turned round and looked across the narrow street at the boy from Da Ho.

Poor little Lu Ju! He looked so forlorn there sitting on the packing-case.

The tall foreign kingdom man said something to his companion and then he crossed the street.

Towards Lu Ju he came, his kindly eyes twinkling.

"Hello, Little Wistful Face," he said, "What's up?" This was in a language that Lu Ju did not understand. So he just shook his head and tried to smile.

Big Brother Dalton laughed as he realized that he had spoken in English.

"Yo sheh mo?" he said, then, "Ni iou men!" The sound of his native Chinese spoken by the tall stranger reassured Lu Ju. He looked up and smiled—this time a wide, frank smile.

In two minutes they were fast friends. They presented a comical picture, little wistful Lu Ju and the big dark-haired Brother seated side by side on the shaky old packing case.

Lu Ju began by asking questions. What was that house across the street? What were the people doing? What were they chanting? Why were there so many lights?

Brother Dalton answered every question. That house was a Tien Chu Tang—a Catholic Church. It was the Sacred Heart Church, opened a few years ago. Today was the First Friday. They had Exposition to-day. The people had just heard Mass; Throngs had received Holy Communion and now they were singing the praises of the Blessed Sacrament.

But he was quick to see that Lu Ju did not understand a hundredth part of it. He isn't even a catechumen, thought Brother Dalton.

"What does that mean—'Blessed Sacrament'" asked Lu Ju in a bewildered little voice.

Then Brother Dalton started to tell him, in the simplest way, what it all meant.

Lu Ju listened, fascinated. Sometimes he interrupted with a question or a little gurgle of admiration. Never had he heard anything so wonderful.

"Why don't you come to our school?" asked Brother Dalton in the end.

Lu Ju did not understand what he meant.

"Don't you live in Han Yang?" asked the Brother quickly. Lu Ju shook his head and pointed away northwards. "Da Ho," he said.

Da Ho? Brother Dalton thought a moment. No, the missionaries hadn't been able to go there yet. Priests were so scarce! Not until the next band came, would one be spared for Da Ho.

So Lu Ju was a pagan without a shred of instruction.

"How long will you be here?" asked the Brother, slowly.

"Till my father goes back," was Lu Ju's answer.

Brother Dalton rose. "Come 'round here," he said, "Now, do you see that door?"

He pointed to the door of a little building at the rear of the church. "Come here tomorrow afternoon," he said "and knock at that door. I'll be there and I'll tell you more. Will you come?"

"I will,' said Lu Ju gratefully.

"Good-bye, then, Little Wistful Face,' said Brother Dalton, once more in that language that his listener didn't understand.

And Lu Ju went home, marveling.

On the following afternoon, a little boy knocked timidly at the door of the sacristy of the Sacred Heart Church.

The door swung open and Brother Dalton stood confronting his young friend of the previous morning.

"Come along, Little Wistful Face," he said smiling, "I'm glad you came. You're in earnest." Lu Ju didn't understand but he felt that he was invited to enter.

They sat down in a room where an old Chinese was cleaning brass candlesticks. There was a lovely fragrance of incense in the place.

And then Brother Dalton continued the wonderful story that he had begun at their first meeting on the street.

When Lu Ju went back to the house where he and his father lodged, bad news awaited him. They were to return next day. They were to leave early. He would not have time even to see Dow Hsien Sheng—as Brother Dalton was known in Chinese—before departing. And he had looked forward to visiting the school and getting little pictures and hearing that wonderful story again!

But nothing could be done. Ling, senior, had at last received the first installment of his brother's bequest and was determined to return to Da Ho at once.

So next morning a red-eyed Lu Ju stood on the deck of the out-going river-steamer and looked hungrily back at the disappearing roofs of Han Yang. Never was he more wistful than now. He wondered if he would ever again hear about *Tien Chu Ie Sou and the Tabernacle.

The two travelers reached Da Ho at last, the story of their travels was told and re-told and gradually they settled down to the old humdrum life again. But Lu Ju could never quite forget the delightful things he had heard. He longed to hear that wonderful story again.

But no one could tell him. He asked his father once, timidly, but got only an irritable answer. He asked old Chau the Cobbler, who was supposed to be learned, and, instead of getting what he wanted, had to listen for an hour and a half to a story about a dragon and a rabbit.

At last, Wang the Storyteller appeared in the village. Every juvenile in Da Ho turned out to meet him. Two visits a year were the most that he could give, as he covered quite a large circuit. Owing to the long intervals between his appearances, he was always warmly greeted by his young clients.

He had scarcely set up his little table when the din started. Every one wanted his own favorite story. Wang listened unperturbed. It flattered his professional pride to hear them wrangling like this. At last, he hit the table with his hammer.

"I will tell the story of Su Wei the Barber," he said in a tone of authority. And he began.

Of course, Lu Ju was one of the audience. But somehow he didn't find as much pleasure in listening to Wang the Storyteller as he used to find. Su

"Nothing more entertaining could happen than the killing of a hog by Mr. Chau. No boy in the Village of Da Ho Was going to miss that."

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* Our Lord.

Wei the Barbar seemed a positively dull narrative.

When the little tin cup was passed round (as it always is, right at the climax of the story) he dropped in his ten "cash" like the others. He didn't want to offend the story-teller.

At the end of the session, however, he slipped round to the back of the table for a private talk with Wang.

"Do you know the story of Tien Chu Ie Sou?" he asked wistfully.

"Do you mean the story of the Great Wall and the White Horse?" asked Wang.

"No, no," said Lu Ju pathetically, "It's about Tien Chu Ie Sou and about an altar."

"Maybe, you mean the story of the second Emperor of the Ming dynasty?" said Wang, in a puzzled voice.

"Ah, no," said Lu Ju in despair, "That's not it at all."

And then he tried to tell as much as he could remember of it. But Wang the Story-teller shook his head. He knew nothing about it, he said.

Old Wang the Story-teller had never heard the tale. He knew nothing about it, he said.

Wang the Story-teller went his way in a few days and Da Ho was once more a tame place. In fact the juveniles were beginning to feel distinctly bored, when one evening an unexpected sensation was provided.

Towards sundown a little procession rode slowly into the village. In front were two Chinese boys with big bundles strapped on to their ponies. Next came two tall riders, with white faces and big eyes. "Foreign-kingdom people!" shrieked the little fellows of Da Ho in wild glee, as they raced up the street to get the closest possible view of the newcomers.

Through the village the four strangers rode. The "Foreign-kingdom" men looked tired but they nodded laughingly to the grimy youngsters who lined the street. Once or twice an old Chinese man or woman would come to the door of a house to scan the travellers. To them the two tall riders gave a courteous and kindly bow.

Lu Ju's heart nearly stopped beating when he saw them. They must be from that beloved house in Han Yang where he had heard the wonderful story. He longed to rush out into the street and talk to them.

They halted outside young Mr. Foh's dwelling at the end of the street, dismounted and went in. The curious little crowd of youngsters immediately surrounded the house and began to peek through the windows. The foreign-kingdom men were taking tea and talking Chinese in the friendliest manner possible to Mr. Foh. They seemed to be making inquiries. After a while they left the house and rode on, Mr. Foh accompanying them on his pony.

The youngsters went after them to the end of the village and then, wonderingly, watched them ride into the dusk. One alone followed farther — little Lu Ju. He trotted slowly behind the ponies, keeping at a discreet distance and hoping that the strangers would not go too far away from Da Ho.

Soon they halted once more—this time about half a li from the village and in front of a lonely vacant house. Mr. Foh took out a rusty key, opened the rotting old door and led the way in. Apparently they intended to spend the night there.

One of them, before entering the house, turned to tie his pony to the gate-post. As he did so, he caught sight of Lu Ju, who stood in the dim evening light, silently watching.

"What a wistful little face," said the missionary to himself.

When Mr. Foh came back to the village, a crowd of neighbors awaited him. "Who were the strangers?" "What were they going to do?" "Were they going to stay out in that old house?"

Mr. Foh, feeling very important, pretended that it was a strict secret. But in the end he was cajoled into telling it.

They were Holy Fathers of the Christians, coming to work in Da Ho. They were not going to make the old house outside the village their permanent dwelling. They intended to build a church and a school. Big things would happen, said Mr. Foh knowingly.

And little Lu Ju on the outskirts of the crowd heard all this and was glad.

One evening in June, Wang the Story-teller came once more to Da Ho. He was amazed to find the main street almost silent. No shrieks from young throats—no excited rush of little clients. The only living creatures in sight were some wizened old men who sat at their doors solemnly smoking their long pipes.

"Where are the little ones?" Wang asked a bearded patriarch.

The old man blew a cloud of smoke and silently pointed with his pipe down the street towards a new building that Wang had not yet noticed.

Then the Story-teller remembered. He had heard rumors 'way back in Anlu about the missionaries coming to Da Ho.

His curiosity was aroused and he walked down to the new house. Yes, that was the missionaries' sign over the door — a Cross and "Tien Chu Tang" in Chinese characters.

The door was ajar. Wang tip-toed up, pushed the door and found himself in a narrow porch. He listened.

A man was speaking inside. He was talking in Chinese but rather slowly.

Wang peeped in through a chink and gasped. Inside sat nearly every child in Da Ho. They were listening intently to a tall missionary who was standing in front of a little altar opposite the door. In mid-air over the altar, Wang saw a red light burning steadily.

He stood there in the porch for twenty minutes, catching every word that the rich, slow voice of the missionary uttered.

The "Sen Fu" was explaining to the children how the Lord of Heaven had come down as Man, how He had died and how He had given Himself under the appearance of bread so that He might be with men forever.

Something flashed into Wang's memory. Hadn't he heard about that before?

Why, that was the wonderful story that had haunted little Lu Ju!

The missionary ceased speaking, the children began to chant prayers and Wang cautiously crept out of the porch. When the boys came out a little later, they found him placidly smoking at his table on the street-corner.

They greeted him enthusiastically and crowded around the table, this time not to listen but to narrate. They told him all the great events that had happened and were to happen — the coming of the "Sen Fu," the building of the school-chapel, the instructions and then, to-morrow, the baptisms and First Communions.

Six were to be baptized next day, Lu Ju Ling being one of the number. They would also receive the Tien Chu Ie Sou in Holy Communion. It was to be a great day. It was the Feast of Shang T'i, the Feast of the Blessed Sacrament.

Suddenly a hush fell on the group of youngsters. The door of the school-chapel opened and the six who were to be baptized and make their First Communion on the morow came out, the "Sen Fu" in their midst. Among them, Wang the Story-teller recognized Lu Ju, and the little fellow, looking across the street, recognized him and smiled.

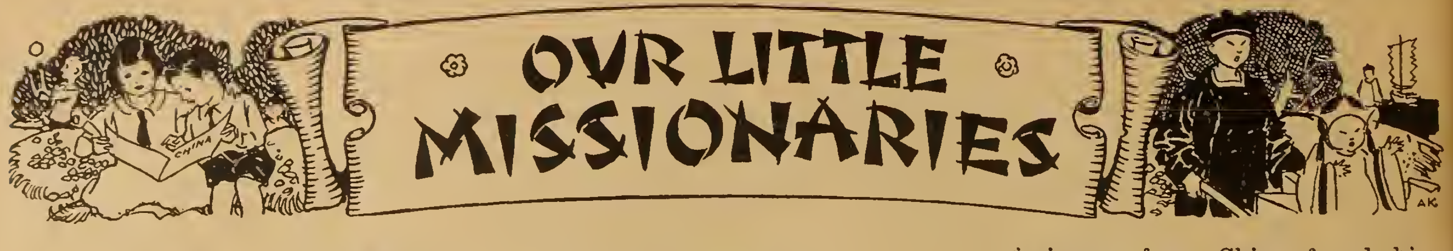
Then, still standing on the steps of the church, Lu Ju called one of the others from beside the table, whispered something to him and sent him back to Wang.

"Lu Ju told me to tell you," said the messenger, with a puzzled look, "that he knows the whole of that Wonderful Story now. What does he mean?"

Wang made no answer. He just looked back at Lu Ju who, with his five comrades, stood listening to the missionary's final words. The gladness of the morrow's Baptism and First Communion was already apparent in the boy's radiant features.

"What a happy little face!" said Wang the Story-teller to himself, marveling.

(Wilfred O'Malley, in the Far East.)



OUR LITTLE MISSIONARIES

Another Christ

or

How an Old Sea Captain Kept His Promise.

He lived all alone in a little out of the way cottage by the seashore. old Captain O'Sullivan, who had come to pass his remaining days in the sight of the sea which he loved with a great love.

There he sat in the silence of the night before his door, smoking his pipe, while the wash of the waves on the rocky reef below seemed to bring back familiar voices and familiar tales.

It was thus little Jimmy O'Rourke found him, and he settled down to hear one of those tales of the sea, the old tar could tell so well.

"It is when one is out in a tempest, my boy, when the waves mountain-high are covering the ship, tearing the sails to ribbons and snapping the masts like matchwood, or when the awful blanket of fog is covering the ship like a shroud of death—it is then man turns to Him who holds the earth in His hands like a plaything.

"It was one night just after we set sail from China on our home voyage, that we met one of the fiercest gales I ever saw. I knew that we were doomed, that there was only one who could save us, and for the first time in many years I threw myself on my knees in prayer. There on the storm-swept deck clinging to the rail, I promised that if Christ would save me from death, I, in turn, would send out another Christ to save the millions of China from the fearful shipwreck of Paganism."

The old man paused and looked out over the waters. "Yes, sonny, if I were a boy once more, the ship I would captain would be Vocation, and the port to which it would sail—the Port of Abandoned Souls. I am too old to go now, but God grant that I may fulfill my promise before I die."

The young boy went home that night, but the story of the old captain was not forgotten—the story of China's countless millions sunk in sin and idolatry strongly appealed to his youthful heart.

But the fervor of that moment was soon forgotten as the lad grew to be a man. The great, gay world claimed him as her own, played with him as she plays with thousands, then tossed him aside—just one more shipwrecked soul.

A human derelict, storm-tossed, battered, buffeted on the life-tide of a great city—the old captain's words came back to him. "When the tempest is at its fiercest, when human hope fails—it is then man turns to God."

When he crept into a nearby church a few moments later, it was to throw himself on his knees and sob as though his heart would break. At last he had turned to God.

A priest had been preaching when he entered, and the words came to his ears—what was that he said?

"It is a fearful thing, my dear people, to see the misery and moral degradation of the millions of pagans who have never known Christ. Sickness, poverty and death—bitter indeed, for they are unsweetened by the Catholic faith. O what a glorious task it is, to change that country of pagans and pagodas into a land of churches and christians.

"But every minute millions of lost souls, lost lives, lost vocations, are drifting into eternity—for the want of priests, for the lack of other Christs."

The sermon ended and the people, one by one, left the church—but one figure still remained kneeling, sobbing out a promise—a promise of a life of sacrifice for souls. There the missionary from China found him, and under his tender care the little seed of vocaton, planted in a lad's heart by an old man, grew, blossomed, and produced fruit.

Then one Xmas night in the little church of Glengar, Father O'Rourke stood at the altar and offered up his first holy mass. The seed of a priestly vocation had long been sanctified within the sacred womb of Holy Mother Church—the Seminary, and that day was born to men another Christ.

Over the far distant hills of China that night angel choirs were sweetly singing the "Gloria in Excelsis." "Fear not, we bring you tidings of great joy, for today is born a saviour, Who is Christ the Lord."

Today, in far away China, a white-haired priest, bent with the labors of a long and fruitful ministry, tells the story of a shipwreck and a promise, and in the masses for the dead he whispers the name of an old sea captain, and asks Christ to fulfill his promise.

"Whosoever shall give you to drink a cup of water in My name—amen, amen, I say to you, he shall not lose his reward."

H. F. X. S.

SACRED HEART OF JESUS, THY KINGDOM COME IN CHINA
Join your little friend across the seas in prayers for the conversion of his people.

WIN A PRIZE.

Have you won a watch, or a fountain pen, or a knife or a box of paints? If not, you don't know what you're missing. During the last month the office "staff" has been kept busy forwarding prizes to our young friends who have secured subscriptions for us. One of the most recent orders was a fountain pen for Yorkton, Sask., and a fountain pen and pencil for Little Paradise, Newfoundland. From Newfoundland to Saskatchewan, we might say, or more eloquently, "from coast to coast," little friends of China are working for the cause and winning handsome prizes as well. When will you give us the pleasure of sending YOU a watch or a fountain pen. Look at our premium page and select your prize.

HAVE YOU A MITE-BOX.

Did you ever count up for a month, or two months, or six months, the amount you spend on candy or at the theatre? You would be surprised how large it is. And then did you ever calculate how much of your spending money is devoted to helping poor missionaries in China? If you have not a mite-box we would be very glad to send you one. It will enable you to make many little sacrifices for the sake of souls in China. And you will feel all the happier for having done something worth while with at least a small number of your pennies and dimes.

MOTHER, 100 YEARS OLD, ON GOLDEN JUBILEE OF PRIEST-SON.

A rare ceremony, possibly without precedent, has just taken place at Rocquecourbe, in the Tarn, France, where on the same day, Abbe Bertrac celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination while his mother celebrated her hundredth birthday.

Madame Bertrac walked to church on the morning of her birthday and received Holy Communion from the hands of her son.

IN CHINA
A Common Beast of Burden.

How would you like to ride a water-buffalo?

The water buffalo is a large, ungainly looking, heavy bodied animal. Its skin is almost black in appearance and is covered rather sparsely with stiff black hair or bristles similar to that of our pigs.

Unlike the rest of the ox families, the Creator has set their heads at a peculiar angle, which permits them to remain almost totally submerged in marshes or muddy swamps for long periods without effort. It is from this habit of lying or wallowing in water that they derive their name and which makes them, when domesticated, a yolk animal, rather than one that carries a pack; for whenever an opportunity affords itself, pack and all are apt to go for a muddy bath. In this country where oxen and most horses have yielded to the drinkers of gasoline, we can hardly imagine the picturesqueness of a yolk of these buffaloes as they come lumbering along a dusty road. Without lines or traces, with heads turned in and bodies slightly out, these silent beasts strain at the jolting yolk and drag the crude, creaking, wooden-wheeled wagon slowly yet irresistibly along, while the driver, ox-goad in hand, yells unintelligible commands (equivalent to "gee," "haw") at every step or so.

Whew!

They had cut off a Chinaman's queue.
And were painting his head a bright
blueue,
So the Chinaman said,
As they daubed at his head,
"When I sueue queue, yueue'll rueue
what yueue dueue."

TRY THIS GAME.

Place two quart fruit jars, one of each point half way down the length of the room or the yard. Give each player ten kernels of corn and tell him he must plant them in jars.

Each player in turn, starts at one end of the room, walks down one side, across the end, up the other side, and back to the starting point. As he passes the jars he tries to drop into them the kernels of corn. He must not stop, and he must not stoop to do this. Five times he walks around the route, dropping the kernels as directed. When he has completed his journey, the jars are examined and the kernels counted.

Each player tries his skill, in turn, and at the end the one most successful is given a prize.

RIDDLES.

Why are watches like grasshoppers? Because they move by springs.

Why is the eye like a very severe schoolmaster? He always has a pupil under the lash.

What flower is most likely to be found in the shop of a shoemaker? Lady's slipper.

Why are hay and straw like spectacles? Because they are forage (for age).

What is it that goes through the woods yet never touched the ground or trees? The blast of a horn.

What tradesmen are always robbing themselves? Butchers, because they are always stealing (steeling) their own knives and other tools.

Which caps are they that never wear out? Knee caps.

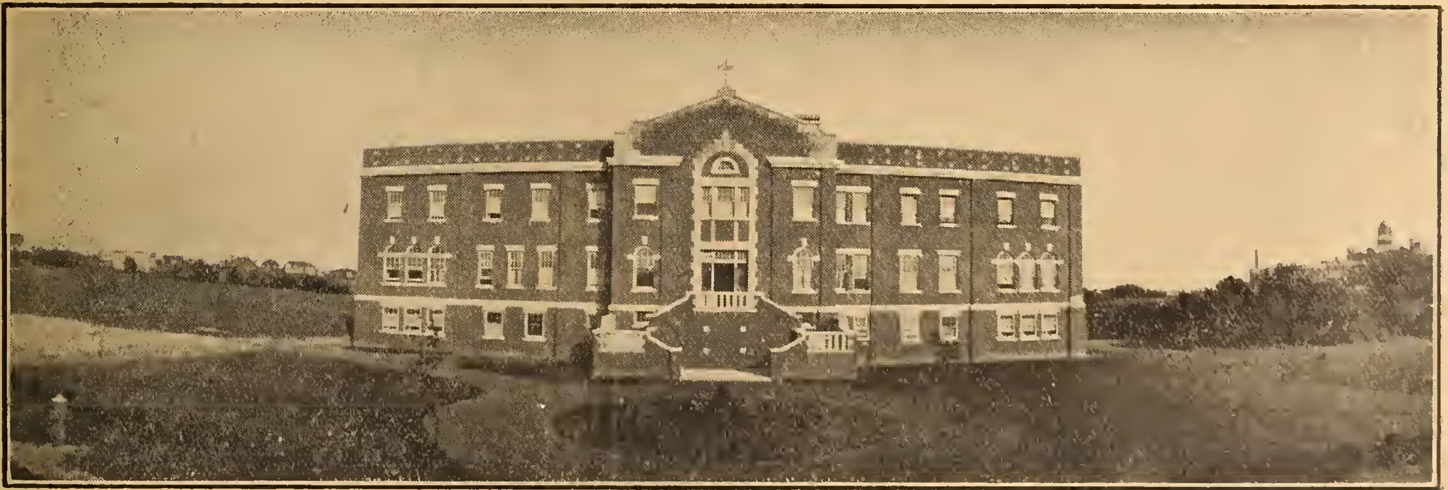
When do you get the best out of a stamp? When you lick it.

When does the clock make the most noise? When it is 12 o'clock.

When won't a dog shake his tail? When it is cut off.

What is it that you can see better in the night than you can in the daytime? A light.

What is it that has two back bones and millions and millions of ribs? A railroad.



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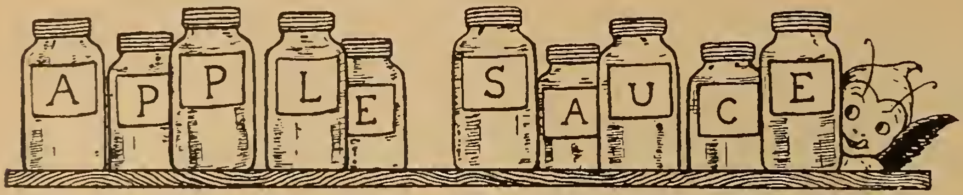

NOT ALWAYS.

It isn't always those who cough during the sermon who are ready to "cough up" when the collection plate is passed around."

MATTER OF INTERPRETATION.

Mamma: "Where have you been, Johnnie?"

Small Boy: "Playing ball."

Mamma (severely): "But I told you to beat the rug, didn't I?"

Small Boy: "No, ma'am, you told me to hang the rug on the line and beat it."

DEEP ONE.

First Newspaper Headline Writer: "Give me a synonym for 'finny tribe'."

Second Headline Writer: "How about 'fish'?"

First Headline Writer: "Fine! I never thought of that."

The Indians of old knew many forms of torture, but not the one beginning, "We have with us to-night."—Toronto Star.

DEFINITIONS.

An optimist is a man who after he is seated at the hotel for dinner says, "Please pass the cream."

A pessimist is a man who of two evils always chooses both.

A pessimist is a blind man who is searching in a dark room for a black hat that isn't there.

HARD TO SAY.

"Come right on in, Sambo," the farmer called out. "He won't hurt you. You know a barking dog never bites."

"Sure, boss, Ah knows dat," replied the cautious colored man, "but Ah don't know how soon he's going to stop barkin."

DON'T DO IT.

We are told that the shortest sentence that includes the entire alphabet is: "Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs." However, in these days the fellow who obeys this command and is "caught with the goods" may learn of a much longer sentence.

NOBODY HOME.

"Hello. That you, Jake?"

"Yes, dis is Jake."

"It doesn't sound like Jake."

"Yes, dis is Jake spicking."

"Are you sure this is Jake?"

"Yes, dis is Jake."

"Well, lissen, Jake, this is Sam. Lend me $50.00."

"All right. I'll tell him when he comes in."

CHARGE.

The chairman of the gas company was making a popular address.

"Think of the good the gas company has done," he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I would say in the words of the immortal poet, "Honor the light brigade."

At this point a consumer jumped up with the shout: "Oh, what a charge they made!"—Collegian Reporter.

FIFTY-FIFTY.

Beggar: "Please give a poor old blind man a dime?"

Lady: "Why, you can see out of one eye!"

Beggar: "Well, then, give me a nickel."

A BAD SPELL.

Schoolmaster: "Jones, spell 'weather'."

Jones: "W-e-t-t-h-e-r."

Schoolmaster: "Well that's certainly the worst spell of weather we've had for some time!"

ECLIPSED.

The rhetorician who laid down the rule, "Never use a preposition to end a sentence with," has been outdone, declares "The Writer," by the child who asked: "What did you bring that book to me to be read to out of for?"

ONE ON ANGUS.

Only a Scotsman, they say, will tell a joke on himself. Be that as it may, we do know one good Scotsman who is not averse to telling a joke even at the expense of his countrymen. We are indebted to His Lordship Bishop Alex. McDonald for this one on Angus.

Sandy and Angus were next door neighbours and Sandy kept a poultry farm. One day, much to Angus' surprise, Sandy promised him a chicken.

However, as time went on and the chicken was not forthcoming, Angus grew impatient. Meeting Sandy on the street one morning he asked of him: "Well, Sandy, and how about the chuckey?"

"Aw, yes," replied Sandy, slightly taken aback. "Well, it was this way. That chuckey got weel."

COUNTRY CHILDREN PLEASE DON'T LAUGH.

It was during the catechism class and the teacher was explaining the sacrament of baptism. This, by the way, actually happened in Toronto.

"Johnnie," he said, "If you were to take a baby out to the pump to baptize him would it really be baptism?"

Johnnie did not even hesitate: "Of course it wouldn't," he replied. "You know you can't baptize with gasolene." Which goes to show that if the O.T.A. continues, pumps for every other purpose will fast become obsolete in Toronto.—A.T.L.

DOES THIS MEAN YOU?

A short time ago one of our readers was out hunting. A rainstorm came on suddenly, and in order to keep dry he sought shelter in a hollow log. As the rain fell the log began to swell until he found, to his dismay, that he could not move one way or the other. He thought his end had come, and before his mind there came the vision of all the wrongs he had done and all the good he had neglected to do. And as he pondered he suddenly realized that he had not paid his subscription to CHINA. "Holy Smoke!" he exclaimed, "CHINA for fifty cents a year, and I haven't paid my subscription." Whereupon he felt so small that he crawled out of the log without any difficulty and walked safely home.

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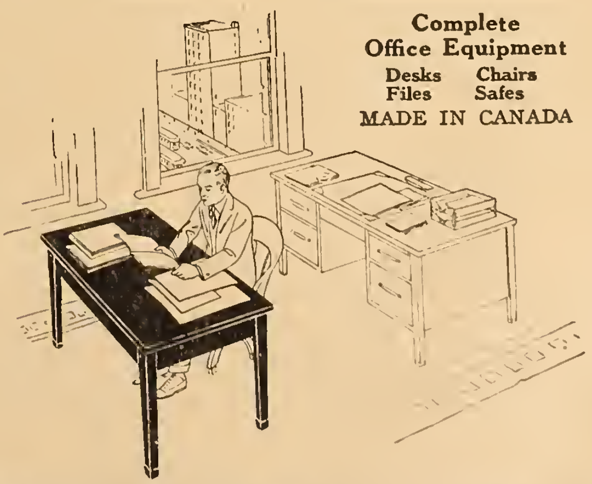

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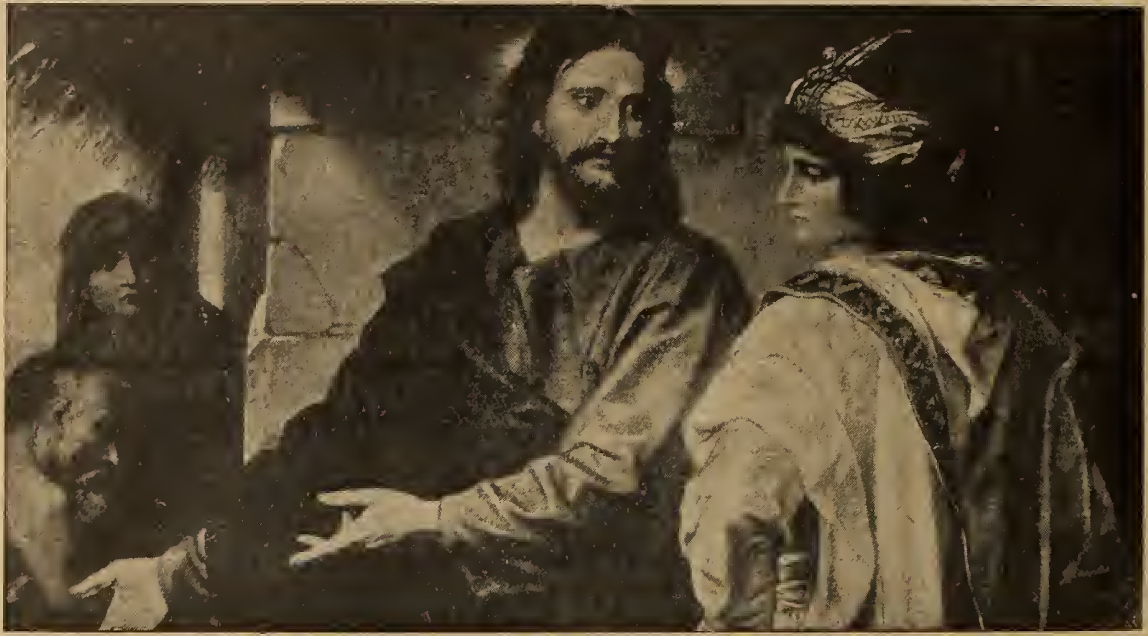

"And Jesus looking on him loved him, and said to him: One thing is wanting unto thee: go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me—who being struck sad at that saying went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions."—(Mark 10, 21:22.)

"Alas, alas, for those who die without fulfilling their mission, who were called to worship Christ and who plunged into this giddy and unbelieving world; who were called to fight and remained idle. Alas for those who have had gifts and talents and have not used, or misused or abused them.

"The world goes on from age to age, but the holy Angels and blessed Saints are always crying alas, alas and woe, woe over the LOSS OF VOCATIONS and the disappointment of hopes and the scorn of God's Love and the ruin of souls."

—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

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There are More Pagans in China than there are Catholics in the World

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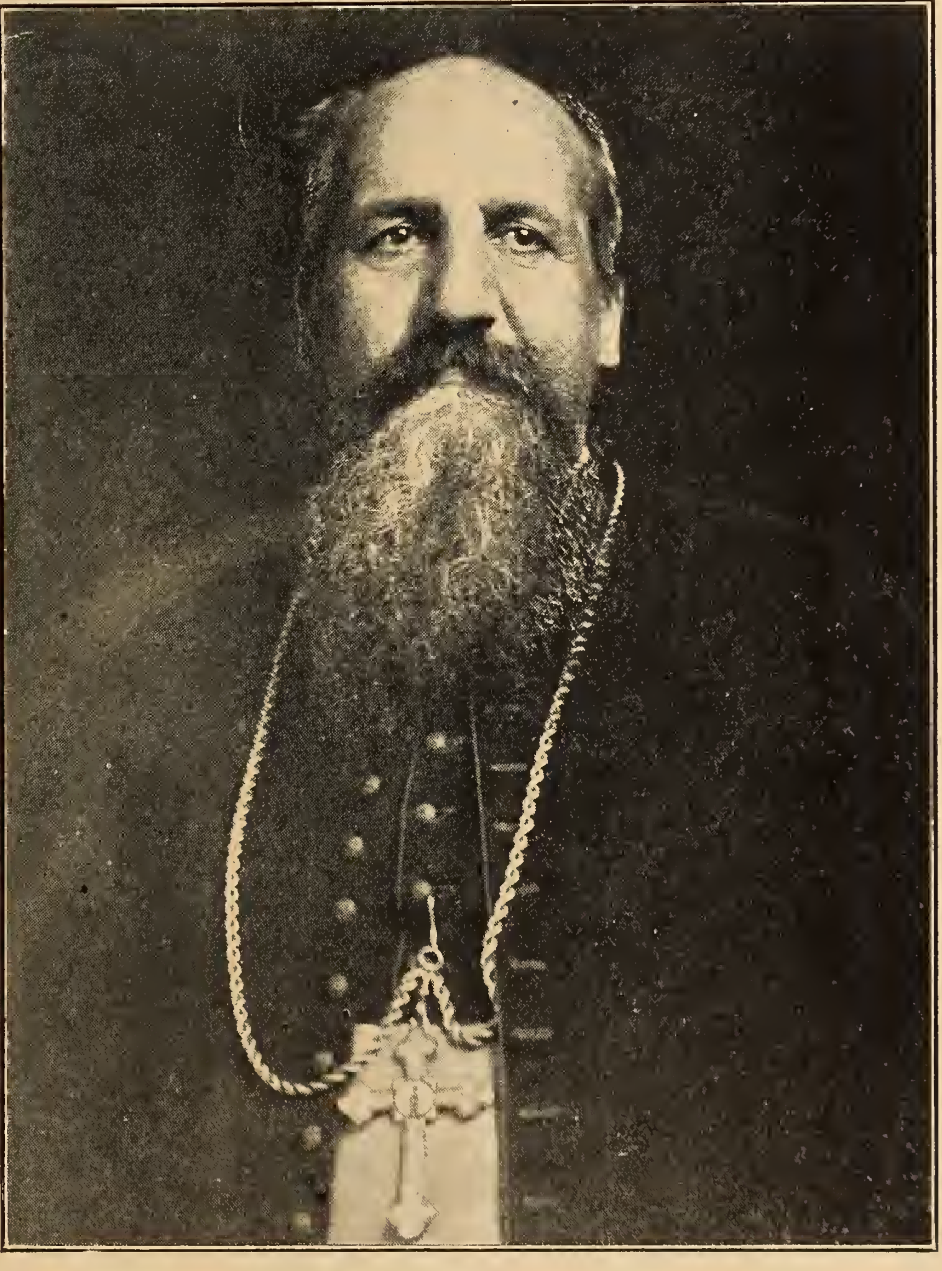

To the Revered Memory of His Lordship the late Rt. Rev. Paul Marie Reynaud, this issue of CHINA is Respectfully Dedicated.

MAY 1926

VOL. VII **CHINA** NO. 5

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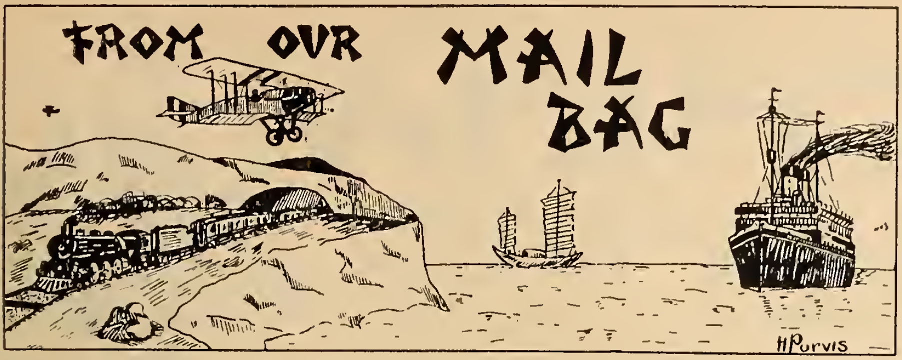

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"I have been receiving and reading your little gem publication CHINA for a year or two, having been interested in it through the work of Rev. Father Fraser whose intense zeal for the missions in China has influenced many, not only of his own faith, but Protestants also, to respect the claims of that great nation for consideration as a field for missionary work."

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"I am delighted to receive CHINA in its new uniform. Quite an improvement! Unfortunately I have not been able to lend you a helping hand lately, but this does not imply that I forget you. Not at all! When 'my ship comes in' you will be one of the first to sample the cargo. Recently the thought came to me that one of the best ways to spur your work on and make it more widely known would be to give a donation in the form of a few subscriptions. So as I start I ask you to send CHINA to the following."

CHUCHOW.
FATHER FRASER WRITES OF BISHOP REYNAUD

Laboured in the Late Bishop's Diocese for Fiften Years

"The late lamented Bishop Reynaud" writes Father Fraser, "was held in great esteem, not only in ecclesiastical circles but by the Foreign and Chinese Governments on account of his boundless charity and resourcefulness on numerous occasions during the course of his long episcopacy. He was but thirty years old at the time of his consecration and was called by the late Pope Pius IX. 'His Baby Bishop,' the youngest in the world.

He was several times decorated with the highest honors and distinctions by the Chinese government, having saved whole populations from starvation in times of famine. The enthusiasm with which he was received by the grateful people when visiting his Vicariate—by both Christians and pagans alike—was indescribable. The whole of China laments his death."

OUR MISSIONARIES IN CHUCHOW

This picture was taken in front of our Mission Residence. Left to right: Fathers Fong, Morrison, Fraser and Serra.

EDITORIAL PAGE
CHINA
Published Monthly by
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Editor - Rev. W. C. McGrath

OUR REAL WORK.

"To be a Bishop at the age of thirty . . . . to assume on my conscience the responsibility for from twenty-three to twenty-five millions of souls to be converted with a handful of missionaries. I speak of this to ask you to pray for me that I may not spoil the work of the Lord. The Saints fled from these honors and these burdens in fear and trembling and I, who am not a saint, can I fail to be disconcerted?"

A Great Responsibility

These were the words of the late Bishop Reynaud on the eve of his consecration as Vicar-Apostolic of Chekiang. For us just now they are fraught with solemn meaning for in the self-same province in which the Saintly Bishop laboured for souls we are now face to face with a similar burden and responsibility.

In our district in China there are over two millions of souls. Of these some 2,000—a mere handful—are christians. Upon the priests of our seminary and, under God, upon them alone, will depend the future of the Church in this great pagan centre where now Satan reigns supreme, where his image is openly adored and carried in solemn procession, and where—a stranger in this great pagan land—Christ remains hidden in His Sacramental presence in our little Church of the Sacred Heart.

Father Fraser and China

We remember a remark passed by Father Fraser some years ago. It was on one of those rare occasions when he could be induced to tell of his missionary experiences and he was speaking of the feeling of oppresion—almost of desolation—that comes over one sometimes, when face to face with the overwhelming power of paganism in China. "In our own country" he went on to say, "the Church is great and powerful and possessed of magnificent institutions, but in China it is so different. There. whatever there is of material splendor is lavished upon the countless thousands of pagan temples, with their hideous, grinning gods. The thousands of people whom you pass in the streets are pagans and you know as you pass them by that there are almost four hundred millions of their countrymen to whom God or His Church mean absolutely nothing. In China one can literally feel that crushing, stifling power of the evil one who holds those unfortunate millions in his grasp."

Father Fraser, dear friends, is once again in China and with him are two of our pioneer missionaries. Once more he, and this time his fellow-workers too, are face to face with that self same power of the evil one. They have begun the task of dethroning Satan from the land where his dread tyranny still enslaves the helpless souls of men.

A Formidable Task

Let us not delude ourselves. The task is a formidable one. It entails responsibilities from which even the Saints of God would shrink in fear and trembling. If it is to be carried to a successful issue, if the cross of Christ, emblem of salvation, is ever to replace the thousands of pagodas that defile the face of that fair land it can only be at the price of suffering and privation on the part of our missionaries, and continued, persevering prayer on the part of their many friends at home.

Necessity of Prayer

And so, dear friends, to you we appeal during this month of our Blessed Mother. We cannot think of the work that awaits us in China without a feeling of the utter helplessness of mere human effort. To failure are we foredoomed if we place our confidence in anything but the grace of God and the power of prayer. The devil, who holds the unfortunate millions of China in his power, knows only too well that no unaided efforts of ours will ever loosen his grim hold on those souls for whom Christ died. But he does fear prayer—prayer and sacrifice. Of this we have seen instances enough in the life of the Cure of Ars. And so, because we are resolved that China will be won for Christ, because we are determined that our hero missionaries will not suffer because of our neglect, because we know that your hearts and sympathies are with us in this work for the extension of God's Kingdom upon earth, we appeal to you to invoke the help of Mary our Mother in this great struggle for souls.

Mary All Powerful

Mary loves those abandoned souls in China, loves them because her Divine Son gave His life for their redemption, and Mary, to those friends of Hell who would fain encompass their eternal destruction is "terrible as an army in battle array." Join with us during this, her month of May, in a crusade of fervent prayer for the success of our missionaries in far-away Chuchow. From the quiet seclusion of your home, from your helplessness, perhaps, on bed of sickness, from the silence of your church or little chapel you can send forth to the Mother of God a fervent prayer for those who, far from home and loved ones, are fighting Christ's battles for immortal souls. And its efficacy will be felt far across the ocean, weakening the awful power of Satan, softening with God's grace the hearts of benighted pagans in China and bringing renewed strength and courage to our valiant soldiers of the cross.

CHUCHOW — FROM DAY TO DAY

Father Morrison's Diary—First Impressions and Experiences of One of Our Pioneer Missionaries—Seeing the Sights.

Rev. V. Morrison

January 31st, Sunday.—Father Fraser said the Mass for the Christians, and Father Fong preached and told the people of Father's great work on behalf of the Chinese. After Mass we had a reception and the people came to welcome us in our residence. In the afternoon we all went for a walk down along the river to see the dyke which Father Salon built for the protection of the city against floods. Funds collected in Europe and America were used for building this wall, and Father Salon, who is a mechanical engineer, supervised its construction.

Electric Light in Chuchow.

February 1st.—To-day it is bitterly cold. The weather is very changeable. You can't depend on it. We visited the electric power plant in the city. This is also the work of Father Salon. He showed them how they could harness the water power to generate electricity. As a recompense for this, they gave the church free electric light. They have no storage batteries; the light comes direct and hence is flickering all the time. However, it is much better than coal oil lamps. On our way back we called on Mr. Wung, one of the city councillors, and had tea with him.

Pagan Temples Abandoned.

February 2nd.—After dinner to-day we went for a stroll, and, on the way, dropped into two pagan temples over two hundred years old. There were four of us when we started out, but, as we went along, we were joined by an ever-increasing number of young men and boys. In one of the temples there were hundreds of idols, all grinning and grimacing, with no one to worship or reverence them, except perhaps the pigs, hens and roosters which were there in great numbers! The temple of Confucius in this town is not open to the public. I am told that it is more of a club than a temple. Each temple has its theatre, and there is a big demonstration whenever the people celebrate the birthday of one of the gods.

This Is No Hollywood.

February 3rd.—This afternoon we went to the "studio" of the city photographer to get him to develop some pictures we took en route. Father Fraser called it a studio, and I told him he had nice names for things. To get to the place we had to drive away a herd of swine, pass through tumbled-down doors, chase the hens and the roosters and the dogs out of our way—and all only to find that the gentleman who posed as a photographer was out. Then they sent a messenger after him to tell him that the foreigners were here on business. We left him our films and plates. He made a mess of the whole thing and spoiled them all. We found that he used cold water, and that the light was getting into his dark-room. However, we had to pay him for the damage he did.

A Visit From the Intellectuals.

February 4th.—While Father Fraser was out to-day trying to take a picture of the city, the literati or gentry of the town came to visit us and pay their respects. We donned our cloaks and went downstairs and met the learned gentlemen. We exchanged cards amidst much bowing and smiling, then moved to the reception room, where tea and smokes were served. Fathed Fong acted as interpreter and conveyed to the literati our unworthy felicitations on their grand and magnificent city. When they were ready to go, they drank their tea. Then with more bowing and smiling we conducted them slowly to the gate, whence, after a few more inclinations, they finally took their departure.

A Chinese Banquet.

February 6th.—To-day Father Boisard gave the chiefs of the city a farewell banquet, and Father Fraser also was invited. A big procession came up with them, making noise with horns, bagpipes, cymbals, etc., and the Reverend Fathers proceeded solemnly to the banquet hall. Father Fraser gave us a rather vivid description of the whole affair this evening. He did not like the idea of all the guests using their chopsticks on the same dish; shells, skins and bones were either placed on the table or thrown on the floor; the loser in certain guessing contests was required to dispose of fairly liberal allowances of native wine or spirits, and this continued until every one felt at peace with the world and quite satisfied with things in general.

Father Boisard's Departure.

February 8th.—Father Boisard took his departure to-day. A delegation of representative citizens came amidst a blast of firecrackers, trumpets and horns. When tea and cigarettes had been served, they all marched off again with Father Boisard in the lead, and firecrackers exploding all along the way. When he arrived at the boat he saluted and stepped aboard. Then, standing at the prow, he gave his final bow to the multitude on the shore, retired beneath the bamboo covering, and the crowd dispersed.

Free Electric Light.

February 9th.—The Catechist from Nea-Shea arrived to-day looking for money to pay the workmen who repaired the chapel at that place. He returns with the money, and has to travel 20 miles on foot. Workmen came this morning to reinstall the electric light. The job was completed and the whole house wired at 2.30 p.m.—pretty quick work. It took a Toronto electrician that long to put in a telephone switch. It was installed, fixtures and everything, gratis, by Mr. Ching, the president of the electric company, and he called in the evening to inspect the job and see that everything was all right. In addition to this, he gave us presents of food, rice and wine.

Indescribable Poverty.

February 11th.—A great crowd of people who had been on the road since October 12th last year, arrived at the residence to-day. They had travelled several hundred miles, having been forced by famine to leave their native province. They showed their credentials, medals, scapulars, etc., and the little ones recited the Hail Mary for us. The Bishop told them it was the only thing for them to do if they wished to save their lives. So they started out like Gypsies. They will be on the road another three months before they reach home. Their only belongings are the rags on their backs! Many of the women were carrying babies in their arms. Of course, only the Christians came to visit us. They

WHEN OUR RINK BECAME A RIVER

Our home-made dam served its purpose last winter in providing us with a much-needed rink. With the coming of the spring floods, however, the rink was soon unrecognizable.

came into the dining-room, and all began to talk at once. Not one of us understood a word they were saying. After a little, Father Fong and Father Fraser began to understand them a little. We gave them some money, medals and rosaries, and they then went on their way rejoicing, bowing and thanking us for our generosity. These poor people had not a thing in the world but the faith and the rags on their backs. Where in all the world will you find such poverty?

Hideous Idols.

After dinner we took a walk down town, bought some little things, and on our way back paid our respects to Mo-Kway, the Devil, as he is depicted in the largest Buddhist temple in Chuchow. He is represented by four circles, one above the other. The idols are ugly, fierce, awe-inspiring, striking terror into the poor Chinese. A creepy feeling comes over one on viewing these horrid figures of paganism and devil-worship. Pigs, dogs, hens and chickens thrive in this temple, while at the back of the altars, two gambling games were in progress. No reverence, no love, nothing but abject, servile fear.

The Chinese New Year.

February 13th.—This is Chinese New Year's Day. We had Mass for the Christians at 7.30. They all went to Holy Communion. After Mass they came to salute us, wishing us a Happy New Year, and bringing presents. They were all decked out in their best, and I must say they looked fine. During these three days no one does a tap of work if he or she can help it. Firecrackers are shot off, trumpets are blown, cymbals are clanged, and everyone is striving (and succeeding admirably) in every way to make as much noise as possible in welcoming in the New Year. In our stroll this afternoon we noticed that every pagan temple and shrine had innumerable candles and incense sticks burning before the idols in order to ensure success and prosperity during the coming year. Women, too, were burning superstitious paper and mock money before the doors of their homes. We went outside the north gate of the city and saw the multitude of tombs and wayside shrines with candles and incense burning before them. Even the spirits of the dead must be propitiated.

Thirty-Two Course Dinner.

February 15th.—To-day we had a regular Chinese banquet given in our honor by the Christians. There were thirty-two courses or dishes, great and small—mushrooms, shark's fins, birds' nests, watermelon seeds, chicken, turkey, vegetables, fruits and wine. At the end they bet one another for the drinks, and the one who loses wins, because it is he who gets the drinks. The dinner lasted nearly two hours, and our host did things fine.

Fire! Fire!

February 17th.—While we were engaged in a game of chess to-night, in rushed the porter, shouting "Ho! Ho! Ho!" We jumped up, rushed out and saw that a great fire was in progress. My, but there was confusion! No one fighting the fire, but everyone carrying baskets and bundles. The fire was making great headway, and hundreds standing around looking on. All the stores on both sides were being emptied and their contents carried to a place of safety. There are no waterworks in the town, and the fire had the right of way. Then they brought a small force pump, but it was out of order and wouldn't work. So they sent it to the repair shop and were back in half an hour. Then some carried water in buckets and poured it into the pump and that forced the water up to the roof. All the stores are only one storey high, and hence they did not need much force. You should hear the shouting and yelling! My, but they did shout! After an hour they got the fire under control, and we came home.

"Ways That Are Dark."

February 19th.—Yesterday on our rambles we met the police with ten men whom they had arrested for gambling. It seems that the people are allowed to gamble during the first four days of the New Year, but it is a crime to gamble beyond that time. They take them to the jail, fine them and let them go; but, before letting them go, the police take all their money and divide it among themselves. One fellow had a refreshment stand in the vicinity of the gambling area. One of the gamblers came over to his stand to buy some refreshments and was paying for them, when along came the police and grabbed the fellow by the back of the neck and marched him off with the rest. Say, didn't he holler! I don't know how he fared. They put the rest in jail with a big chain around their necks. We also heard to-day that the police, as soon as they knew there was a fire in town, hunted up the owners of the place and put them in jail for safe keeping. People would certainly kill them for letting a fire start that might burn them out, too. When it was discovered that their's was the only building burned, they were released, after which the people would not hurt them; neither would they pity them.

Strong Faith.

February 20th.—This evening ten Christians came from Ma-Sion to petition Father Fraser for a chapel in their locality. They are very venerable, and they saluted us most profoundly. They will remain with us for some time. During Lent, many of our Christians eat nothing until evening. They work hard all day. They say it is the right thing to do. I wonder will you find such faith in Canada? On Sundays they will remain for all the Masses, go to Confession and receive Holy Communion at the parish Mass. After Mass they stand around with their hands folded, gazing into vacancy. A Chinaman cannot sit still very long; during Mass he may get up, walk around the church, look at the pictures, go outside, come back again and sit down. Many of them come late. They have no clocks. The sun is their only timepiece.

The little community of Chinese Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in the Vicariate of East Chih-li. Sister Martine Wang is the Superior.

"Trying Out" His Chinese.

February 22nd.—A terrible rainstorm is in progress. Last night there was heavy thunder and lightning. The river is swollen, and this rejoices the hearts of the boatmen because they won't have to get out and pull their boats over the shoals. These days, we are busy at the language. I have just reviewed all the words and phrases we studied and tried them out on the youngsters. Some they understood, much they didn't! I tell you I was mighty glad when they understood. I felt I was "getting somewhere!"

A Pagan Procession

February 23rd.—A huge pagan procession passed our outer gate after supper this evening. An enormous Dragon image about 600 feet long was borne along by about 200 men and boys, all shouting and imitating the call of the Dragon. It was all illuminated with lanterns and was hideous to behold. This is the pagan ceremony of blessing the streets at the beginning of the New Year. The spirit of the Dragon is invoked to make men rich and happy. The crowd went all around the city and back again past our gate making all kinds of hideous noises, burning incense, beating drums, setting off firecrackers.

Father Serra's First Mission Journey

February 25th.—After breakfast to-day Fathers Fong and Serra start out on the first missionary journey of the season. They pack their blankets and bedding and fill a basket of provisions. These are carried to the boat by the servants. Whenever there is anything doing, a big crowd gathers around to look on. This time the crowd happened to be all Christians, and they accompanied the two missionaries to the boat. Father Serra said he would write this trip up. He took his typewriter along; so he must mean business. They will be absent for three weeks. In the meantime, Father Fraser and I will hold the fort.

Curious Visitors

February 27th.—This and the next two days are the last of the New Year celebration, and all the country people are coming to town to see the decorations on the streets. Two or three hundred called at the Mission. They come in, stand, gaze and look around. They were shown through the church, and the city Catechist explained the pictures, images and the stations of the Cross. Then they went away, just as slowly as they had entered.

A Huge Procession

Just before supper was the largest procession I have ever seen. It was in honor of the most revered pagan goddess Sing-Mo. All carried lanterns each one different from the other. People came from the country with their bundles and their babies on their backs to join in the procession. There were five or six very beautifully decorated sedan-chairs in which were the children of the rich, who were fulfilling their vows to the idol. A big fight started among some of the marchers as to who should take the lead. There sure was some shouting and hollering! Old men and boys walked along very religiously and ceremoniously, carrying torches and lanterns, while others hobbled along smoking their pipes. Behind them came the different idols. Before each one was a chair upon which were the fire and incense-sticks and the superstitious paper which the little boys were burning as they went along, lighting up the street with the flame. Then, to wind up the processions of the day, the Great Dragon was again carried through the streets whilst all the people acclaimed and shouted and invoked the spirit of the Dragon. When they arrived at the Great Temple, the drums beat, firecrackers were set off, and the people prostrated themselves before the idols, imploring them to watch over their families and to grant them eternal felicity. There were about 35,000 people in the procession, and it took three hours to pass the gate. So, it is quite evident that these poor people are still very much attached to their pagan rites. They are brought up pagan, and it is only the grace of God can christianize them. Father Fraser says that if we, missionaries, could work miracles, the Chinese would drop their idolatry at once and embrace the Christian Faith. Alas, we have not the qualifications for the gift of miracles; so we will have to be content to work in the usual way with prayer, patience and mortification.

Dear Friends:

This will give you an idea of what kind of a place we have here and the difficulties under which we labor. Things seem to have taken on a new life since our arrival. I notice a much larger congregation on Sundays, and some that did not come at all are already fixed up again and started out afresh. Father Fraser treats the Chinese very kindly and gives generous alms to all the deserving. He has improved the meals for the boys studying here. He is going to put up a swing for them in the yard. He bought them a football, and they are learning to kick it about. The food here is excellent and the cooking grand. Everything has such a nice flavor. The Chinese certainly know how to cook. The bread we get here from Ningpo is better than the bread you have in Canada.

At present we are busily engaged in the study of the language. Father Fong gives us the local pronunciation. Never hearing an English word from sunrise to sunset, we are bound to make rapid progress. Old Catholic magazines and newspapers would be welcome here.

(Rev.) Vincent Morrison
Catholic Mission
CHUCHOW, CHE.
China.

PORTABLE "STOVES" IN CHUCHOW

Natives "Carry Their Own"

The stove that Father Fraser brought to Chuchow from Ninpo was quite a curiosity to the people of the district. It is the first stove that was ever in Chuchow and many and varied were the comments passed by the spectators. The Chinese carries his own stove around with him in his hands all the time. It is about the size of a small flower pot and is called a "Haw Lu." In it is placed the remains of the charcoal used to cook the rice and wherever a Chinese travels he carries his "Haw Lu." When Father Fraser explained that the stove was to keep people warm one of the christians said that he thought that only in Heaven would people be warm.

FATHER SERRA GAINS MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE

Accompanies Father Fong on Mission to Sungyang

Rev. R. Serra

Shortly after his arrival in Chuchow Father Serra accompanied Father Fong on a mission journey to Sungyang. "They started out" Father Fraser writes, "on a three days' journey to Sungyang for the purpose of making the mission, i.e., hearing the confessions and giving Holy Communion. They will also visit Suichang where there is a chapel and a few christians and will be absent for several weeks. On their return we shall have a solemn High Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Bishop Reynaud. The Mandarin has been ordered to assist at the Mass."

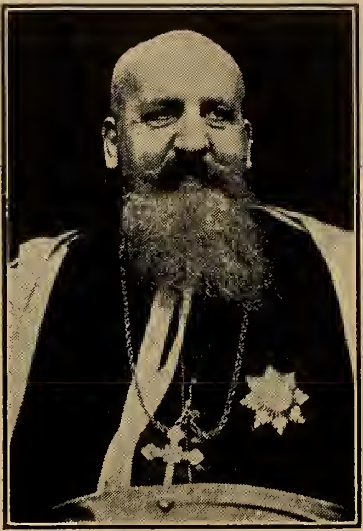
SISTERS URGENTLY NEEDED IN CHUCHOW

Girls Growing Up Without Instruction

The latest letter from Father Fraser, received as we go to press, tells something of our boys' school. "Things are getting more lively," writes Father Fraser, "around the mission compound as the school is again opened after the Chinese New Year Holidays. We started with about fifteen pupils a week ago and we now have about thirty.

My next endeavor will be to start a girls' school as the girls are growing up with nobody to instruct them. There is not a catholic woman in this district capable of teaching. A girls' school is urgently needed but we cannot do much in that line until we have a convent and sisters. I hope the . . . . Sisters will volunteer. A rich harvest of souls is awaiting them when they come."

永光照之



主教趙公

洗名
保祿

法國利翁府人氏生於一八五四年三月十二日。一八七三年五月十九日進遣使會、一八七九年六月七日晉陞鐸品。同年八月廿六日抵華。初在寗波聖母升天堂襄理傳神父「洗名昧增爵」傳教。以其心切榮主。每逢瞻禮慶期必躬親點綴聖堂。教練學生唱經。以鼓勵信友之熱心。並首倡慶賀聖母聖月。日打三鐘經三次堂內常供聖體等等敬禮旋因定海小修院院長魏神父去世、趙公即奉命繼任。教育修生。管理教友鞠躬盡悴不遺餘力越年以蘇主教臨終遺囑簡趙公自繼。深蒙上峯贊許、乃於一八八四年六月廿九日榮膺主教爵位。負全浙教務重任首尾四十二年。其熱心榮主。推擴教務。倡辦事業。日興月增、開辦毓才學校、建設普濟院。倡立拯靈會。遷築大小修道院。改造偉麗大堂不下十餘座。其最注意者、爲培植本地司鐸之人才。溯趙公繼任之初。全浙信友不逾五千。司鐸外籍者八位華籍者四位、嗣以信友日衆。於一九一〇年。將全浙傳教區域劃分爲二。目下信友統計七萬三千零、司鐸九十餘位。華鐸居其多數。至其賑饑救災等種種善舉、則有口皆碑。且有政府頒賜之各級勳章爲證。如前清之雙龍二等寶星。民國之二等及五等嘉禾章。與夫法國之榮光勳章等是也。嗚呼。若

趙公者。詢可謂畢生榮主愛人之善牧也。此次赴歐航海千里、不托病不辭老。專以榮主救人爲職志、及至羅瑪與教宗討論傳教進行方法因積勞過甚舊病復發、急往巴黎總院調治。無奈湯藥罔效。諸醫束手、遂於本月二十三日領受聖教全禮平安謝世。享年七十有三。以其功全德備。

上主召以膺忠僕之永賞我儕沐恩小子。勿忘爲我捐軀殞命之　趙公。倍切加禱、務祈

仁慈天主賜之速登天國。早享永福、以表我報恩之衷於萬一也。

一九二六年二月廿四日江北七苦堂發

The above, reproduced from "Le Petit Messager" of Ningpo, China, is a tribute to the memory of the late Bishop Reynaud, whose picture appears in the inset. A translation is given on the opposite page of CHINA.

In Memoriam

Translated from "The Little Messenger"—Ningpo.

We are orphans. Alas! our revered chief, our beloved father is gone from us. We must resign ourselves to the bitter thought that we shall see him no more. Not in a few lines, nor in a few pages could we review his life, his work, his virtue, the influence he exercised and the great prestige that he enjoyed. For now, a few dates, a few details, must suffice to tell the story.

Born in 1854 at Ste Croix, Monsigneur Reynaud entered the Lazarist Community in 1873, was ordained priest in 1879 and arrived at Ningpo in September of the same year. In 1884 he became Vicar Apostolic of Chekiang. Fifty three years of religious life! Forty-seven years of missionary priesthood! Forty-two years episcopate! And what an episcopate!

In 1884 Monsigneur Quierry confided 5,000 christians to his care. They are now 73,000. Not to speak of ordination ceremonies performed elsewhere Monsigneur Reynaud had the consolation of raising to the priesthood fifty-nine of his own seminarians. There are now more native priests than the forty of whom the late Holy Father Pope Benedict XV. spoke in admiration.

"What, forty priests! You have ordained forty native priests! Chinese priests!" "Yes, Holy Father, Forty real Chinese priests." His Holiness was in admiration. And mission compounds have been established and churches and chapels have been multiplied in ever increasing proportion.

These dates, these details, these facts! Have they not an eloquence of their own! But what they do not say, what they cannot tell, what it would be difficult to put in words, is the story of the work, the suffering, the energetic effort, the tireless constancy of the character that prepared this great harvest and assured its success. What figures cannot tell, what it is impossible to express is the beauty of his great intelligence, ever so clear and so profound, of his judgment, ever right and sure. Above all they cannot speak to us of the treasures of his goodness and devotion, of the true fatherly affection in the heart of the Apostle and Father, of the childlike simplicity that rendered him ever so dear to those who knew him in the intimacy of every day relations. How his heart beat in unison with the Heart of Jesus, "Misereor super turbam," He who was so timid with those whom he did not know did not hesitate to come forward and take the initiative in times of sore distress. For Shaohing in 1913, for the North in 1917, for the victims of the typhoon in 1921, he appealed in America, he appealed in China to the Bishops, who, though poor themselves, responded generously to the call of their charitable Dean, he appealed in France to his own many friends and admirers, and even at Rome to the Holy Father himself who contributed 40,000 francs to the sufferers of China. It was the first official gift of the Catholic Church to the Chinese Republic. He gave his own cloak to open a fund for the unfortunate and his gold pastoral chain was sold for the relief of the victims of the floods.

Behind all this was a profound faith, an intense supernatural life and a burning charity and love of souls. DA MIHI ANIMAS! GIVE ME SOULS! It was the impelling motive of all the actions of his episcopate. For this reason he loved his priests so dearly, without distinction of European or Native, his religious—the Sisters of Charity and the Virgins of Purgatory—his faithful and devoted helpers in his first work of evangelization. And how he loved his christians! and China! His letters after his last departure give eloquent testimony of the sorrow that was his at being separated from us all. His greatest trial during the days of his last illness was the thought of dying far away from us, away from the China he loved so well.

Happily it is a consolation to us in our bereavement—during the last months of his earthly pilgrimage he had by his side as his companion in exile, as his support and consolation in his trial, as a living and loving reminder of his mission and of China, one whom he himself had ordained to the preisthood, who had become his Vicar-General and trusted adviser, one whom he had given thus formed and prepared to the infant Church of Hangchow to be its Angel and Pastor, His Lordship Monsigneur Paul Faveau, to whom the mission of Ningpo respectfully addresses its profound gratitude.

His body rests in his own native land but here among us his work remains and it will continue to speak to us of him whom we will see no more on earth. From on high he will continue to love us, and we, while we pray for him will endeavor to continue the traditions he has left behind.

CHINESE SEMINARIANS SEND GREETINGS

The following letter of New Year's Greetings was sent to our Missionaries in China by three little boys from Chuchow who are at present in Ningpo making their preparatory studies for the priesthood. It was written in Latin.

(Translation)

Reverend Fathers:

On the approach of the New Year it is our custom to present our good wishes to friends and relatives. We should indeed be pleased, nay overjoyed, to visit and greet you, did not the rules of The Seminary prevent us. Hence we are writing to congratulate you.

We are deeply grateful for all you have done for us. We have no gifts to offer in return. All we can do is to pray God and His Holy Mother to reward you here and hereafter and to grant you a truly Happy and Prosperous New Year.

We beg of you, dear Fathers, to pray that we may become worthy of our holy vocation; that we may advance in virtue, and so become good and pious seminarians and in the end good and pious priests.

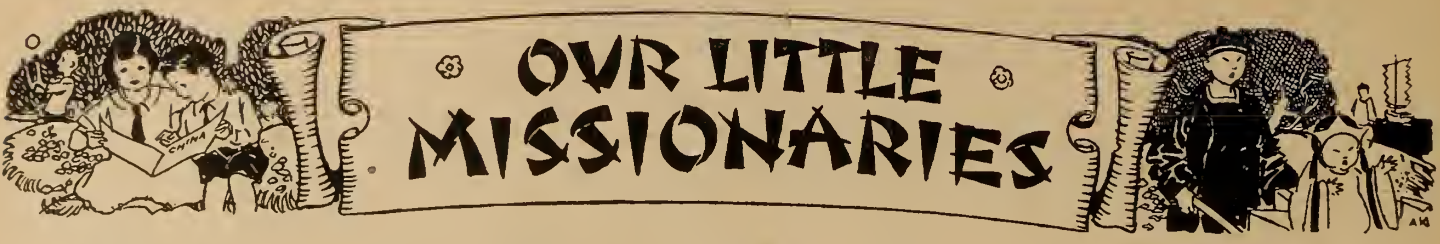
Your humble and most obedient servants,

Lia Fuo; Pao Tsing; Nagu Ting.

St. Vincent's Preparatory Seminary, Ningpo.

January 30, 1926.

The Shore of Lake Ontario in Its Winter Garb.



The Greatest Fairy Tale

"Then, one bright summer day a stranger came to Koulong, a man from beyond the seas. "Yes, little girl, there is a Fairyland." "Oh, please tell me where it is." The little face was all aglow with interest.

Once upon a time, in the pagan city of KOULONG in CHINA, there lived a little girl. Only nine years old, she was of the sweetest disposition and of the most remarkable beauty.

The only daughter of a rich merchant, SIU-HWA — (BEAUTIFUL FLOWER) had all that a child's heart could desire. Her playthings were numerous and expensive, her clothes rich and beautiful—nevertheless she was most unhappy.

Among the child's many books was one named "FAIRY TALES." She had read every story in it many times but there was one which she was most fond of. It told of a little girl like herself named ALICE, who had discovered that wonderful country called FAIRYLAND. It described too how she found herself too big to pass through its tiny door and how by using some mysterious liquid she became small enough to enter. The story of that wonderful land ruled over by so good and glorious a king, won SIU-HWA'S heart.

She questioned every one she knew about this fairy kingdom but people only laughed—they knew of no such beautiful country. Disappointed the child would turn away but she never doubted of its existence, feeling sure some day she would find it.

Then, one bright summer day, a stranger came to KOULONG—a man from beyond the seas. Perhaps, thought our little friend, he may tell me something about this wonderful land. So it was not long before a strong friendship grew up between this little oriental maid and the strange man of KOULONG.

One moonlight evening he was sitting outside his door and telling her a story of the strange country where he lived, when out popped her question—Is there really and truly a fairyland? The dark, wistful eyes, were looking into his own, searching his very soul for the answer to that most important question.

"Yes, little girl, there is a fairyland, a country of golden streets, of jewelled palaces, of unending happiness. There is a KING and a QUEEN who rule over that land, the most kind and loving monarchs that can be found."

The little face was all aglow with interest and excitement. "Oh, please tell me where it is, I want to go there just like ALICE did."

A smile lit up the man's face and the tears came to his eyes. He, too, had heard the story of this marvelous land and as a child he had left his home, far across the seas, to come and tell it to others.

"That is FAIRYLAND, little one," he said—pointing up to where the lighted windows of our heavenly home pierced the dark skies of a pagan land.

Up to those lighted mansions
We prisoners call the sky.

Part 2

Not many nights after, FATHER HOLLAND was aroused from sleep by a sharp knock at the door. It was a little playmate of SIU-HWA'S, white-faced and sobbing. "SIU-HWA is dying, sir, and she wants to see you so badly, wont you please come."

The priest dressed quickly and taking with him his little black bag, hurried after his guide through the night. At last they arrived at the house, knocked and were taken to the bedside of the dying child.

"FATHER, they say I am dying and you told me that if I was good, I would go to FAIRYLAND then."

"Yes, dear, you have been a good girl and you are going to WONDERLAND" the priest answered and the hot tears trickled down his cheeks.

"But FATHER, you know I'm too big to enter the little door. You told me you would give me the wonderful liquid that would make me small enough to pass through."

Slowly, the holy waters of BAPTISM covered her head, and a sweet smile rested on her beautiful face. "Oh, FATHER, I can pass through the little door now and I see a beautiful land, just like you said—golden streets and jewelled palaces—and—good-bye."

Up above the stars were twinkling in their thousands against the background of the night—the lights of home. Then just as that last good-bye died away—one star flickered and went out, for—

"They say when'er a lamp's blown out
Some soul is going home."

So our little friend found her fairy kingdom of golden streets and jewelled palaces, of princes and princesses, of wonderful sights and marvels, of unending happiness. There the poor become rich, the sick cured, the sorrowful happy—there everyone "lives happily ever after."

As FATHER HOLLAND walked home that night, he thought of the millions of pagans who had never heard of the greatest fairy tale of all. He thought too of the millions sunk in sin and the words of JESUS came back to him. "My house is a house of many mansions, but the door is low and only the little ones may enter in."

H. F. X. S.

SEND US YOUR PICTURES

We would be very pleased to have for publication in CHINA the pictures of our youthful missionaries. If you have a mite box, if you read CHINA, if you are interested in the work of the missions send us along a snapshot of yourself, of your school or of your Crusade Unit. Pictures will be published in the order in which they are received.

RESOLVED

"That Home Missions Should be Helped Rather Than Foreign Missions.

The following is a brief summary of the principal points given in support of the negative side of the debate on the missions held in St. David's School, Toronto.

1. The Old Testament teaches us that God commanded the chosen people to go into a foreign lank to work for Him.

2. The Epiphany Star was sent to guide the Gentile world to Our Lord. To continue God's work the Church must send missionary stars to far off lands to direct people to Our Saviour.

3. Our Lord's command to the Apostles was "Go teach all Nations."

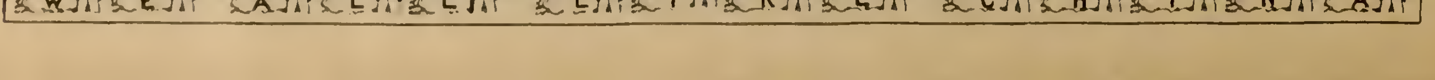
4. St. Peter's vision taught him that even those who were not Jews were to be received into the Church and the admission of Cornelius into the Church is but the beginning of the reception of all nationalities into the Church.

5. The practice of the Church is further illustrated by: the sending of missionaries from Italy to the Goths and Vandals; The sending of the Recollects, the Jesuits and the Ursulines to Canada; and the sending of the Sisters to our own schools in Toronto.

6. The Faith of a family is strengthened by the mission news sent back by its sons and daughters. A nation is but a group of families, hence its Faith would be increased by having many missionaries in foreign lands.

7. St. Paul says "For God will have all men to be saved," and our Catechism teaches us that God wishes to lead all adult Pagans to salvation.

8. Pope Benedict XV. said, "God gave to all a commandment concerning his neighbor which is all the more



urgent when our neighbor needs our help. And who is more in need of help than the Gentile races who are living under the power of the Evil One?"

9. Mr. Hong, the eminent Catholic philanthropist in China, says that Chinese students are already bringing home European ideas and unless the Church helps China now the advance of Commercialism will make of China another Japan.

10. The breaking down of the Caste system and the uplifting of womanhood in India cannot be accomplished without missionaries.

11. The Church founded by Christ is ever to be one holy catholic and apostolic. How can it be catholic or universal without foreign missions?

12. Was not the gift of tongues on that first feast of Pentecost to enable them to preach Christ's message to people of different nationalities? It would be unnecessary if only the residents of Jerusalem were to be instructed.

A CHINESE INDUSTRY

There are about 50 tinfoil makers in Foochow, China, employing 1,000 workers at a daily wage of from 30 cents to $1, according to individual skill. The tinfoil, known as joss paper, is much used in South China in connection with funeral and religious services.

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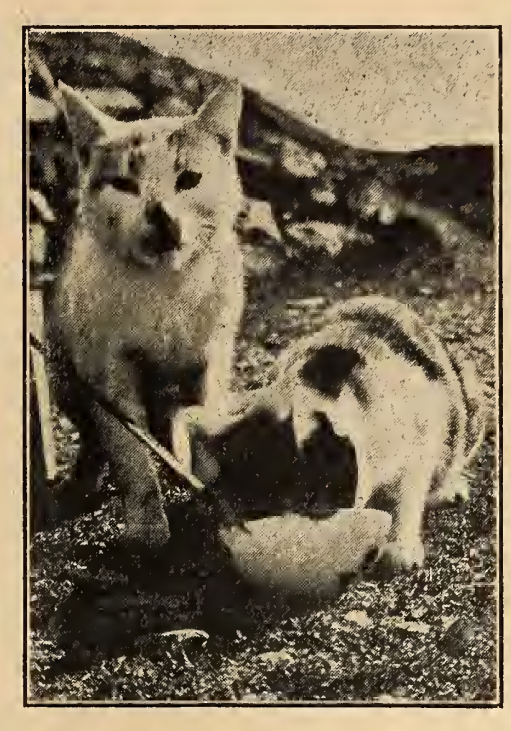

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MISSION STUDY CLUB

A mission movement which promises much for the future was recently inaugurated in the Loretto Academy, Toronto. A "Mission Study Club" was organized to investigate the conditions in mission countries and to devise ways and means of assisting the missionaries there.

Each study circle or "Round Table" group elected a "Chief" who leads in the investigations, and a Scribe who acts as secretary. The Chief appoints a Leader for the first meeting and assigns the topic to be studied. A new Leader is appointed for each meeting and the subject-matter so arranged that every member has a turn at least at alternate meetings. The meetings are scheduled to be held weekly—allowance being made for postponement for holidays or examinations. The subject-matter for the investigations has been procured from The Crusade Castle, Shattuc Ave., Cincinnati.

As a Supplement to this very excellent material we would recommend the map of the province of Chu Chow together with the letters of our missionaries.

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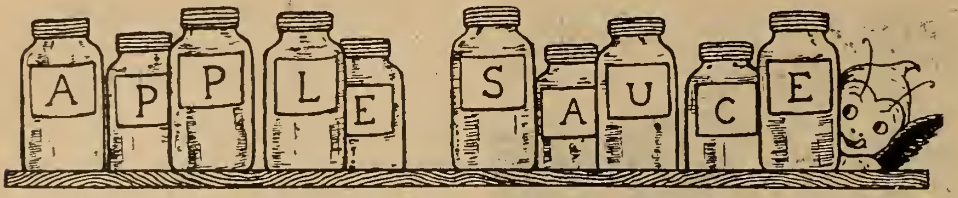

ITEMIZED.

A Chinese taxi driver, says a newspaper, rendered the following bill to a customer:

"Bill for taxi ride—
Ten goes,
Ten comes
At $0.50 a went, $5.00."

HARD LUCK!

"An ardent angler took a friend fishing. He knew nothing about the gentle art, but was set up with the necessary tackle and a nice, comfortable seat on the bank.

"The experienced hand started fishing a few yards higher up stream.

"Presently the novice said, 'How much do those red things cost?'

"'I suppose you mean the float?' said the angler. 'That only costs about ten cents.'

"'Well, I owe you ten cents,' said the novice, 'The one you have lent me has sunk'."

HE OWNS UP TO IT.

Once upon a time an Irishman was walking through a lonely cemetery and stopped before an imposing looking monument bearing the following inscription: "I Still Live."

Pat reflected soberly for a moment and then said, "Well, if Oi was dead, begorra, Oi'd own up to it!"—Ex.

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

It was at the meeting of the county school board. The inspector was relating some of his funny experiences with the children. "In one school," he went on, "I asked the pupils who wrote Hamlet. For a while there was silence. Then one little boy put up his hand. 'Please, sir, I didn't,' he said."

There was loud laughter as the inspector concluded. One of the trustees was particularly struck by the joke. "It just shows you," he said, "how deceitful some of those youngsters can be. I'll bet the little rascal did just the same."

WHAT'S THE USE!

A friend is introducing a lady to an old gentleman who is very deaf.

"Mr. Brown, meet Miss Dinkelspedel."

Mr. Brown: "I beg your pardon."

Friend: "Miss DINKELSPEDEL, Mr. Brown!"

Mr. Brown: "I didn't quite get the name. Miss ??????"

Friend: "Miss **DINKELSPEDEL, DINKELSPEDEL.**"

Mr. Brown: 'Tis no use, my friend. It sounds just like Dinkelspedel to me."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Abie: My son is very sick today.

Jacob: Is he?

Abie: No, Ikey.

QUITE SO.

The speaker was treating of nervous temperaments and those who were subject to them. "Generally speaking," he continued, "women are —"

At this a lady interrupted. "Are what?"

"Generally speaking," quietly resumed the speaker, amid roars of laughter at the lady's expense.

NO MISTAKE.

"Say, Rastus," said Sambo, "Come and see my new car. I'se just bought a new coupe (coup)."

"Why, niggah, you am ignoramus, don't you know that word is coupe (coupee). A coup means somethin' fo' holdin' chickens."

"Well, Rastus, dat's just what dat car am fo', fo' holdin' chickens."

CONSIDERATE

The office boy knocked timidly at the boss's door. "Please, sir," he stammered after he had been bidden to enter, "my grandma's dead and I'd like to know if I could get off for the afternoon to attend her funeral."

"A look of fatherly sympathy overspread the boss's face. "Why certainly, my boy, but just one thing before you go. When you come back be sure to let me know who pitched and what the score was."

INFORMATION DESIRED.

The lecturer had been describing some of the sights he had seen abroad.

"There are some spectacles," he said, "that one never forgets."

"I wish you would tell me where I can get a pair," exclaimed an old lady in the audience. "I am always forgetting mine."

HE KEPT HIS WORD.

A noted ventriloquist entered a restaurant during the busy lunch hour, bringing with him a small Irish terrier. He seated himself at a table, placed the dog on a chair opposite himself and called the waiter.

"I'll have roast beef and French fried, waiter. Fido" (turning to the dog) "what's your's to-day?"

"One mutton chop," growled back the dog in a deep bass voice" and say, have it well done."

The waiter's hair was beginning to stand on end. He just stood and stared. "Say," growled the dog, "don't stand there like a dumbell. Hurry up that chop and have it well done."

The waiter rushed to the proprietor and told him what had happened. When the meal was over and the ventriloquist was leaving the proprietor called him aside. "Say," he began, "Do you mean to tell me that dog can talk?"

"Of course I can," replied Fido, "what do you want to ask him for?"

The proprietor was convinced and turning to the owner asked him to name his price for the gifted animal.

"Five hundred dollars," said the ventriloquist, "and he's yours."

The proprietor accepted.

At this Fido waxed indigant.

"Say," he said, "did you go and sell me for five hundred dollars?"

"Yes."

"And to that little fellow?"

"Yes," replied his master.

"Alright. Just for that I'll never speak another word."

And he didn't.

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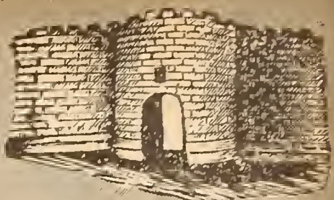

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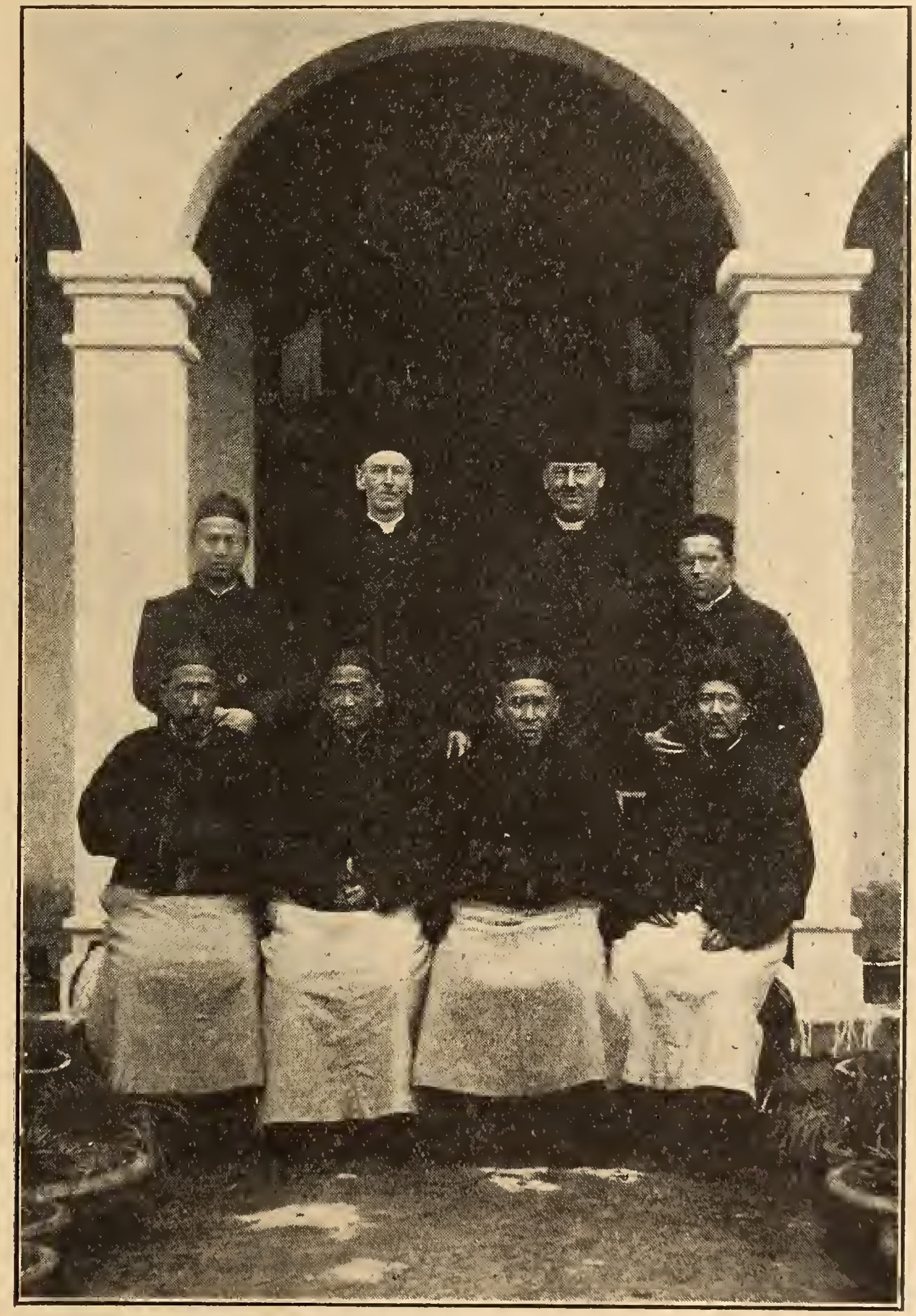

OUR MISSIONARIES WITH THE PRINCIPAL MEN OF CHUCHOW CITY.
(See page 84.)

JUNE 1926

VOL. VII **CHINA** NO. 6

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EDITORIAL PAGE
CHINA
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HAVE WE "CHINA" ENOUGH AT HOME?

During the recent strike in England one of the chief concerns of the Government was the ensuring of a fair distribution of essential food supplies. No one section of the community was to live in luxury while others were threatened with a shortage of the necessaries of life. The principle is a fundamental one. As far as its relation to man's material needs is concerned, it needs neither justification nor defence. It is only when a similar principle of fair play is extended to the spiritual order that we find many well-meaning persons who question the wisdom of its application. Here is what we mean.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

There are in the world today hundreds of millions who are perishing, not of bodily hunger, but of spiritual starvation. Since you read the last issue of this paper OVER TWO MILLION PAGAN SOULS HAVE PASSED INTO ETERNITY, and how many are there at this moment whose impending damnation is as certain as the rising of the sun? There are also, thank God, many millions of more fortunate souls, Christians who not merely enjoy the mere necessities of the spiritual life, but who—if we may so speak—revel in the very luxuries of Christianity. In the vast majority of our home parishes today it is within the reach of our people to enjoy to the full the blessings of our holy Faith. They may frequent the Sacraments as often as they desire. The tribunal of penance with its mighty graces that baffle the evil one, is ever at their disposal, and if they wish they may receive even daily into their souls the God of Heaven and earth.

GREATER NEEDS THAN OURS

God be thanked that it is so. Would that such a blessed state of affairs obtained the whole world over. But while so many Christians enjoy a superabundance of graces and helps on the road to salvation, there are countless millions who are utterly deprived of the helps without which it is morally impossible for them to attain their eternal salvation. In other words, account for it as we may, the fact is that in regard to the spiritual treasures of the Church the distribution is overwhelmingly in our favor. And while so many of our people at home fail to avail themselves of the precious privileges within their reach, while they can abuse God's gifts over and over again and be won back by the graces of His almost compelling mercy, there are hundreds of millions in pagan lands who have never had a chance. While we enjoy to the full the luxuries of Christianity, immortal souls, on the far-flung frontiers of the mission outposts of the Church, are perishing in their millions and perishing eternally, for want of the barest necessities of the spiritual life.

A TOUCHING EXAMPLE.

Are we overstating the case? Is this mere rhetoric born of wild enthusiasm? Read for yourself this letter which we have just received from Father Fraser. And as you read contrast your own position with that of the people of our district in China. "A short time ago," writes Father Fraser, "I received a petition signed by all the Christians of Sungyang, imploring me to build them a church and station a priest in their midst. It takes several days for a messenger to arrive here from Sungyang and as many for a priest to return. The result is that MANY OF THE CHRISTIANS DIE THERE WITHOUT BEING ABLE TO RECEIVE THE LAST SACRAMENTS." Not only, dear reader, are no conversions being made in remote sections of our district in China, but it is not even possible for the few Christians in those places to receive the last Sacraments when they are dying. And this is no imaginary case, conjured up by some pious soul who never saw China. It is a sad reality, not only in Sungyang, but in many of the remote places in our mission district in China. Where in all the Christian world to-day do such heartrending conditions obtain?

THE PITY OF IT.

And yet (no doubt you yourselves have heard them) there are those who say in all seriousness that the work of the missions is unnecessary, who dismiss the question with the time-worn and pathetically false assertion that "we have China enough at home." And yet those very people enjoy the faith today because of the fact that there were Foreign Missions and Foreign missionaries in the days when their own forefathers were sunk in the darkness of paganism; because there were then, as there are now, men whose Christlike love of souls inspired them to turn a deaf ear when they too were told that they had missionary work enough at home.

THE BETTER PART.

Would that there were priests enough to place within the reach of all men the saving graces of Redemption! It would be a glorious thing if the blessings our people enjoy were within the reach of souls the world over; but since things are as they are, since there are not priests enough to distribute to all even the barest necessities of spiritual life, is it not more Christlike to leave those who are secure in the possession of the luxuries of Christianity and to devote one's life to relieving the crying necessities of those who are perishing of spiritual starvation?

Upon the truth of this undeniable conclusion we are prepared to stake all that life holds dear, and to go, as so many have gone before us, to bring the light of faith to the millions "who still sit in darkness and the shadow of death." If, on the contrary, it be true that "we have China enough at home," then, indeed, are we deluded; then is the work of the Missions unnecessary; then must we take sorry refuge in the unthinkable, the almost blasphemous, but utterly logical alternative, that the Apostles themselves were deceived by their Divine Master, that Christ did not mean what He was saying when He delivered to them His last sublime message before He ascended into Heaven.

The Holy Father and the Missions

Extracts from "Rerum Ecclesiae," the Latest Encyclical of His Holiness Pope Pius XI.

"For the Church has no other reason for existence, than, by enlarging the Kingdom of Christ throughout the world, to make all men participate in His salutary Redemption."

"Since, therefore, none are to be considered so poor and naked, none so infirm or hungry or thirsty as those who are deprived of the knowledge and Grace of God, there is no one who does not see that mercy and a divine reward shall not be wanting to him who has shown mercy to the most needy of his fellows."

"There is no need to insist how foreign it is to the virtue of charity, which embraces God and all men, for those who belong to the Fold of Christ not to have a care for the rest who are unhappily straying without the fold."

"Can we vouchsafe to our neighbours a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdrawn from the darkness of superstition and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body; heaven, earth; eternity, time."

"For we read that Christ enjoined not only Peter, whose chair we occupy, but all the apostles, whose successors you are: 'Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature. (Mark 16:15). It is evident from this that the responsibility of propagating the faith belongs to us, on condition that you must unhesitatingly share the work with us and help us as much as your own particular pastoral duties will permit."

"If there be, in any of your dioceses, any young men or ecclesiastical students, or priests, who seem called to this most excellent apostolate, far from putting any difficulties in their way, encourage them in their ambitions and inclinations, by your favor and authority. NEITHER SCARCITY OF CLERGY NOR ANY NEED OF THE DIOCESE OUGHT TO DISCOURAGE YOU, OR KEEP YOU FROM GIVING YOUR CONSENT, SINCE YOUR FAITHFUL HAVE AT HAND, SO TO SPEAK, THE HELPS TO SALVATION AND ARE LESS FURTHER REMOVED FROM SALVATION THAN ARE THE HEATHENS. . . IF THE OCCASION, THEREFORE, ARISES, SUFFER PATIENTLY THE LOSS OF ONE OF YOUR CLERGY FOR THE LOVE OF CHRIST AND OF SOULS, IF, INDEED, IT CAN BE CALLED A LOSS, SINCE IF YOU DEPRIVE YOURSELF OF A CO-LABOURER AND A SHARER OF YOUR TOILS, THE DIVINE FOUNDER OF THE CHURCH WILL SURELY SUPPLY THE DEFICIENCY BY SHOWERING MORE ABUNDANT BLESSINGS ON THE DIOCESE AND BY AWAKENING NEW VOCATIONS TO THE SACRED MINISTRY."

FRONTISPIECE PICTURE.

This is a picture of our missionaries and the principal men of the city of Chuchow. In the front row, third from left, is Mr. Ging, proprietor of the electric light plant and match factory in Chuchow city, and a great friend of the mission. Although he is a pagan he has given free electric light for our Church and mission residence and, what is still more remarkable for pagan China, he has made a rule that his employees are not to work on Sunday. "Would that we had more like him," writes Father Fraser, "His object is to give employment to the poor people and in the match factory, which is just being built, he will employ about 400 people. He is having a very beautiful park made in front of his factory and we supplied him with some of the necessary plants. He and the mandarin came to see us again the other day." This serves to show the friendly spirit in our district between the missionaries and the civil authorities. It is in pleasant contrast to the unfortunate conditions in other parts of China today.

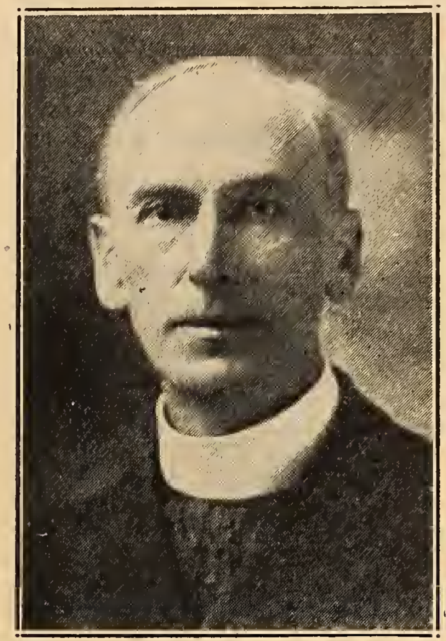
A UNIQUE GIFT FOR A PROSPECTIVE BRIDE.

"The other day," writes Father Fraser from Chuchow, "as I was conversing at the door of our house with a group of Christians, a woman suddenly rushed into our midst. She was most wretchedly clad, and seemed overwhelmed with grief and despair. Wringing her hands, and weeping bitterly, she prostrated herself upon the ground before us, and sobbed out her pitiful story.

In pagan China, as you may know, there are no charitable institutions for the housing of the aged poor. The support of parents devolves upon the sons, who regard this as a sacred duty which must never be neglected. But for aged people who have no such support, no provision is made. They have no other alternative except death by the roadside from disease, neglect and starvation.

The poor creature, who now sought our aid, is a widow with one son, upon whom, of course, all her future hopes in this world depend. So extremely poor are they that the mother found it next to impossible to procure a girl who would one day become her son's wife, and with whom she might end her days in peace. At length, however, she secured a future daughter-in-law, a mere child, who was of such fragile health that other mothers, on a like quest, always passed her by. Upon the frail shoulders of this little girl was laid the task of providing the family meals which she procured in the following manner: In a nearby pond the very poorest people wash their vegetables in preparation for their meals, casting away the withered outer leaves as unfit for use. Every day this child went to the pond to gather this refuse of the poorest, and from it prepare a meal for herself and those dependent upon her. To-day in an effort to clutch a discarded leaf which had drifted beyond her reach, she lost her balance, fell into the water and was drowned. Her body was recovered, and was now lying upon the bare earth, for so utterly destitute was the old woman, that she was unable to provide a few boards for a coffin. Would I help her to bury her dead decently? After visiting the scene of the pathetic little tragedy, and verifying the old woman's story, needless to say a coffin was procured for the poor little twelve-year-old bride-to-be, a strange gift perhaps, but a most welcome one, and one which has a strong scriptural warrant for its efficaciousness."

CONGRATULATIONS.



REV. J. M. FRASER, M.Ap.

The readers of CHINA will join with us in extending our congratulations to Father Fraser, who will celebrate his silver jubilee in July of this year. Of the twenty-five years of his priestly life, sixteen have been spent in China, the land of his choice.

"Whilst heretical sects, supplied with abundant material resources, endeavor in every way to diffuse their errors throughout the world, the sons of the Church ought to be no less active in spreading the truth."

**(Card. Van Rossum,
March 9, 1920.)**

Father Serra, Father Fong and the catechist of Sungyang. This picture was taken during their recent mission journey.

MY FIRST MISSION TOUR IN CHUCHOW

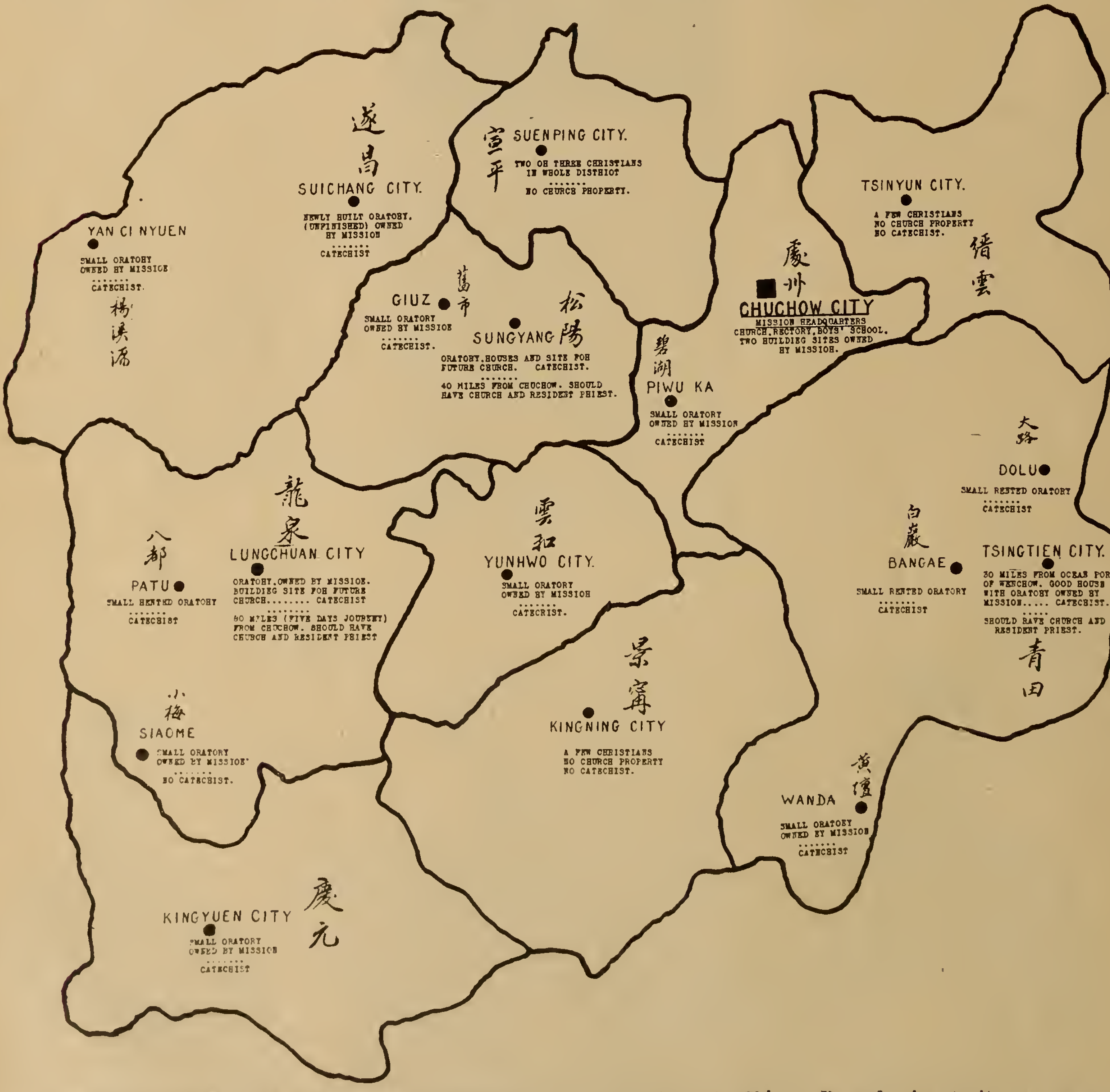
A LAND OF GREAT PROMISE FOR OUR MISSIONARIES FROM CANADA.

Where Rivers Run Fast and Rafts Will Swerve—Pioneering in All Its Glory.

By REV. RAMON SERRA.

On February 23rd, Father Fong, our native priest, invited me to accompany him to some of our stations, chiefly the city of Sungyang, thence to Giuz, and lastly to Suichang. The trip would require about fifteen days, and although I could not speak a word of the language, I accepted the invitation with the greatest pleasure. So, next morning after breakfast, I accompanied Father Fong and our servant, who was also sacristan and mass-server, to the boat. Our baggage was soon aboard, and about 9 a.m. we three pushed off on our first missionary journey in the district.

The sun greeted us brightly as we left Chuchow, but very soon hid itself behind dark clouds. Rain came on, falling in torrents the rest of the day and night. It was so cold that we could not remain seated in the little cabin, but we managed to pass the time a little more comfortably after wrapped in our blankets, which served as beds. In the evening we arrived at Piwu-ka where we learned that the Catechist of the place was dead. His body still remained in the chapel so we were obliged to stay over. The few good Christians who were keeping watch with the dead, soon spread the news of our arrival, and the father of the dead catechist prepared a very good supper at his home for us. How kindly the old man received us! His hands were trembling with age, and the family appeared to be very poor. There


遂昌
SUICHANG CITY.
NEWLY BUILT ORATORY. (UNFINISHED) OWNED BY MISSION .... CATECHIST
宣平
SUENPING CITY.
TWO OR THREE CHRISTIANS IN WHOLE DISTRICT .... NO CHURCH PROPERTY.
YAN CI NYUEN
SMALL ORATORY OWNED BY MISSION .... CATECHIST.
楊溪源
舊市
GIUZ
SMALL ORATORY OWNED BY MISSION .... CATECHIST.
松陽
SUNGYANG
ORATORY, HOUSES AND SITE FOR FUTURE CHURCH. CATECHIST. .... 40 MILES FROM CHUCHOW. SHOULD HAVE CHURCH AND RESIDENT PRIEST.
TSINYUN CITY.
A FEW CHRISTIANS NO CHURCH PROPERTY NO CATECHIST.
縉雲
處州
CHUCHOW CITY
MISSION HEADQUARTERS CHURCH, RECTORY, BOYS' SCHOOL. TWO BUILDING SITES OWNED BY MISSION.
碧湖
PIWU KA
SMALL ORATORY OWNED BY MISSION .... CATECHIST
大路
DOLU
SMALL RENTED ORATORY .... CATECHIST
白巖
BANGAE
SMALL RENTED ORATORY .... CATECHIST
TSINGTIEN CITY.
30 MILES FROM OCEAN PORT OF WENCHOW. GOOD HOUSE WITH ORATORY OWNED BY MISSION..... CATECHIST. ..... SHOULD HAVE CHURCH AND RESIDENT PRIEST.
青田
龍泉
八都
PATU
SMALL RENTED ORATORY .... CATECHIST
LUNGCHUAN CITY
ORATORY, OWNED BY MISSION. BUILDING SITE FOR FUTURE CHURCH........ CATECHIST .... 80 MILES (FIVE DAYS JOURNEY) FROM CHUCHOW. SHOULD HAVE CHURCH AND RESIDENT PRIEST
雲和
YUNHWO CITY.
SMALL ORATORY OWNED BY MISSION .... CATECHIST.
景寧
KINGNING CITY
A FEW CHRISTIANS NO CHURCH PROPERTY NO CATECHIST.
小梅
SIAOME
SMALL ORATORY OWNED BY MISSION .... NO CATECHIST.
黄壇
WANDA
SMALL ORATORY OWNED BY MISSION .... CATECHIST
慶元
KINGYUEN CITY
SMALL ORATORY OWNED BY MISSION .... CATECHIST

The above map will give a good idea of conditions in our territory in China. By referring to it one can more easily follow the missionary journey of Father Serra and Father Fong from Chuchow to Suichang and return, a journey of 15 days. The "oratories" are for the most part, very small and very poor little native houses, many of them in a sad state of disrepair. Of the oratory at Sungyang Father Serra says: "The present little chapel is only 25 feet by 10 feet wide and 7 feet high. The ruin is almost complete. There is neither glass nor doors and the birds fly in and out all day and night." Upon their arrival in the city the work of repairing the chapel was begun, "much to the joy of our dear christians." We hope that their joy will be very much greater in the not distant future when we shall be enabled to build a real church and station a priest in Sungyang.

were so many persons living in that little abode that one could almost make a little town out of it. Sons and grandsons, and sons of the grandsons. One little mite in a cradle was being patiently rocked to sleep by another little mite not much older, and other little mites of humanity ranged about the floor. I tried to use the chopsticks, but did not understand even a syllable of what was said.

When we were leaving that evening, the Christians came with us to the rowboat and watched us embark. Out on the river we spent the night awaiting the early dawn to start off, and we were mighty glad to rise from our cramped positions in the morning to recite Office. The rain stopped about noon and the sun shone brightly again. As soon as we came to a little village which nestled among the hills we pulled into shore.

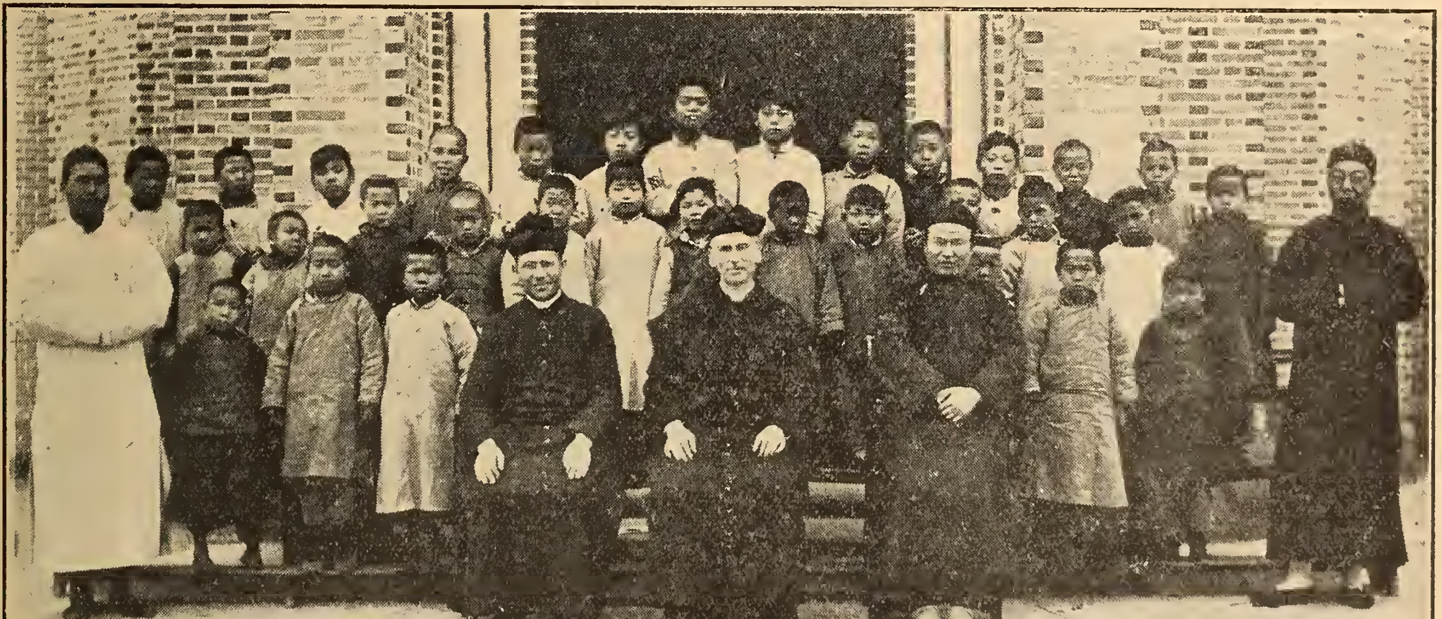
Strange music wafted to us from the distance and as we went along the road many queer notices attracted our attention. Pictures of ugly idols were stamped all over them, and we understood we were in the vicinity of a pagan temple. As for the weird music, it proved to be a procession being made in honor of the demon, a very powerful protector of that village, supposed to have performed many miracles that year.

We did not continue our journey until the next morning, and this time it was against the stream. Sometimes the water was so shallow it seemed our little boat was carried by the boatman. I couldn't help pitying him! The lives of these poor fellows are certainly not easy. Although I was a passenger and supposed to be enjoying the trip, it became so weary that I asked him to pull in to land so that I might take a walk. I suppose it was my eagerness to feel terra firma again, which caused me to be careless; at any rate, in getting out of the boat my foot did not reach the shore, and down I went into the water. Father Fong had a real good laugh at my expense. After this sudden plunge, and a good brisk walk for two hours, I felt more resigned to the fate of being cramped up in the boat again. However, this time I stayed in the open where I could get a breath of air.

We arrived at the city of Sungyang much sooner than the congregation expected us, for we had favorable wind on the latter part of the journey, so there was not a soul in sight to welcome us. Father Fong paid and dismissed the boatman and leaving the servant to attend to our baggage, we went on a walk of exploration. After some time, we found the little chapel and here a good number of the Christians found us and paid us their usual respect and reverence. My first impression of this respect was rather startling. It seemed to me to be an adoration, for the Christians place themselves on their knees at the feet of their priests, uncover their heads, and make a profound inclination almost to the ground, just as we do when we visit the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the altar.

Next morning, Sunday, I said the second Mass and gave Holy Communion to some 25 persons. Father Fong attended to catechism class, preaching and confessions. The custom here is to recite the catechism and prayers aloud for half an hour before Mass, and the fervour in which these exercises are performed is certainly very edifying. This city is about the same size as Chuchow, the mission property being ample for a church and a college. The present little chapel is only 25 feet by 10 feet wide and only 7 feet high. There are two small rooms above the chapel to serve as the priest's apartments. All is badly in need of repair, not a pane of glass in any of the windows.

Father Fraser had instructed us to make our rooms as comfortable as possible, but on arriving we saw our first duty was to make a few repairs in the Chapel where the ruin is almost complete. There is neither glass



OUR MISSIONARIES WITH THE SCHOOL BOYS AND THEIR TEACHERS.

"Only about ten of these boys," says Father Fraser, "were Catholics before our arrival. The teacher on the left (in white) teaches Latin, besides Chinese and Catechism. The second tallest boy in the centre is one of our recent converts. A few days after our arrival, while I was inspecting a pagan temple, seeing him standing and observing in a thoughtful mood, I enquired who he was. I was told he was a pagan boy, fifteen years old, very talented, who had passed the examination in the public school with highest honors, but, being very poor and undernourished, the strain was too much for him and he had broken down. He was now too poor to continue his studies. I took pity on the boy and promised to defray his expenses at the Public High School. He came frequently to see me after that and expressed a desire to become a Christian. When the schools were opened after the Chinese New Year he preferred to come to our school to study Christian Doctrine. He is now a fervent little catechumen. It would do you good to hear how nicely he chants his prayers in the church. One day I told the boys all about Lourdes and said that one of our Bishops had given us a bottle of the precious water when we were leaving. He begged me to give him a few drops. Before doing so I sent him into the church to pray before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. It was a sight to gladden the angels to see that boy, so recently an adorer of idols, now fervently praying to the Blessed Virgin. Surely the life of the missionary has many consolations. The third boy to his left and the second and third boy to his right wish to become seminarians. Who knows but that this little convert may become strong and some day study for the priesthood! Since he has been with us he has improved in health. I am sorry I cannot send you a picture of the girls' school, as it is not yet in existence."

nor doors and the birds fly in and out all day and night. The poor, faithful people are almost frozen with the cold, damp interior. How they can pray here is a mystery to me! Father Fong sent a report to Father Fraser asking permission to get the work of repair started and as soon as the favorable answer was received the work was commenced much to the joy of our dear Christians. We remained at Sungyang until March 3rd, and on leaving assured the people that soon, very soon, they would have a priest, a church and perhaps a school. This pleased the mothers very much, for at present there is no place for their children to attend school. Our visit, you may be sure, was a real message from Heaven to them.

A Visit to "Heaven."

We went by foot to Piwka and three brothers accompanied us to the gate of the city. Then one remarked, "We will now go and make a short visit to Heaven." This seemed interesting, but the "Heaven" he spoke of was only a pagan temple situated in what seemed the most beautiful spot in all the world. It resembled a cave in the rock and was surrounded by most fascinating mountain scenery. I have not in my whole life beheld such a magnificent sight of nature—but oh, such a Heaven! The pity of it! Inside were innumerable idols of all sizes, and in the midst of all these horrible looking demons we tranquilly sipped our cup of tea! After leaving "Heaven" we passed immense rice fields in which the workers were very busy for this is the season of farming. As I passed them I said a prayer to St. Isidore, patron of farmers, and must confess I said it with special fervour.

A Consoling Contrast.

For four hours we trudged along in fine weather, but the rain evidently decided it was not to be outdone so down it came for the next six hours, and we found abundant use for the umbrella. And now we had reached a small town called Tien-Tsu-Do and I think we walked through hundreds of narrow streets and turned innumerable corners before we found the little Chapel which is a typical Chinese house. We were very glad to get something to eat and a change of our wet clothing and shoes. How sad to see in every pagan home an idol with a vase of burning incense before it! And what a consoling contrast when we enter the home of a Christian and find there the holy pictures and Sacred Images we know so well!

On to Suichang.

That evening and the following day, Father Fong heard confessions and examined the neophytes for Baptism. The third day we started off again, this time to Suichang, where we found only a few Christians. This time we made much of the trip by portable chair. Although there was but a handful of Christians to greet us, they informed us that 70 are preparing for Baptism, and this despite the fact that they have not had a catechist for a long time, and the tiny place they call a "Chapel" is not fit even for the birds. Next morning after saying Holy Mass and giving Communion we prepared for our return by way of Giuz, and we again took to the river for means of transport.

Watch Your Step.

And here again I got a new experience, for the craft on which we depended for safe keeping was nothing but a raft of bamboo poles. I think they are used when the water is low, it just looked like a plank floating on the water. As this was my first experience of the cantankerous nature of a raft, Father Fong became very anxious about me, recalling, no doubt, my former fall in the water. Again and again he reminded me of the danger of the raft balancing from one side to the other, and that the rain of the previous day had caused the water to rise to a considerable height. Well, we went very rapidly down the stream and I was enjoying it immensely until all at once the raft gave a sudden turn and down went, not myself, but Father Fong himself into the water! Shall I ever forget that predicament? We could not stop the raft to pull him up again, and the man at the oars commenced to shout, as if that would help matters. By the time we got our wits together and balanced back the raft, Father Fong was soaked to the skin, and we mentally drew lots as to which would be the next victim to feel the chilly, uninviting influence of the free bath. Thanks be to God! we arrived at Giuz without further mishap, although our catechist nearly went under. I was very glad to get Father Fong to a house and bed, where a few hours and some dry clothes made us feel like new men.

The Only Possible Conclusion.

As my own shoes were soaking wet, the Sacristan went to the store in search of boots. He bought four of the largest in the shop, but I have come to the conclusion that the Chinese must have very small feet, for all of them were two inches too small for me. The Christians here did not seem as fervent as those we met elsewhere. There were no Baptisms as

OUR PRIESTS WITH THEIR CHRISTIANS, CHUCHOW

This picture was taken after mass on Sunday. In the church the men and women knell on th
picture was tal

the neophytes were insufficiently instructed. We came across a very large pagoda, finer than any of the others we had seen. Two little boys stood guard at the entrance and greeted us kindly. We found they were brothers who had been sold to the owner of the temple by their parents. The Bonza came and was kind to us, served us with tea, told us about the two children and said he paid $20 each for them.

Baptises First Converts.

Arrived back at Sungyang, Father Fong gave me the privilege of baptizing three adults who were prepared, and of performing the ceremony of matrimony. I named the husband "Joachim" and his wife, "Anne." I think the man was about 60 years of age and the woman was not much younger. To the third, a man of 30 or 35 years of age, I gave the name, "John Baptist." His little son of 12 accompanied him and watched the ceremony with great attention, for he too, is longing for Holy Baptism and is studying his Catechism eagerly in preparation. Let us hope he will soon receive this grace. A woman told us she had some time ago heard distinctly in a dream that three missionaries were coming from America to Chuchow.

Neglected Souls.

Not far away there is a small village where there were 10 families who had been baptized, but who of late had not attended the Mission and who did not come on this occasion. We thought it well to pay them a visit, but our souls were filled with sorrow to learn that not a trace of Christianity remained. They did not even remember what Baptism was. We saw the words written on the doors, "Do you love God above all things else?" and in one house noticed a picture of Our Lady and one of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus placed on the wall as you would place any good-luck sign. We could do nothing in the village and returned very, very sad, but we noticed that two men followed us at some distance. They turned out to be tenants of the house in which the pious pictures were seen. Entering the chapel in Sungyang they began praying aloud, and asked Fr. Fong to hear their confessions, and the next morning I saw them approach the altar and receive again the "Bread of Angels." This made Father Fong very happy, in fact he told me this mission tour was a very great consolation to him as on former trips he did not meet such fervour in the people as he noticed this time. How these good Christians beg for a little medal! And how happy we could make them if some of our Canadian friends would send us some.

A Storm—and "Home."

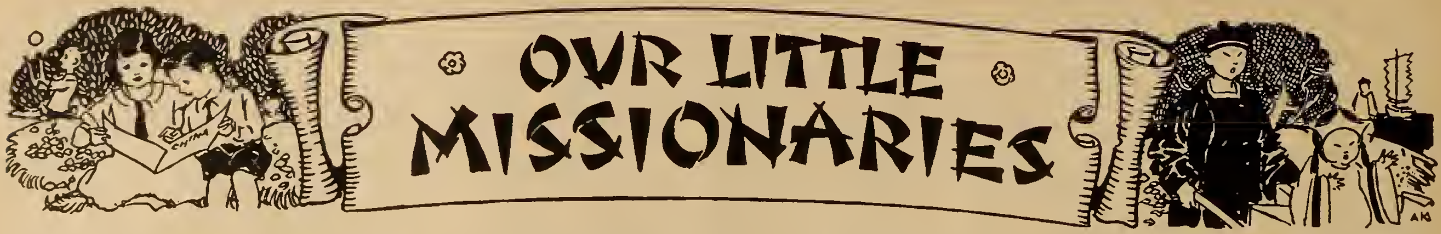
The Christians, according to custom, set off many fire-crackers as we boarded the boat for Chuchow. Their joy at our coming to the district is very evident, and even the pagans of the place were kind to us. A great storm arose during our progress home, and in face of the terrible gale we were obliged to pull to shore and rest an hour. Again we made a second attempt with a like result, and we doubted very much, whether we could reach Chuchow before nightfall. Our boatmen were eager and insistent, however, and, continued to battle against the elements, convinced they would make the city. The more energy they put into the work, the greater the storm became and finally it seemed to break violently, thunder and lightning and a deluge of rain being added to the high winds. We arrived in dear Chuchow during the night, cold, and very tired and just as the storm ceased. Father Fraser and Morrison were overjoyed at our safe return and received us with open arms for they feared we would not arrive in such a storm.

Father Ramon Serra.

AN IDEAL SPOT FOR THE SEEKER OF PEACE.

In other words: CHUCHOW. "Do not be anxious for our safety," writes Father Fraser, "if there are wars, and rumors of wars they do not reach us here. Sometimes when a week-old newspaper reaches us from Shanghai, we read accounts of military skirmishes in distant parts of the country, which seem to resemble the sham battles they used to have in High Park, Toronto, when I was a boy—lots of firecrackers and noise but very little, if any, loss of life. But even these entertaining exhibitions we cannot have here for we are so encompassed by inaccessible mountains that military operations are altogether impossible. He who longs for a peaceful life, secure from danger of death by accident or by firearms—let him come to Chuchow."

FATHERS SERRA, FRASER, FONG, AND MORRISON.
respectively. "Our congregation," Father Fraser writes, "has greatly increased since this
uraging news.



OUR LITTLE MISSIONARIES

Win One of the 10 Prizes in our Picture Title Contest

HOLY FATHER ASKS PRAYER FOR THE MISSIONS.

"We desire that in all institutions and orphan asylums, in parochial schools, in colleges and in religious houses of women, there should ascend to Heaven, every day, a prayer that the Divine Mercy may descend upon so many unhappy beings and upon such populous pagan nations. What can the Heavenly Father refuse to grant to the innocent and chaste? On the other hand, such a practice leads us to hope that the tender-hearted young who have been accustomed to pray for the eternal salvation of pagans, from the moment that the follower of charity first began to bud in their young hearts, may, with the help of God, receive a vocation for the apostolate, a vocation, which, if cultivated with care, may perhaps in time, supply capable workers for the missionary field."—Pope Pius XI.

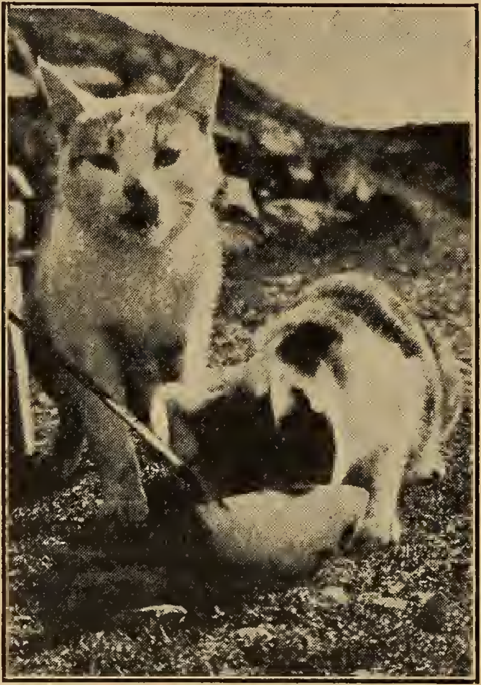
A PRAYER FOR THE CONVERSION OF CHINA.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst come on earth to save the souls of men, open now Thy most Sacred Heart in mercy to the people of China, who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and shower Thy graces on them, that they may come to the knowledge of Thy Gospel. Bless also and protect Thy missionaries, and make their work fruitful for Thee of countless souls.—Amen.

(300 days' Indulgence)

Comply with the request of the Holy Father by reciting every day the above richly-indulgenced prayer for the conversion of China.

Give a Title to This Picture.



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PICTURE TITLE CONTEST

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Second Prize	$4.00
Third Prize	$3.00
Fourth Prize	$2.00
Fifth Prize	$1.00

and five other prizes.

RULES

Send us what you consider a suitable title for the above picture. With your answer send just one new subscription to "CHINA," and you will be entitled to qualify for one of the ten prizes.

CONTEST CLOSES JUNE 15th.

Address:
Picture Title Contest,
"CHINA,"
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

CATHOLIC PAPER VOUCHES FOR THIS INCIDENT.

The following item taken from the Catholic Observer, of Pittsburg, will no doubt, be of general interest to many of our readers:

Coming up to the bat in the eighth inning with the bases filled, two out and the score tied in the final and deciding game of the World's Series, was the situation that confronted Hazen "Kiki" Cuyler, the young Pirate outfielder, at Forbes' Field, as close to 50,000 frenzied Pittsburg rooters begged, beseeched and implored him for a base hit. With that immense throng of fans looking on, Cuyler stepped up near the batter's box, hitched his trousers, tugged at his cap, dried his hands, then, stepping back a pace or two, reverently made the Sign of the Cross, uttered a silent prayer then faced the mightiest of pitchers—Walter Johnson. A few seconds later "Kiki" had driven a terrific home run to deepest right field and clinched the world's series for the Pirates. Temporary ground rules later forced Cuyler to go back to second base after he had completed his trip at breakneck speed around the bases but his drive had scored two runs anyhow and won the game for Pittsburg. At least a dozen priests who were present at the deciding game have informed the Catholic Observer of Cuyler's actions just before he stepped into the batter's box in the above critical situation, when he publicly and without reservation made acknowledgment of his religion.

Send for a Mite-Box to use during vacation time.

DURING YOUR VACATION WHAT WILL YOU DO FOR THE MISSIONS?

The missionaries have no vacation. While you will be enjoying yourselves and having a well-earned holiday, our missionaries in far-away China will continue their work for souls, traveling to their far-away mission posts on long and fatiguing journeys under the heat of a broiling sun. This work they undertake cheerfully and without complaining, but wouldn't you like to make their burden just a little easier to bear? Continue to be little missionaries during your vacation. Say daily the little "Prayer for the Conversion of China," that God's grace may soften the hearts of the pagans in that great country and that soon the little children of China may come to know God and His Blessed Mother. And perhaps sometimes the thought may come to you to make a little sacrifice for the mite-box. The sacrifice itself will add to the power of your prayers. Its good effects will be felt thousands of miles across the ocean.

EVERY DAY. A PRAYER FOR THE CONVERSION OF CHINA.

W E
A L L
L I K E
C H I N A

BIRDS AND WORK.

The swallow is a mason,
  And underneath the eaves
He builds a nest and plasters it
  With mud and hay and leaves.

The woodpecker is hard at work
  A carpenter is he;
And you may find him hammering
  His house high up a tree.

The bullfinch knows and practices
  The basket-maker's trade,
See what a cradle for his young
  The little thing has made.

Of all the weavers that I know,
  The oriole's the best;
High on the apple tree he weaves
  A cozy little nest.

The goldfinch is a fuller;
  A skillful workman he!
Of wood and threads he makes a nest
  That you would like to see.

Some little birds are miners,
  Some build upon the ground;
And busy little tailors, too,
  Among the birds are found.

The cuckoo laughs to see them work;
  "Not so," says he, "we do;
My wife and I take other nests
  And live at ease—cuckoo!"

Why Were the Saints, Saints?

Because they were cheerful when it was difficult to be cheerful, and patient when it was difficult to be patient; and because they pushed on when they wanted to stand still, and kept silent when they wanted to talk, and were agreeable when they wanted to be disagreeable.

That was all.

It was quite simple and always will be.

A Little ....
....Now & Then
WOOF! WOOF!

Place to Escape.

"Johnny, stop that noise! Didn't I tell you, if you must laugh, to laugh up your sleeve?"

"Please, mum, I did, but my coat's torn at the elbow."

Nothing in Signs.

Keeper: "Didn't you see that notice, 'No fishing here'?"

Fisherman: "Yes. But it's wrong. I have caught half a dozen already."

An Accidental Find.

Affable Waiter: "How did you find that steak, sir?"

Guest: "Oh, quite accidentally. I moved that piece of potato and there it was, underneath."

Right.

"Is the world round?" a schoolma'am asked the little boy.

"No, ma'am."

"It is not, eh? Is it flat, then?"

"No, ma'am."

"Are you crazy, child? If the world is not round nor flat, what is it?"

"Papa says it is crooked."

Correct.

Teacher: "Do you know what the little mouse does?"

Johnny: "Naw."

"That's right."

WORKS THAT WILL WIN SOULS.

Many, many thanks to our kind friends, the Crusaders of Sacred Heart Academy, Meteghan, N.S., for the following generous spiritual offering:

Masses	149
Communions	119
Stations	95
Benedictions	62
Beads	295
Aspirations	8,000
Holy Hours	22
Meditations	20
Acts of Mortification	65
Prayers	145
Visits	140
Novenas	4
Hours of Silence	130
	9,246

This generous spiritual assistance will bring many graces and blessings upon our workers in far-away Chuchow. God bless our young Crusader friends.

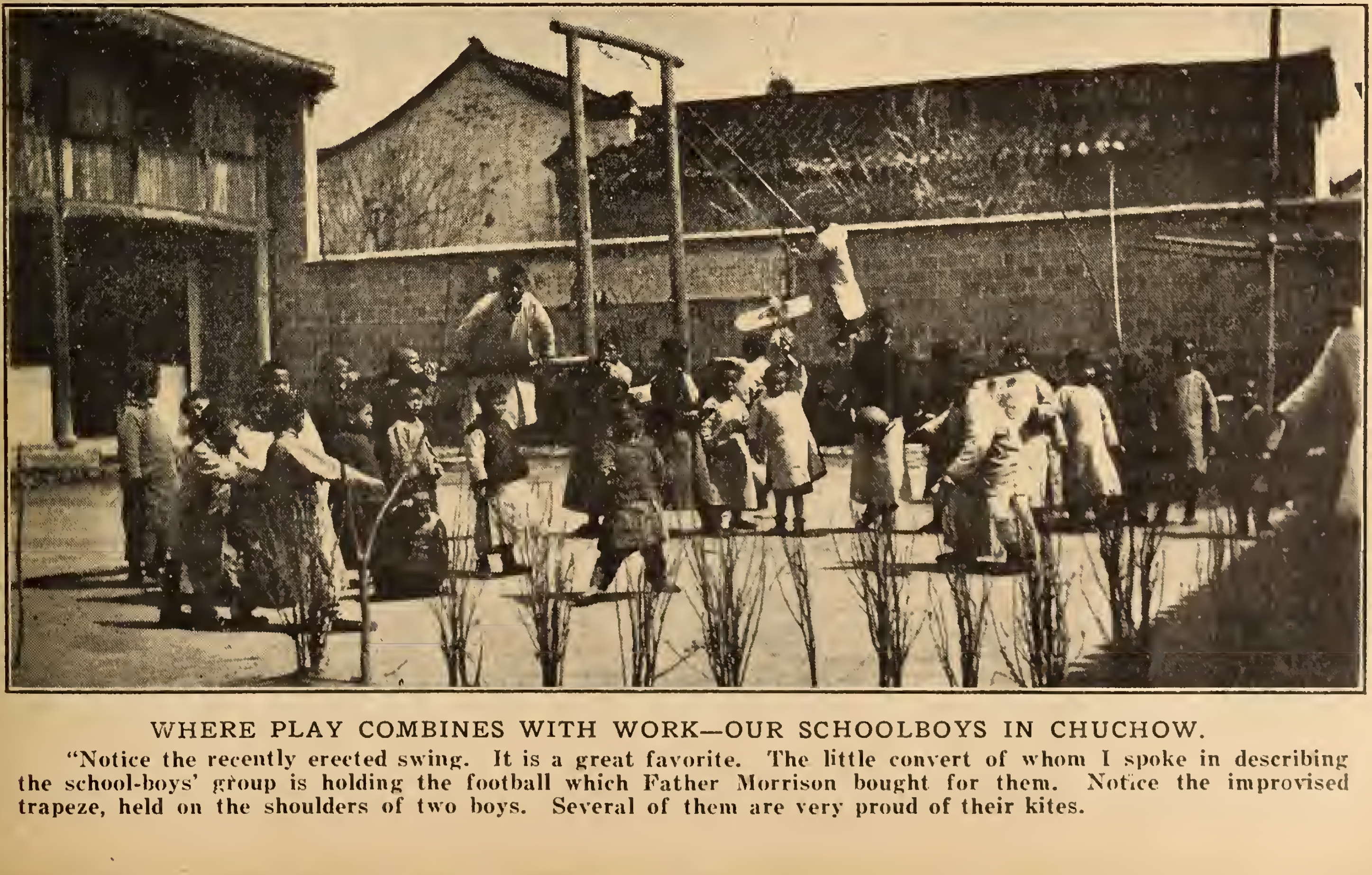
TOO LATE FOR PUBLICATION.

We regret that an account of the Second Annual Convention of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, held at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Halifax, reached us too late for publication in the June CHINA.

ONE WAY OF DOING IT.

Teacher (to practical child). "Now, Mary, how would you prevent milk from going sour?"

Practical Child: "Drink it, ma'am."



WHERE PLAY COMBINES WITH WORK—OUR SCHOOLBOYS IN CHUCHOW.

"Notice the recently erected swing. It is a great favorite. The little convert of whom I spoke in describing the school-boys' group is holding the football which Father Morrison bought for them. Notice the improvised trapeze, held on the shoulders of two boys. Several of them are very proud of their kites.

A GREAT RELIGIOUS FUNCTION

28th International World's Eucharistic Congress

The first Eucharistic Congress owed its inspiration to a pious lady who led a quiet and uneventful life during the latter part of the last century. Her name was Marie Tamissier. She was born at Tours (France) November 1st, 1834, and died June 20th, 1910. At her urgent and repeated request, Monsignor du Segur appealed to Mr. Phillibert Vrau, "The Holy Man of Lille" and the first Eucharistic Congress was held at Lille, France, June 21st, 1881. Only on one previous occasion has the Congress been held in America, that being in 1910 when it was held in Montreal. This year it is being held in the City of Chicago, June 20th to 24th.

The original idea of holding such a Congress was merely local, but year after year it has grown with the result that the coming event promises to be one of the greatest religious gatherings ever held in the world, and it may be many years before the Canadian Catholic people will again have the opportunity of attending such a Congress.

Many of the great dignitaries of the Church, including the Papal Secretary and ten Cardinals from all parts of the world will be present and take part in the services. Cardinal Bonzano, Secretary of State for the Vatican, will represent the Pope.

A pilgrimage to the Congress for the benefit of the Catholic people of Ontario has been authorised by the State Council of the Knights of Columbus with the approbation of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ontario.

This pilgrimage will furnish a splendid opportunity to attend the Congress under most favorable auspices.

Plans have been perfected for the operation of personally conducted trains, and in addition, to house and entertain all pilgrims desiring this service, in fact to look after their every need and comfort during the whole pilgrimage.

Any agent of the Canadian National Railways will be glad to furnish full information, and intending pilgrims would do well to make early reservations as, due to the countless thousands that will attend, accommodation will be at a premium long before the Congress opens.

Official Tour Personally Conducted to

28th International Eucharistic Congress

June 20 to 24 1926

Via Canadian National Railways

For the benefit of the Catholic people of Ontario, the Knights of Columbus have organized a tour to the Congress via Canadian National Railways.

Special Trains will leave as follows:

Lv. Toronto 7.45 A.M. June 19th
Ar. Chicago 9.30 P.M. June 19th

Lv. Toronto 5.30 P.M. June 19th
Ar. Chicago 7.40 A.M. June 20th

A personal representative of the Company will be on board the train during the entire trip to and from Chicago to attend the wishes and insure the comfort of the travellers.

Special Railway Fares, also fares including rail transportation, sleeping car reservations and hotel accommodation in Chicago, will be quoted on application to G. P. McHugh, State Advocate, Knights of Columbus, 510 Federal Building, Toronto, or through any Canadian National Railways Agent.

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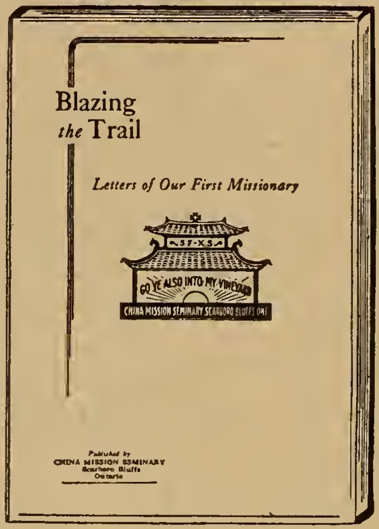
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Letters of Our First Missionary
S.F.X.S.
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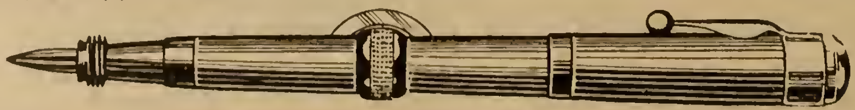

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From Sungyang---An Urgent Appeal

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WILL YOU MAKE IT YOURS?

"I have turned architect," writes Father Fraser from CHUCHOW. "Father Fong and I are drawing plans for a church, which in the near future, we hope to see in Sungyang, a nearby pagan city. So urgent and so persistent are the prayers of the few Christians there, that we know Divine Providence will come to our aid with the necessary funds. Two thousand dollars would cover the expense of the building, but so wretchedly poor are the Christians in this city, that they could not raise even fifty.

It takes several days for a messenger to arrive here from that city and as many for a priest to return. The result is that many of the Christians die there without receiving the last Sacrements. Oh how strikingly is it here exemplified that "the harvest indeed is great but the laborers few." After many a mile of weary journeying, a delegation of Christians — dusty, travel-stained, half-starved—reached us from Sungyang on the Feast of the great Patron of China, St. Joseph. They were humbly begging—not for material alms, which indeed were sorely needed —but for a Priest and a Church, that they might enjoy the consolations of our holy Faith. They expressed their plea in a written petition which was signed by every Christian in Sungyang.

With God's help, although at a great sacrifice, we will provide the Priest. Who will erect the Church? To do this is beyond our power. It will come, though. Such prayers, and tears, and earnest faith will not rise to God unheeded. Help us to storm heaven for Sungyang and souls!"

WILL YOU HELP US ANSWER THEIR APPEAL?

For $2,000 we could erect a Church like this.

BLESSED SACRAMENT CHURCH—VJU-SI-AJIOE-NEW MENG.

This Church was erected for $2,000, and is the gift of Miss Mathilda Masson of the United States. In this country such a building would cost ten times as much. Material and labor are much cheaper in China.

Study the above picture. A similar church could be built in Sungyang for the price of a new car—$2,000. In America it would easily cost $20,000. Who will glorify God, will gladden the Sacred Heart of Jesus, will console the hearts of our brave Missionaries in CHUCHOW by building, or helping to build, a Church in Sungyang?

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China Mission Seminary has for its object the education of students for the priesthood in China.

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(b) A decided inclination for the priesthood, and missionary life.

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Burses are available for students who have been well recommended but who are unable to defray the expenses of their own education. These burses will enable such young men to pursue their entire course at the seminary free, or partially free. If necessary, special arrangements will be made to assist students to complete their High School course.

For further information apply to:—

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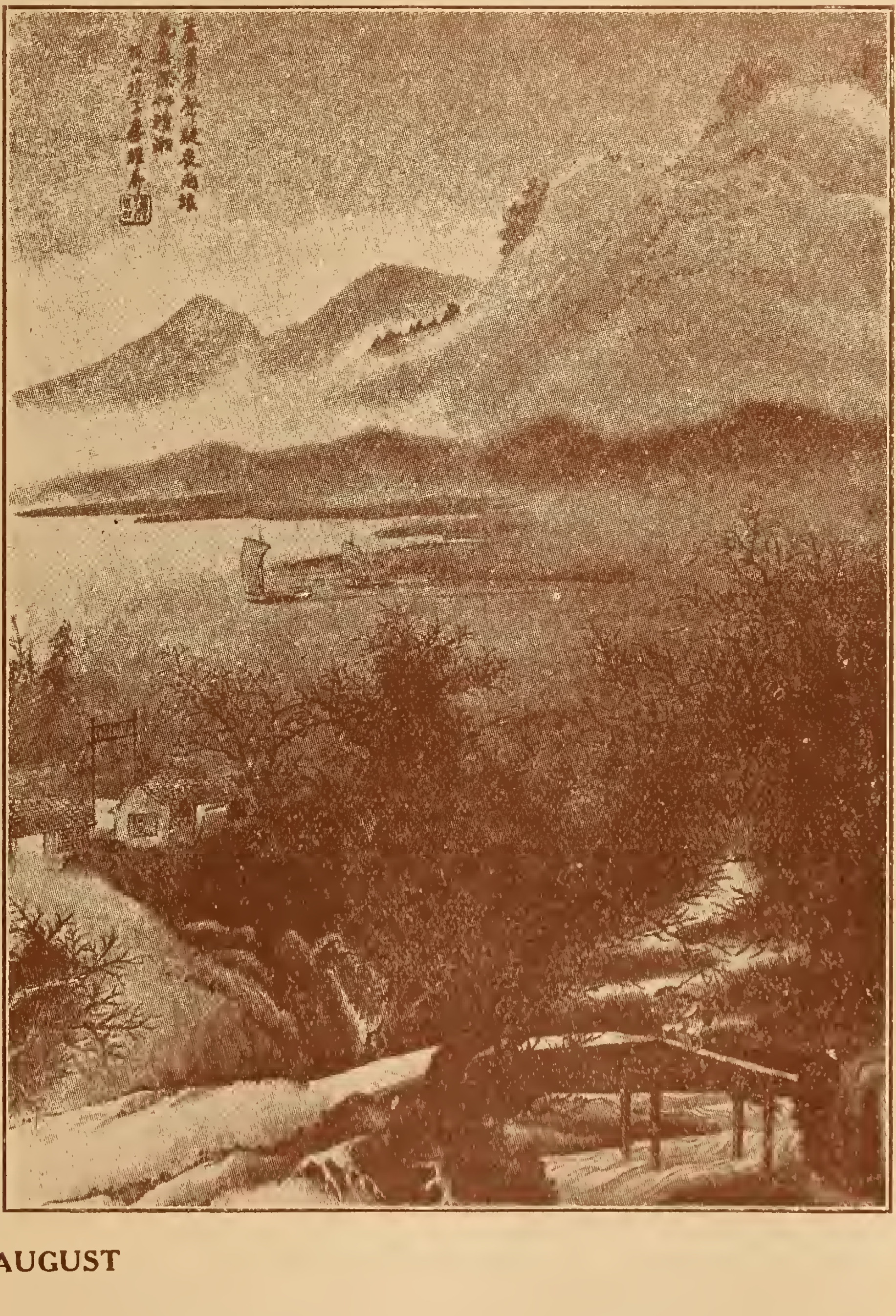
CHINA



JULY-AUGUST 1926

VOL. VII **CHINA** NO. 7 & 8

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EDITORIAL PAGE
CHINA
Published Monthly by
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Editor - Rev. Wm. C. McGrath

EASTWARD, HO!

By the time the next issue of "China" reaches you three more of our priests will be making ready for their long journey to Chuchow. Very soon we hope to have priests stationed in the cities where the needs are most urgent and we hope the time is not far distant when there will be two priests in each of the ten cities of our district. "The stream has started—and we thank God."

A CHURCH FOR SUNGYANG.

Our readers will be pleased to know that the erection of a Church in Sungyang will soon be an accomplished fact. It has been made possible through the charity of Mrs. Theresa Small, Toronto, to whom we are very deeply grateful. The church will be dedicated to St. John the Evangelist. So far there is but one church—the Church of the Sacred Heart at Chuchow—among the thousands of pagan temples in our district in China.

ROOM FOR ALL.

The Home Missions and the Foreign Missions are not, as the remarks of some people would lead us to believe, two great conflicting movements, each of which must flourish only at the expense of the other. Souls are souls, whether they be in China or in Western Canada, and Christ died for all. Unfortunately there are those who view with apprehension the interest taken of late in the work of the Missions in China, as if it would redound to the detriment of the Missions at home. There is much to be done in both fields. Some are called by God to the one rather than the other. Surely there is room for all in the Church whose only reason for existence is the eternal salvation of souls, pagan and Christian, redeemed by the Sacrifice of Calvary.

VOCATION AND SALVATION.

Those who are wavering in regard to a Missionary vocation often think too much of the great work to be done or to remain undone according as they receive or reject the inspirations of God's grace. There is often too much stress laid on the result upon the pagan world of the young man's fidelity or infidelity to the call. After all the primary consideration is the effect upon his own salvation. It was this that Christ deplored when he said of the rich young man's lost vocation: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God?" (Mark x:23).

FOOLS FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

"And he was so talented." Thus a good Catholic lady lamented upon being told that a young priest whom she knew had volunteered for China. Few give expression to the thought in these particular words, but hundreds of good Catholic people are disposed to take a similar view of the work of the missions. It is not at all strange that talent should find its way into the medical or the legal profession. That is taken for granted. Christ was the most "talented" of men. He could have disclosed secrets of the workings of nature that would have advanced the science of His day by thousands of years. We can well imagine people with equally distorted sense of true value similarly lamenting over the folly of Calvary. Thank God there are still fools for Christ's sake.

AN OPPORTUNITY THAT PASSES.

The thought of leaving home, perhaps forever, is one of the most formidable obstacles that confront a young man who feels called by God to the work of the Foreign Missions. It is in his power to make or to refuse to make a great and meritorious sacrifice. Happy he who gives himself to God while he has something worth while to offer. The time will come when father and mother will be gone even from the young man who shrank from the sacrifice and remained at home. And Christ who knocked gently and was refused admission to that young man's heart, will not return. The opportunity, once let pass, is gone forever.

"Ah let it not be so, but now while gleams
The heart's fine fire, buckle God's armour on
And be His knight—else sit when youth is gone,
Mourning the wasted beauty of your dreams."

Gigantic idols in Buddhist Temple, Nasan, near Chuchow. There are thousands of temples in our district, but so far ONLY ONE Catholic Church.

N.B.—This is the July-August Issue of China.

FATHER FRASER ATTENDS FUNERAL OF LATE BISHOP REYNAUD

Makes Long and Arduous Journey from Chuchow.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION.

On April 16th I started on a journey to Ningpo to attend the funeral of Bishop Reynaud. Rose early, said mass, packed up bedding, club-bag, mass-box and lunch basket, and taking with me an attendant, boarded a small boat manned by three sailors. Hour after hour they shoved at the big oars fore and aft. The dull, rainy morning brightened; the sun came out and the scenery we passed was interesting. In two and a half hours we made the first ten miles. Toward noon I dined on fresh eggs, bread, tea (with milk and sugar) and oranges. The boat was covered with bamboo mat too low for a six-footer to stand erect. We passed three villages before noon. A hard wind sprang up. Boulders were heaped in the prow to steady the boat. We overtook and passed all boats going in the same direction. Noticed some of them rowed by husband and wife, the former aft, the latter in front. Passed many big booms of logs being conveyed to the coastal cities. Timber is the principal export of Chuchow district. A rough shed of loose boards, which will also be sold, affords the loggers a little shelter at night. Some of the rafts had boats perched on top to convey the man back home after the timber is disposed of. Besides poles, great scimitar-shaped oars are used to propel the rafts. Every mile or two we descended rapids. Here our boat went merrily along, as fast as a motor boat, so different from the snail's pace at which we ascended the same rapids some months previously.

BISHOP REYNAUD'S FUNERAL
His Decorations Carried in Special "Chair."

School Boys of Ningpo Attend the Funeral.

Dangerous Going.

A foot-path flanks the river and not only follows its thousand turns and twists, but rises and falls with the continuous chain of mountains, hills and precipices that retain in its bed this rapidly flowing stream. At certain points the boatmen had to strain every nerve and muscle and stand at attention with pole in hand ready for action as their craft swiftly headed for a threatening rock against which the current turned at right angles.

Work All Night.

Towards nightfall we passed the city of Tsingtien, where one of the men was replaced by a mere boy who shoved at his oar all night—no sleep for him or the other two men. At their request we extinguished our lantern as it dazzled their eyes, and we were left in darkness. Soon after the boat ran aground. The men jumped out into the cold water and by might and main shoved her into deep water, then waded about until they found the right current. Toward midnight I spread my blankets on the bottom of the boat—there was no bed.

No Rest for the Weary.

During the day I used a steamer chair. My acolyte lay helpless all day and night, seasick. I tried to sleep, but in vain; the rocking of the boat, the jerking and noise of the oars and a loud conversation kept up all night long by the boatmen, made that impossible. However, I think I dosed off for an hour or two. I comforted myself by thinking how much better off I was than those poor men who not only were deprived of sleep, but had to work like horses all night. Not that we asked them to do so; such is the custom going down stream; they had to arrive at a certain point at a certain hour, or else miss the receding tide that would carry their boat

The Casket Bearing the Remains of the Venerable Bishop.

without labor to Wenchow. If I could have understood their conversation it would have been more interesting, but not a word was intelligible, their dialect being quite different from that of Chuchow.

Wenchow at Last.

About seven the sun rose brightly in a perfect day and the great city of Wenchow loomed out of the vanishing mist. Our boat stuck its sharp bow like a wedge between a multitude of similar craft all intent on landing their cargo and passengers at a ridiculously inadequate wharf—a stone inclined plane, ankle deep in slimy mud deposited by the receding tide. Scrambling over several boats, I succeeded in landing safely, hired a porter and set off for the Catholic Church. One of the boatmen, pleased with the tip he received, offered to carry a heavy basket containing altar linen. We did our best to follow the husky baggage carrier, who took the lead, but we encountered so many obstacles in the narrow streets that we lost sight of him and then for the next half hour had difficulty in finding the way, asking directions at every turn.

Kindness of the Sisters.

On arrival we were at once made to feel at home, and I was able to begin Mass without delay. I visited the Sisters of Charity and thanked them for the exceeding kindness shown several of our Christians whom I had recently sent to their hospital. Sister St. Clair, the Superior, is certainly a worthy daughter of St. Vincent de Paul, offering us, if any of our priests should require medical care, the best room in the hospital. She urged me to procure Canadian or American nuns for Chuchow. "They will be most welcome," she said, "and can make themselves at home in her convent, not only when passing through Wenchow, but if ever there should be trouble in Chuchow and they needed a place of refuge."

The native Sisters, the "Helpers of the Holy Souls," kindly agreed to wash and iron our altar linens. We find it hard to get them done properly in Chuchow.

New Steamer Service.

The latest bit of news is that there is now a little steamer plying daily between Wenchow and the first village you come to in our district of Chuchow. This means that our future missionaries can actually make the whole journey from Scarboro to our district by rail and steamer! Of course there is still a long distance to cover from the border to our central residence in Chuchow City, by rowboat or on foot.

Measured on the map, our district is less than 100 miles across, but by the very shortest travelling route it is 200 miles! Measure that on a railway map of Canada and you will be surprised at the distance to be covered.

All Hands on Deck.

On returning to our steamer next morning we found it so crowded there was scarcely standing room. When finally she left the dock she was found not properly balanced, the crowd packed like sardines on the hurricane deck, endangering the vessel. They were ordered to descend, but were too snugly tucked in their blankets to take heed. To give weight to his words, the captain swung the ship around and headed her towards the dock, saying that he would not leave until the upper deck was cleared. This had the desired effect, and a disgruntled crowd was seen everywhere pushing through the lower decks in search of a square foot of space in which to squat. That night, on account of the crowd on board, the vessel omitted its usual call at Shepu. Father Marquis, his catechist, and I, occupied one of the few cabins on board, a tiny room 6 ft. by 6 ft. and 6 ft. high.

Catholic College Boys at Bishop Reynaud's Funeral.

Father Van Oijen, my successor in Taichowfu, with two Chinese priests and two catechists, occupied another room the same size! After spending hours in delightful converse with these old friends, I managed with difficulty to reach my cabin, picking my steps between heads and bodies of the crowd on the floor of the corridor.

Next morning early found us in Ningpo. Here everything was astir in preparation for the great funeral. The coffin of the eminent deceased prelate reposed on a beautiful catafalque in the heavily draped cathedral. Prayers for the repose of his soul were chanted continually by members of the congregation and Mass succeeded Mass at the many altars by the numbers of missionaries who had gathered from far and near for the occasion.

The walks about the cathedral and palace were flanked on either side by artistically painted glass partitions and hung with beautiful lanterns. Everywhere were suspended silken scrolls donated by friends, both Christian and pagan, of the deceased, and by the different parishes and institutions of the Vicariate, bearing beautiful and appropriate inscriptions expressing love, veneration and gratitude. One, presented by the Virgins of Purgatory of Taichowfu, which read: "With supreme energy did he rescue his fellowmen," brought to me pleasant memories of the founding of that convent.

The Funeral Mass.

The Solemn High Mass of Requiem and funeral service, on April 24th, with Bishop Faveau as Celebrant, was most impressive. The school boys dressed in purple suits and the college students in drill suits with a band of crepe on their arms, formed a guard of honor. The front seats were occupied by the city officials, foreign consuls and other personages of distinction. Many of the vast crowd that assisted wore mourning. As the tomb is not yet finished, the actual burial service will take place later, and it is expected that the Apostolic Delegate to China will attend.

I spent very pleasant hours with my old friend, Bishop Faveau, who from 1902 to 1910, was my parish priest in Ningpo, and with many other dear missionary friends whom I had not seen in years.

I am mailing this letter from Wenchow, where I arrived this morning (April 29) on my way back to Chuchow, after stopping long enough at the Island of Chu-

THE CHUCHOW HOUSEBOAT.

"Here it is in the making. When it is complete we will be able to navigate the many rivers of Chuchow in comparative comfort. We will not be exposed, as formerly, to all the inclemencies of wind and weather. In our houseboat we will be able to stand erect and to move about. It will be supplied with door and windows, and best of all, it will be fully equipped for the offering of the Holy Sacrifice. What a consolation this will be! Our predecessors were often deprived of this consolation sometimes for four or five days at a stretch. We will call our boat 'THE XAVIER' after the dear patron Saint of our Alma Mater in far-away Toronto. 'The Xavier' will be the only boat of its kind in these parts, so that as it passes along it will be sure to attract crowds of curious people, and here is where the missionary will gather in a ripe harvest. Through the instrumentality of 'The Xavier' we shall become 'fishers of men'."

May the immortal missionary, St. Francis Xavier, who hungered for the evangelization of China, who for this purpose offered up his life on the very coast of this pagan land, be with us—an invisible pilot—to bless our endeavours to bring the light to the benighted inhabitants of Chuchow.

san to visit Sister Berkeley and admire the spacious building she has recently erected for her little ones. So far the return trip has been very pleasant. Had room to myself and the steamer was not crowded.

Yours faithfully,
J. M. FRASER.

IN THE POWER OF THE EVIL ONE.

"What a contrast to the Holy Name Parade in a Christian city was the idolatrous procession which passed our door to-day," writes Father Fraser from Chuchow. "It is an annual celebration, as to-day is the third day of the Third Moon, and the procession was in fulfilment of a vow made to the Devil while those who took part in it had been sick. They were most fantastically dressed. Some represented hideous idols, others were garbed to look like fierce criminals, with long unkempt hair and beards. The children of the wealthy, who had been supposedly cured by the gods, were clothed in richest silks and satins and were carried in sedan chairs. The parade was headed by immense numbers, who carried large gaily-colored silken umbrellas, gorgeous canopies, and flaring ensigns; and it ended with a monstrous image of His Satanic Majesty, himself, seated upon a magnificent portable throne, and immediately preceded by a richly carved golden shrine, believed to contain his spirit. Those who were supposed to have been cured of serious illness by the Demon, prostrated themselves at every few steps until their heads almost touched the ground, bearing in their hands sticks of burning incense. From one point of view the pageant was a glorious display, a riot of blending colors, a marvel of beauty of design, and of oriental grotesqueness, an exhibition of the fervent fanaticism of heathen worship. But oh, from another point of view—the true point—how unutterably sad. We viewed it with heavy hearts from our little oasis in this vast desert of paganism."

$8,000 RELIQUARY FOR ST. LOUIS RELIC OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

St. Louis, April 19.—A new $8,000 reliquary set with 195 diamonds has just been completed for St. Francis Xavier's (College) Church. In it will repose a relic of St. Francis Xavier, Saint of the Jesuit order and patron of the St. Francis Xavier Church.

Two years ago during the novena in honor of St. Francis Xavier, attention was called to the fact that there was not suitable container for the precious relic. The parishioners and recipients of favors through St. Francis Xavier donated their jewels and valuables from which the reliquary was made. Protruding from a heavy silver base is a sleeve of ebony from which stretches a silver hand holding aloft the cross. The cross is of smooth gold about two feet in height. At the intersection of the cross bar is inlaid a rim of platinum set with diamonds. Within this circlet of gems reposes a small fragment of the right arm of St. Francis Xavier.

CHINESE STUDENTS AT THE PROPAGANDA COLLEGE, ROME

Seated in the centre is Father Lebbe, formerly Missionary in China, who is now devoting his efforts to the welfare of Catholic Chinese students in Europe. He was called to Rome specially by the Holy Father.

CHUCHOW FROM DAY TO DAY

Interesting Pen-Pictures of Conditions in Our District in China. By Rev. Vincent Morrison.

A Real Chinese Banquet.

To-day we had a banquet in honor of the local mandarin, as he is about to leave for another field. Although he is a pagan his relations with the Church and the Christians have been most cordial. There were eight of us at the banquet and the spread was grand. You could not put it up in America for five dollars a plate and all it cost here was eight dollars for the whole thing. Our readers are already familiar with the names of some of the many dishes that go to make up a Chinese banquet. Chief among the delicacies are sharks' fins and a certain species of birds' nest.

The Chinese Dentist.

The City Dentist called to-day with his basket to gather up eggshells to grind them into powder for the teeth. Father Fraser says he is a quack for it is against his professional principles to extract any teeth, regardless of their condition. His appearance is not altogether prepossessing. He has nails four inches long.

An Unenviable Lot.

To-day a pagan woman came to ask Father Fraser to buy her eleven-year-old boy. She said that her husband sold the younger boy as a slave and she feared he would do likewise with this one. She thought the best thing she could do would be to sell him to the priest as he would then be treated well. All she wanted was twenty-five dollars. When told that this practice was all wrong and that her boy would not be bought she went away very much disappointed. We have one little boy here who is in somewhat similar circumstances. He himself was not sold, but what was worse, his father sold his mother to a pagan and hence he was thrown out. He was left here and here he was reared. There are many victims of this terrible practice in China. A father has a debt to pay and has no money. He will sell his children and even his wife into slavery and they must suffer on account of the greed and cruelty of an unnatural parent. The girls are treated horribly by their parents. They are beaten and nearly starved. All they ever get from their parents are the wretched clothes they wear and a bowl of rice a day. After their marriage they come to live with their mother-in-law and then it is that their real misery begins. The mother-in-law beats them, makes them do all the work and gives them nothing. So great is their misery that many of them commit suicide to escape their horrible surroundings.

How Conversions Are Made.

A short time ago we had a large sign made and placed over the entrance to the Church property. It was written by a professional sign-writer and his fee was twenty cents. The poster, as we might call it, is about God, His Existence, His Revelation, and the Catholic Church. All the pagans will stop and read this wonderful sign. Then they will come in and the catechist will give them further explanations. His only office is to meet such people and escort them around the mission, explaining the stations, the pictures and other things in the church. This catechist, who was a former seminarian, explains everything very well and has already made some converts.

School Discipline.

It is extremely interesting to watch how the Chinese "master" manages a class. When he gets tired teaching he goes out to have a smoke or some of his friends come in and he brings them to his room where they are hospitably entertained. While all this is going on the "kids" have a high old time. When the master returns he raps on his desk with his stick and begins to shout until order is again restored.

High Fees.

A few days ago we received the first money from a Chinaman since we came here. The father of one of the boys came and paid the half-yearly board and tuition of his boy—$4.00. The yearly fee, including board, clothes· books and laundry is EIGHT DOLLARS A YEAR. Some who are poor get a reduced rate of $6.00 a year, and some do not pay at all. How does that strike you for the high cost of education in China! From this you can easily see that we need a great deal of money if we are to bear the extra expense of educating the young; and they are the hope of China.

日四念月四年五十國民念紀

PICTURE TAKEN ON THE OCCASION

Centre—(1) Bishop Faveau, who was Father Fraser's Pastor for eight years in China; (2) (second from his right) Monsigneur Lepers, Vicar-General
Lo Pa Hong, the illustrious Catholic layman; (8) (directly below Father Fraser) a pagan bonze, or priest. In the front

Classroom Hospitality.

It was not so hot this afternoon and the master and the boys called for tea. Na Wong, the gatekeeper and waiter, brought it and served it in the class room. After the tea was served, the master sent for the barber who gave him a haircut right there and then.

Charity Unknown.

Charity and pity for human suffering are unknown among the pagans. They think more of their dogs, pigs and hens than they do of their fellowmen. The most despised creatures of all are the beggars. They have not a dog's life. Everyone hates and curses them. Even the little children hoot and hiss at them as they pass along. We always give the wretched creatures some little alms and they show their thanks by a nice bow. These people do not live. They merely eke out a most miserable existence. If only they had the true faith they would put in their Purgatory here on earth and after death be forever happy. But after all this misery and squalor of their lives on earth what can we hope for them, for they, like all the rest of the unfortunate pagans, know nothing of the true God, have never even heard the saving Name of Jesus Christ. If only our people at home realized how well off they are and how much they have to be thankful for, I think they would make a much greater effort for the conversion of poor pagans in this land of China.

Doctors Needed in China.

There is one thing that is greatly needed here and that is a doctor attached to the mission and, in course of time, a hospital. It would be of immense service to the people in general and beneficial to the cause of religion. I wish we could get some Catholic doctor to join up with the mission even for a time. All the Presbyterian missions have doctors and hospitals attached to their missions. We had a companion on the Empress, Dr. McDonald a Presbyterian from Valleyfield, Que., who is devoting his life and his science to the cause of the missions. At present we are 100 miles from the nearest thing that looks like a hospital and the journey must be made in a row boat.

To-day it is pouring rain. The river is swollen and the people are talking about floods and the rice crop. Rice is very dear now and there will be no new supply until the harvest time which is a few months away. The Chinaman never thinks about the heat or the cold, whether he is clean or dirty, comfortable or uncomfortable. All he thinks about is where he is going to get his rice to eat. In this respect he resembles the tramps in the Golden State except that the latter are usually much better off. He has no money for any of the creature comforts which we regard as indispensable. To him luxury is unknown. If he gets enough rice to eat then he is considered very well off, no matter how poor may be his home and how miserable his surroundings. Never in my life have I seen such utter poverty and wretchedness as is the lot of the average Chinaman here in Chuchow. With him it is an endless struggle to keep body and soul together. And even in this millions of the poor creatures in China fail.

Travel Difficult.

Here in Chuchow the only means of travel is by boat, by chair, or on foot. There is not a wheeled vehicle of any description, not even, a wheelbarrow. There are no roads; only footpaths so narrow that if two cross dogs met, one would have to go down the bank to let the other pass. If we had roads here we could go the rounds of our mission in a week, but with the present mode of travel it takes four months. A motor boat is out of the question owing to the rapids and the shallowness of the water.

Children Love Their Parents.

The children here love their parents very much, especially, it seems, if they are poor. Last Sunday I bought some cakes and distributed them to the school boys. While the greater number of them began to eat them I noticed one boy putting the cake under his Bu Zaan (long garment). I asked him why he was not eating his cake and he told me that he was saving it for his mother.

(Father Morrison's Diary will be continued in the next issue of "China.")

軍政學紳商追悼主教保

THE LATE BISHOP REYNAUD

ather Joseph Yu, C.M.; (5) Father Buch, co-worker with Father Fraser for many years; (6) Father Nugent, of the Irish Mission; (7) Mr. oys. In the centre of the group are many Chinese dignitaries, the Mayor, several Generals and lesser officials.

OUR LITTLE MISSIONARIES

SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE CANADIAN CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE.

On Sunday, May 10th, there was held at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Halifax, the Second Annual Convention of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, organized in Halifax a little over a year ago by Reverend Doctor Curran. The results of the Convention fully justified the hopes which were entertained at its inception, and the programme of the day was carried out with an order and precision which are due in a large measure to the forethought and care of the Reverend Director.

As last year, the units of the Crusade represented the young ladies of Mount St. Vincent and St. Patrick's Girls' High School, St. Mary's College, and on this occasion, the pupils of the Convent of the Sacred Heart acted as hostesses. The students assembled at the Convent at half past two and a procession was formed to the Chapel, where a hymn to the Sacred Heart, followed by Acts of Consecration to the Sacred Heart and to Our Lady opened the day's proceedings. After the Consecration, the procession left the Chapel and passed to the Assembly Hall, singing a stirring Crusaders' hymn, "God Wills It!" It was very impressive to see, both in the Chapel and in the Assembly Hall, these rows of the Catholic youth of Canada, brought together for the highest cause that can animate the heart of the human race—the extension of Christ's Kingdom on Earth.

The Holy Father and the Foreign Missions, Mount St. Vincent.

The Call to China, St. Patrick's Girls' High School.

The Canadian Martyrs, St. Mary's College.

Lay Co-operation with the Missionary Endeavor, Convent of the Sacred Heart.

A brief social intermission, the guests re-assembled in the hall to witness the Mission Play, "Takawitha," The Lily of the Mohawks, which depicted in a spirited manner scenes from the life of the little Indian maiden, whom we hope one day to see raised to the altars of the Church. The last act of the day was a fitting close, and a pledge of the future success of the Crusaders—Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, where the abundant graces of the Master of all hearts must have been shed not only on those who had the happiness of kneeling before Him, but also on all the lands of the earth, on Christian and pagan, on priest and neophyte and catechumen in the wide Mission Fields afar.

THEY ALL ENJOY "CHINA"
A Group of Our Schoolboys in Chuchow.

JUBILEE OFFERING.

The children of the Toronto Separate Schools have gathered for Father Fraser's twenty-fifth anniversary of ordination (July, 1926), a richly beautiful spiritual bouquet. Small wonder we hear of numerous conversions in Chuchow and that God seems to bless visibly our work there. It will surely console Father Fraser in his missionary labors to know that the children in the homeland are not forgetting him. Here is the gift they sent for his Silver Jubilee:

Masses heard	13,510
Holy Communions	12,322
Beads	15,407
Other prayers (including visits to the Blessed Sacraments, Stations, etc.)	50,436

DOG KILLED IN EFFORT TO RESCUE LITTLE GIRL.

Union, Neb.—Anna Luxford, 6 years old, suffered broken legs and her dog was killed when they were struck by an automobile here.

Witnesses of the accident said the little dog rushed between the automobile and the girl; to put its small body at the mercy of the oncoming wheels. Wounded, the dog crawled to where its mistress lay, and pillowing its head upon her, died.

Anna was taken to an Omaha hospital.

ALL ABOUT CATS.

Here is an essay on cats, written by a schoolboy with a sense of humor: "Cats that's meant for little boys to maul and tease is called Maultease cats. Some cats is rekernized by how quiet their purs is and these is named Persian cats. The cats what has very bad tempers is called Angoric cats. And cats with deep feelins is called Feline cats. I don't like cats."

W E A L L L I K E C H I N A

Prize-Winners in Picture Title Contest.

First, Miss Frances Van Bergen, Winnipeg; "I'm Suffering from Politeness"; 2nd, Leon Hudeski, Hamilton, Ont., "A Little Catsup"; 3rd, Miss A. Doyle, Ottawa, "Catsup"; 4th, Archie Baldassi, Hamilton, Ont., "Nothing Stronger Than Milk"; 5th, Mary Mahr, Guardian Angel School, St. John, N.B., "Please Leave a Few Licks for Me"; 6th, Miss Marie Walsh, Yorkton, Sask., "Waiting a Turn"; 7th, Louis J. Campbell, Newport, P.E.I., "Catholics in China (Catlicks)"; 8th, Tom Callahan, Toronto, "Hungry but Patient"; 9th, Miss Annetta Kenny, Navan, Ont., "Turn About", also Douglas Murphy, Emerald, P.E.I., who gave the same title, "Turn About"; 10th, Miss Elaine Enck, Miscouche, P.E.I., "Turn About is Fair Play."

GET THE HABIT.

Get the habit of early rising.

Get the habit of retiring early.

Get the habit of eating slowly.

Get the habit of being graceful.

Get the habit of being punctual.

Get the habit of speaking kindly.

Get the habit of seeking the sunshine daily.

Get the habit of closing doors gently.

Get the habit of neatness in appearance.

Get the habit of relying on self always.

Get the habit of a forgiving spirit.

Get the habit of being industrious.

Get the habit of apprehending no evil.

Get the habit of always paying as you go.

Get the habit of being accommodating.

Get the habit of economy, not stinginess.

Get the habit of hoping on and hoping ever.

TEASERS.

1.—What is it that flies high, flies low, has no feet, and still wears shoes?
2.—Why is an egg too lightly boiled like one boiled too much?
3.—What is the difference between a watchmaker and a jailer?
4.—If a man bumped his head against the top of a room what article of stationery would he be supplied with?
5.—When should we read the book of nature?

Answers.

1.—Dust.
2.—Because it is hardly done.
3.—One sells watches and the other watches cells.
4.—Ceiling whacks.
5.—When autumn turns the leaves.

A SAGACIOUS NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

At certain seasons of the year the streams in some parts of North America, not far from the coast, are filled with fish. A real Newfoundland dog (which, by the way, is much slighter in build than is generally thought), belonging to a farmer who lived near one of these streams, used to keep the house well supplied with fish. This is the way he managed it.

He was absolutely black, with the exception of a white forefoot, and for hours together he would stand almost immovable, on a small rock which projected into the stream, keeping his white foot hanging over the ledge as a lure for the fish. He remained so still that it acted as a very attractive lure. Whenever curiosity or hunger tempted an unwary fish to approach too close, the dog plunged in, seized the fish, and carried it off to the foot of a neighboring tree. He would do this again and again. On a successful day he would catch a great number.—Our Dumb Animals.

GUARD DUTY.

Guard your Tongue! Don't let it speak hasty, cruel, unkind or wicked words.

Guard your Eyes! Don't permit them to look on wicked books, pictures or objects.

Guard your Ears! Don't suffer them to listen to wicked speeches, songs or words.

Guard your Lips! Don't let tobacco foul them. Don't let strong drink pass them. Don't let the food of the glutton enter between them.

Guard your Hands! Don't let them steal or fight, or write any evil words.

Guard your Feet! Don't let them walk in the steps of the wicked.

Guard your Heart! Don't let the love of sin dwell in it. Don't give in to Satan, but ask Jesus to make it His throne.

"To amuse oneself by seeking out the faults of others is a sign that we are not concerned with our own."—St. Francis De Sales.

PASTIMES.

SNATCH TAG.

When playing snatch tag, divide the players into two teams, with goals at opposite ends of the playing field. An object such as a stick, a blackboard eraser or a tightly rolled newspaper, is placed half way between the two goal lines. At a signal from the umpire, a player starts from each team toward the centre, trying to get the stick and to return to his own goal before being tagged by his opponent. As the distance from the goals to the stick are equal, the players arrive at the same time, so strategy must be resorted to. Each player makes feints at picking up the stick until an opportunity offers to snatch it and make off toward the goal. If the attempt is successful, one point is scored. If, however, the player who has snatched the stick is tagged by his opponent, one point is scored by the opponent's team. The stick is replaced in the centre and the next players in line contest for it. Play is continued, the players running in turn until one team scores twenty-one.

HERE'S A DIME TRICK.

Set a tumbler on two half-dollars with a dime between them. (Be sure that this is arranged on a cloth-covered table). To get the dime out without touching it, scratch the cloth an inch or so from the glass, using the fingernail and scratching in the direction you wish the dime to move. It will slowly progress from under the glass.

"CAP" AND A MERE STUDENT

Men were men in the good old days when 'Cap" Sullivan sailed the great Lakes. "Cap" brings our mail now. It is not so dangerous —except for the luckless one who would attempt to interfere with it.

Nonsense
"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"
A. KEELOR

HER MONEY'S WORTH.

Lady: "Say, there are some mice fighting in my room."

Hotel Clerk: "How much are you paying for your room?"

Lady: "Seventy-five cents a day."

Hotel Clerk: "What do you expect to see for seventy-five cents, a bull fight?"

GOOD SUBJECTS.

Professor: "I am going to speak on liars to-day. How many of you have had the twenty-fifth chapter of the text?

Nearly every student raised his hand.

Professor: "Good! You are the very group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter."

NO DOUBT.

A minister was caught in a thunder shower on the way to church and got dripping wet. He sat in an unheated ante-room, trying to dry off a little before appearing before his congregation. An old deacon found him there.

"I'm hardly a fit object to stand up before the people, am I. Brother Brown?" he said.

"Oh, I'd go ahead in," said Deacon Brown. "You'll be dry enough when you get in the pulpit."

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

The attempt of the small boy to be polite ended rather disastrously, although not through any intentional error on his part. He had been in the habit of supplying the evening paper to a politician, a man of correct business habits, who discovered one evening that he had not the penny for payment.

"That's all right," said the boy. "You can give it to me to-morrow night."

"But, my boy," interposed the gentleman, impressively, "I may not be alive to-morrow night."

"Never mind," answered the boy, cheerfully, "it'll be no great loss."

A shadow fell across the statesman's face, and he is still wondering whether the boy, despite his look of innocence, was thinking solely of the penny.

A MATTER OF SHADES.

Nine-year-old Rastus was so black he was nicknamed "Midnight," and was somewhat touchy on the subject. One day a coffee-complexioned youngster of his own race called him "Midnight."

"You sho' ain't got nothin' t'say," Rastus exploded in righteous anger. "Wh-wh-wh-why youse jes' 'bout a quatah t' twelve you'se'f."

'NUFF SAID.

"Down where I live," said the man from Hamilton, "we grew a pumpkin so big that when we cut it my wife used one-half of it as a cradle."

"Why," smiled the man from Toronto, "that's nothing. A few days ago, right here, two full-grown policemen were found asleep on a beat."

DETAINED.

"You are an hour late this morning, Sam," said an employer to his colored servant.

"Yes, sah; I was kicked by a mule on my way, sah."

"That oughtn't to have detained you an hour, Sam."

"Well, yo see, Boss, he kicked me de other way."

FATHER'S SON.

"Late again, O'Malley," roared the boss. "How do you account for this persistent tardiness?"

"'Tis inherited, sir," answered O'Malley. "Me father was the late Michael O'Malley."

COINCIDENCE.

A passenger on a New York and Chicago limited train looking under his berth in the morning, found one black shoe and one tan. He called the porter's attention to the error.

The porter scratched his head in bewilderment.

"Well, ef dat don't beat all," he said. "Dat's de second time dis mawnin' dat mistake's happened!"

ISN'T IT TRUE?

One of the early winter problems of the Great American Provider is whether to wrap the wife in Mink, Monk, Mouse or Muslin for the chilly season. The values placed on furs are largely fictitious. An army blanket properly tailored might look just as fetching on a lady as some furs, but every husband knows army blankets will never be in favor with the Unfair Sex owing to the simple fact that army blankets do not have to be caught asleep on icebergs and harpooned by Eskimos on a commission basis.

If burlap had to be chased through the north woods by wholesale and retail hunters, one burlap jacket would cost from $300 to $1,000. And the ladies would think it exquisite. Likewise if man had to chase a yard of flannel ninety miles across ice on snow sleds before he could catch it, a suit of red flannel would sell for around $250 and be considered ultra smart for street wear.

The cost of feminine winter wear is based on the distance you have to go to trap, snare or shoot it.

Men's overcoats are comparatively cheap because they have never been known to run from a hunter in their lives.—(The Vincentian.)

NEW LADIES' PARLOR AT CHUCHOW.

You will be interested in this picture. It shows you the first building erected in Chuchow by pioneers of the China Mission Seminary, a waiting room for women and girls. Upon our arrival, we discovered that the men and boys had been fairly well provided for in the line of reception room, classroom, etc., but no provision had been made for the women and girls. As Chinese decorum forbids the mingling of the sexes at public gatherings, we soon discovered that something had to be done to accommodate the women, in the way of a reception room. And here is the reason. The poorer Chinese have no clocks, and they often arrive an hour or so before time for Mass or other devotions. The men were lodged fairly comfortably, but the poor women had to sit forlornly at the gate. So a place was needed in which to shelter them, and also to instruct them, and in which they might enjoy the pleasure which all women so dearly love—a friendly chat with their neighbours. The walls will be hung with sacred pictures, in the hope that these "chats" may be turned into questions and answers concerning our holy Religion. This waiting room, then, is an important asset in our work of evangelization, and we hope that it is the first of a big group of buildings to be one day known as the "Convent of Chuchow." We have big ideas, you see, but it is only by the generosity of our friends, and the advent of the Sisters that we may hope to carry them out.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations, received before June 16th:

Mrs. Teresa Small, Toronto, for the erection of a church in Sungyang, China, $2,000; Friend, St. John's, Nfld., for Little Flower Burse, $200; D. A. McRae, $150; Cathedral, North Bay, $133; Church of the Most Holy Rosary, Thorold, Ont., $171.55; Miss Margaret Egan, $100; St. Paul's Church, Toronto, $54; Rt. Rev. Monsignor Hand, Toronto, $50; Pupils of St. Joseph's School, North Sydney, $50; C.C.S.M.C., St. Francis Xavier's University, Antigonish, $50; St. Joseph's Church, Sudbury, Ont., $43; Per The Lamp, Graymoor, $40; Queen Square School, Charlottetown, $35.11; Subscriptions, Espanola, Ont., $35; Sacred Heart Church, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., $35; St. Anthony's School, Toronto, $33.82; Subscriptions, Port Colborne, Ont., $43.30; Friend, Toronto, $25; Subscriptions, Creighton Mine, Ont., $22.50; Subscriptions, Copper Cliff, Ont., $21.50; Mr. M. J. Hogan, $20; Miss M. Steele, $20; Mr. John Dooley, $20; Subscriptions, Sturgeon Falls, Ont., $17.65; Subscriptions, Callender, Ont., $16; J. J. Carolan, $15; C.C.S.M.C., St. Mary's College, Halifax, $15; Convent of Notre Dame, Kingston, Ont., $15; Subscriptions, Port Dalhousie, Ont., $15; Catholic Women's League, Kentville, N.S., $16.

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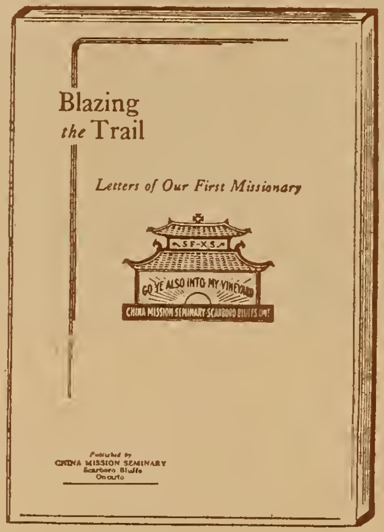
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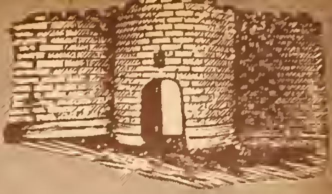

CHINA

SEPTEMBER **1926**

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EDITORIAL PAGE
CHINA
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Editor - Rev. Wm. C. McGrath

AD MULTOS ANNOS

Another priest has been added to our ranks. Father Joseph Venini, former student of Almonte and Scarboro, and who completed his course at Brignole Sale College, Genoa, was ordained on May 29th and is with us once more. Father Venini is one of the fortunate ones chosen to go to China this year.

WELCOME!

Welcome, students old and new! Another year's beginning sees our band of aspirant missionaries reinforced by other generous young souls, eager to prepare for the great work that is waiting for us all in China. Only too few realize the import of the work of the missions. But what a privileged few they are, privileged to co-operate so intimately and, under God, so efficaciously, in the work for which Christ laid down His life.

IMAGINARY DIFFICULTIES.

Vocation to the missionary life very often wears its most forbidding aspect at first sight. Perhaps it is Satan who so exaggerates the difficulties and so stresses the seeming impossibilities for the soul that is wavering between human weakness and the grace of God. Once the choice is made how many of these obstacles vanish!

THE HOPE OF CHINA.

"We look to the Catholics of America to assure the future of the Church in China by helping American missioners laboring there," said Joseph Lo Pa Hong, the distinguished Chinese layman who headed China's delegation to the Eucharistic Congress. "To assure the future of the Church in China"! We are proud to feel that Canada is playing an ever-increasing part in this all-important work. We know that her missionaries who bear "the burden and the heat" of difficult and arduous missionary work will not be neglected by the people at home. Theirs too is the glorious privilege to help win China for Christ.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

We recommend to our readers the firms whose advertising appears on our pages. Recently CHINA was doubled in size. The subscription price remained the same. How did we do it? Well, the co-operation of our advertisers made the financial burden very much lighter. Your patronage would serve to show your appreciation.

THE MUSTERING.

There's a crimson banner flying, there's a blood-stained flag unfurled
For the Knights of Christ are marching to the conquest of the world.
There's a Great White General leading, He has set their hearts aflame
And they'd give their life-blood freely for the glory of His name.
So they've heard the bugle calling, they have dropped the book and pen
And the very world is shaking with the tramp of armored men.

There's a battle-field in China, there's a war that's waging now,
There's a mighty army mustering—won't you join us in CHUCHOW?
There's a little band of heroes who are bearing all the brunt
Bravely holding first-line trenches on the far off Eastern Front.
Won't you answer "Yes, I'm ready," when we call the muster-roll?
Won't you join our little army on the Battlefield of Souls?

There's a little troop in training who are waiting for the day
When they'll join their soldier comrades in the thickest of the fray
For the day of Ordination when, in armor dazzling bright,
Christ shall lay His sword upon them and shall dub them each His knight
Saying "take My blood-stained banner, let its crimson colors fly
In the van-guard of the battle—where the bravest love to die."

There's a little tented army camping on a foreign sod
And the youth of Christ are marching in the panoply of God.
Can't you hear the bugle pealing, won't you heed the call of Christ,
For a cause that's steeped in glory;—for immortal souls unpriced?
There's a battle-field in CHINA, there's a war that's waging now
There's a mighty army mustering, won't you join us in CHUCHOW? —H.F.X.S.

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Looks for CHINA.

"Enclosed you will find renewal to CHINA. I look for that very interesting little paper each month."

A Practical Helper.

"I notice CHINA is very much improved and is a very interesting little paper. I intend handing copies around among my friends with the hope of interesting others in the good work."

"It is a pleasure to enclose renewal for two years. Each issue is brighter and more interesting than the last. The generous use of cuts doubtless adds much to the publishing expense, but it also makes for increased reader interest. I am sure the children who become accustomed to reading it will never want to be without it when they grow up. I always pass on my copy. God bless the Mission and "China."

A Little Friend, Nova Scotia.

"I am sending you a cheque for $7.50 to help you on with your work. I love the little Chinese children. I want to help them. My papa is from China and speaks Chinese. He teaches me some words in Chinese. He gave me some money for my mite-box. I am only seven years old. When I am older I think I'll go with Papa to China. Please send me another box."

———, Nfld.

"I heartily congratulate you on the form and matter of "CHINA." It is really interesting and has developed to the stage where one expects its coming."

Father Morrison and his Chinese Teacher. In the background is a temple of Confucius.

TORONTO PRIEST LEAVES FOR CHINA.

Rev. Wm. Fraser, brother of Rev. J. M. Fraser, has resigned his parish in Albion to take up missionary work in China. Father Fraser left Toronto for Chuchow on August 10.

GREAT NEED OF CATHOLIC DOCTORS IN CHINA

At a meeting of the St. Luke Medical Society in Louvain recently, Rev. Father Colomban, M.D., gave some startling statistics in regard to the comparative medical activities of the Catholic and non-Catholic missionaries in China.

The Figures

The Catholic missionary priests in China number 4,112, laboring under 42 Vicars Apostolic, as against 9,000 Protestant Missionaries, 862 of whom are doctors, medical licentiates, or sufficiently well trained to direct a hospital. They are assisted by trained nurses. In Central China every Protestant head station has either its hospital or its dispensary.

For all the China Catholic missions there are but four priest doctors who, by Papal dispensation, are allowed to practise medicine exclusively. They are assisted by one lay doctor, who volunteers his services, and by twenty-two others, who, for a consideration, consent to spend a few hours a day in Catholic hospitals. What caps the climax is the fact that four paid Protestant doctors are working in Catholic hospitals, because it has been imposible to secure Catholic candidates.

Deficiencies in Organization

"Those figures," said the lecturer, "proclaim an immense misery, deficiencies in the organization of the apostolate, shortcomings in the charity of Catholics. It is more than time to blot out the two latter black spots, to make it possible to efface the first."

Father Colomban is a medical practitioner and that has made it possible for him, during seventeen years of missionary work in China, to treat 9,800 cases of sickness, and to help numerous souls into Heaven. We have already heard from our own missionaries in Chuchow of the many demands that have been made upon them to prescribe for the sick and the afflicted. What a blessing it would be if there were a Catholic doctor there

SEEKS BEATIFICATION OF FATHER FRATZ, GERMAN MATRYRED IN TONKING

Cardinal Schulte, Archibshop of Cologne, has commissioned Prof. August Luedenbach, of Dueren, to promote the process of beatification of Father Johannes Caspar Kratz, the Jesuit missionary who, though born at Golzheim near Dueren, died a martyr, in China, in 1737.

Professor Luedenbach published a biography of the Rhenish martyrs some years ago. Since then, however, Father Schurhammer has discovered in archives at Lisbon, Portugal, important documents of Father Kratz and other Tonking martyrs.

Fathers Traynor (left) and Lawlor, of St. Columban's, were welcome visitors at the Seminary during the summer.

Cardinal Schulte, accordingly, has ordered Professor Luedenbach to conduct a pilgrimage of Rhenish priests and laymen to Rome some time in Holy Week, when, in a special audience with His Holiness, they will petition for the appointment of another Papal commission to take up the beatification process for Father Kratz.

SUPPRESSION OF ANTI-CHRISTIAN MOVEMENTS IN CHNA

Pekin Mandate Condemns Anti-Christian Propaganda

An order has been issued from government headquarters at Pekin obliging civil and military governors to suppress all anti-Christian movements in China. The mandate says that the three religions, Buddism, Taoism and Confucianism, have been practised for thousands of years in China and that Catholicism and the other christian religions have been authorized in China by virtue of treaties with Foreign countries, in which it is specified that Christianity will be protected. After the establishment of the Republic liberty of conscience was granted to the Chinese people. Recently, however, anti-christian propaganda has been carried on and anti-christian societies formed. All this, the Pekin mandate points out, is seriously detrimental to the welfare of China and the civil and military authorities have received peremptory orders to suppress it.

FATHER MORRISON'S FIRST CONVERT.

In one of his recent letters, Father Morrison tells us that he will never forget his impressions on the occasion of his first baptism in China. The boy who is shown here with him in this picture, and also on the frontispiece picture (the tallest boy in the group) is a lad of exceptional ability whom Father Fraser found one day wandering around in one of the pagan temples in our district. He had been a brilliant student at the public school but his health had broken down and he was obliged to leave school. Father Fraser took a special interest in the lad, nursed him back to health and undertook to pay his expenses back at school. The boy, however, so grateful for the kindness shown him and so much taken with the life of the Christian boys, that he preferred to remain and attend our school. He is now well and strong again and one of the happiest of our Chuchow schoolboys. No wonder Father Morrison felt very happy when it was his privilege to reclaim this young soul from the darkness of paganism. What of the millions of other such young boys, neglected—abandoned—in that great pagan country! Are there not many young men who would be willing to undergo the hard lot of the missionary to win such souls for Christ?

Father Morrison and his first convert in China.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE

to be allowed one-third of a pound of rice for your daily sustenance? And even then you would have to gather by the roadside the fuel wherewith to cook it! It would seem as though the birds of the air would require as much. This third of a pound of rice is the daily allowance of some of Father Fraser's people in Chuchow.

MUSIC EXAMINATION, GRADUATING CLASS, SALESIAN SCHOOL, SHIUCHOW
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Versiglia, Vicar Apostolic of Shiuchow, was a recent visitor at our Seminary.

The Organist's Prayer

"He thought of the thousands of upturned faces that had greeted him the evening before, of the thousands of hands that met in thunderous applause.—'Oh, God,' he prayed, 'grant that my music may sometime bring wayward souls to Thee'."

By CYRIL J. CASSIDY

The sun had set and the curtain of night was slowly falling. The last feeble gleams of encrimsoned light were making their way through the beautiful stained glass windows of St. Joseph's. All was silent. Then a click—a light in the organ loft went on, strengthening the spectral shadows throughout the church. The organist had come.

He had planned for a practice in quiet and solitude in order to rehearse some new compositions of his own—an hour under the guiding hand of the Spirit of Orpheus. Only that afternoon as he composed a theme, he wondered if his genius—for this Leon Schmidt possessed no slight musical ability—had ever brought a soul to God. Perhaps! But if he only knew of a few, even one!

As he prepared the console, arranging the various stops, the couplers, music, etc., he thought of the thousands of upturned faces that had greeted him the evening before at Stoconia Hall; of the thousands of hands that met in thunderous applause; of the thousands of ears, strained to catch his every note; but what of the thousands of souls?

"O God," he prayed, "grant that this practice may be for Thy greater glory, that my music may sometime bring wayward souls to Thee Who has given me the talents that I possess; but Thy will, not mine be done! Amen—St. Cecilia, patroness of musicians, pray for me." Then, softly, slowly, in a flowing crescendo, the sweet tones of the organ broke the quiet, falling gently on the ears of angels who worshipped there before the Lord.

At first Leon's very being became enslaved by the soul of music and he was unconscious of all else; but now there came to him a new sensation—that of a listening soul. A young man had quietly entered the church and was kneeling in humble supplication before the Lord of Hosts. "Some poor man seeking consolation," thought the musician, "perhaps I too can help," and he began his favorite piece—a melody with an unearthly inspirational power and a subtle charm.

* * * * * * * *

The rehearsal over, Leon knelt in thanksgiving for a moment and then started for home, there to spend the rest of the evening at the piano. Scarcely had he got seated at his instrument when he caught the sound of approaching footsteps on the walk. His door was open and through it he perceived a young man on the veranda. The visitor was tall and fair and dressed in a black suit—that of a divinity student.

Leon went forward to greet him.

"Good evening, Mr. Schmidt," the young man began, "do you remember Harold Eaton?"

"Why Harold, how are you? My, but you have grown; I scarcely knew you; come inside till I have a talk with you." and they entered the musician's beautiful drawing room. A long chat ensued. Harold related his experiences since he had left the tutorship of Leon. He told him of his parents' deaths—for they were great friends of Schmidt—and of his joining the Foreign Mission Society.

"What!" exclaimed Leon, "you are going to be a missionary?"

"Yes, Mr. Schmidt, in a few months I will be leaving for China. The Society sent me here a week ago to finish my course; but let us talk about something else. I came here to congratulate you upon your wonderful playing last evening, not to talk about myself. Won't you play a piece for me? There is something in your music which makes me like it above all other."

Then the master, with a desire to please, went to his instrument and played. "What a pity that he is not a Catholic," thought Leon. "I wonder if he would come to St. Joseph's next Sunday to hear the music." As he finished the piece his courage rose and he decided to ask him.

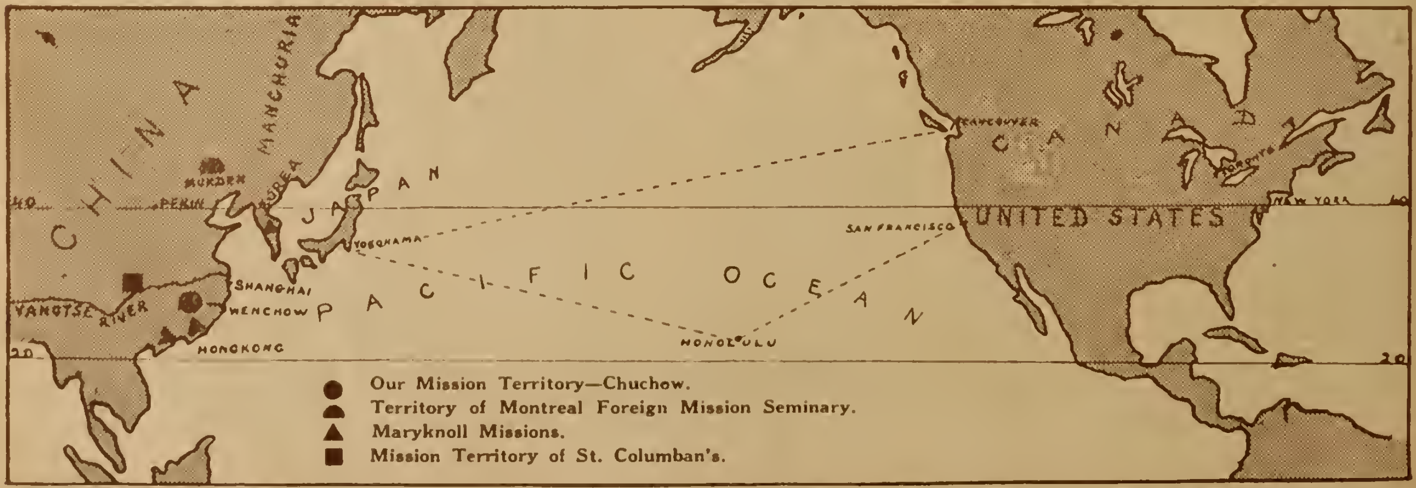
"Let me tell you!" he interposed eagerly. "I had nearly forgotten it—but Madame Gourdon is to sing at St. Joseph's next Sunday and I am to play some new compositions. If you should go, you would certainly enjoy it, I think."

When Harold had gone, the professor shook his head doubtfully. "He is a Protestant and a divinity student besides," he murmured, "I doubt if he goes." Nevertheless, he besought the Mother of Mercy to lead this stray soul into the True Fold.

Leon's confidence in the Holy Mother was not misplaced for, Sunday morning, he saw the young man seated a short distance from the back. Then he took courage and prayed again to the Seat of Wisdom that her Divine Son would pour the gift of faith on this poor stray soul.

The music that day surely soared to Heaven, for Madame Gourdon sang in the sweetest of tones and Leon played with a supernatural charm. Then there was the sermon—a rare piece of eloquence by Father O'Donnell, S.J. The beauty of it all, the sense of unearthly mystery—even the consciousness of the Divine Presence were slowly being revealed to Harold Eaton. The little bell tingled, and with quiet, impulsive motion, the divinity student fell on his knees with the rest.

During the many weeks that followed, Leon Schmidt lost sight of his former pupil, except for a stray glimpse of him a few times among the



The above map shows, approximately, the location in China of some of the principal American and Canadian Missions.

One of the classes—all good friends of China—of St. Alphonsus School, Windsor, Ont. These little missionaries say every day the prayer for the conversion of China.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations, received before August 15th:

Friend, Victoria, B.C., $250; St. Patrick's Mission Circle, Sherbrooke, P. Q., $75; St. Francis Hospital, Pittsburg, Pa., $60; Mite-Boxes, St. Joseph's Convent, Charlottetown, P.E.I., $25.33; St. Vincent's Convent, St. John, N.B., $25; St. Joseph's Convent, Halifax, $25; Mite-Boxes, St. Vincent's Academy, Halifax, $20.15; E.M.D., $20; Miss Mary A. Monaghan, $20; W. H. Wickham, $15; St. Stanislaus School, Hamilton, $13.50; B. V. Sodality, Mt. St. Joseph, North Sydney, N.S., $12.28; Mite-Boxes, St. Mary's Girls' School, Halifax, $12; Friends, Pittsburg, Pa., $11; School Children, R.R. 1, Breslau, Ont., $10.40.

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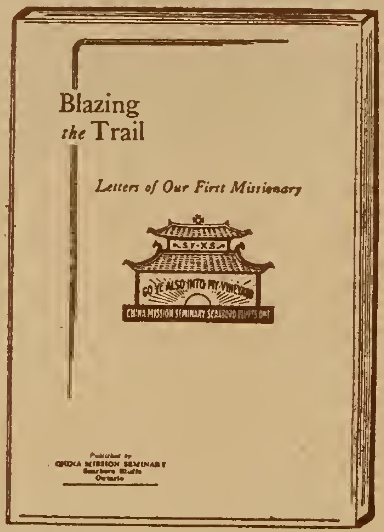
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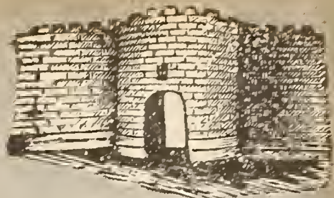
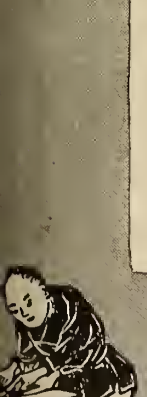


CHINA

OCTOBER 1926



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FATHER KAM TO GO TO CHINA

Since the publication of the September CHINA it has been decided to have Father Kam accompany Fathers Carey and Venini to China this month. Father Kam was to have been retained for a year's campaign work in Canada but the recall of Father Fong, native Vincentian priest who had been loaned to our mission in Chuchow, renders it necessary that he leave for China. To none has the decision occasioned greater pleasure than to Father Kam himself. He is most anxious to be engaged in the real work of the missions, and, besides, for him "going to China" is simply going home.

REAL MISSIONARY WORK.

If you would obtain a real insight into missionary work in our district in China, missionary work that recalls to our minds the journeyings of St. Paul himself, read Father Fraser's account of his mission tour to Tsingtien. There is missionary work for you! And there is the work that is waiting for our band who are leaving so shortly for Chuchow. Perhaps, dear boy reader, with your generous young heart ready to sacrifice all things for Christ, perhaps it is also waiting for you. When you read of Christians long neglected, of wretched little chapels falling into ruins and, withal, of the great seething masses of paganism so far uninfluenced by Christianity, surely it will come home to some of you that here is a work worthy of all the talents and virtues with which God has endowed you.

THREE CHINESE BISHOPS.

October, 1926, will be a memorable month in the history of the Church in China. On October 24 Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, will personally consecrate three native Chinese Bishops. The Holy Father has given many proofs of His Christlike love for the missions. The great missionary exhibit of last year, his famous encyclical, "Rerum Ecclesiae," these are but the results of his ardent desire to advance the mission cause and to awaken a greater love of the missions in the hearts of the people at home. And now comes this crowning act of his Pontificate. Needless to say this gracious condescension on the part of the Holy Father, his desire to consecrate the new Bishops with his own hands, will awaken even greater devotion and love for the Holy See among the Catholic people of China. May it hasten the day when China, groping blindly to-day for light and guidance, will turn to where alone she can find it, the bosom of the one true Church of Christ.

SOME OF OUR PROBLEMS.

Dear Readers of CHINA:—

Another scholastic year has begun. You will be pleased to know that many new students have joined us, to prepare for the day when they, like our missionaries so soon to leave us, will be among the chosen ones destined for China. The feeling of departure is in the air. Another band will soon be on its way. Divine Providence is blessing our efforts for China and a great harvest of souls is waiting. It seems a most opportune time, doesn't it, to have a quiet, earnest talk among ourselves about the work in which we are all so interested. Supposing we speak of some of our problems in China and of our prospects of success!

Need of Missionaries.

Our first and greatest need, of course, is the need of men. Without missionaries all else is of no avail. Our three brave pioneers who are holding the fort in Chuchow have a superhuman task ahead of them. The 2,000 Christians of our district are scattered over a vast territory and for the present it is impossible to minister even to their needs, much less make any great inroads into the great masses of paganism. We need reinforcements, men and more men. And they will come.

Conditions in Chuchow.

A survey of our district by Father Fraser reveals the fact that in the greater number of missions in the district the houses and chapels are almost in ruins. At best, they were but poor and inadequate, but long years of neglect and abandonment, consequent upon the absence of missionaries from the district, have left them in a pitiful state of disrepair. As far as the mission buildings are concerned, in many places it will be a question of beginning all over again. Soon we hope to have priests stationed in at least the more important parts of the Prefecture. It becomes imperative to proceed as soon as possible with the erection of new chapels in many places in Chuchow. Thanks to the charity of a kind benefactor in Toronto who donated $2,000 for this purpose, a church will soon be built in one of our missions, rearing its saving cross high above the hideous pagan temples of Sungyang. For the present we cannot do more in this direction because we have not the funds.

Education and Schools.

At Mission Headquarters, Father Fraser is already conducting a school for boys. Three of the pupils have signified their intention of going on to study for the Priesthood. It is consoling, even if we never did more. Up to the present no provision has been made for the girls who are growing up without instruction or education. A girls' school is a crying necessity, as is also a convent for the Sisters whom we hope soon to have in Chuchow to care for their education.

Necessity of Education.

Mr. Lo Pa Hong, the great Chinese Catholic layman, in a famous speech at Chicago this year, told his hearers that the Chinese are willing to pay any price for American education, that the Church that would provide such education would secure a great number of converts. To provide that education will be our aim. If we are at all to compete with the non-Catholic denominations in China, with millions at their disposal, we must strain every nerve for the erection and equipment of proper schools. It is a serious problem, dear friends, but a problem which, in common with mission societies in other parts of China, we must and will solve. To think otherwise would be to resign ourselves to the loss to the Church forever of teeming millions of souls in China. The need is urgent. China is looking to the West for education and enlightenment. Red Russia is keenly alive to her opportunities among the Chinese and unless we do a great deal during the next ten or twenty years it may be too late. China, like hopeless Japan, may have chosen the way of atheism and materialism. It does seem an appalling problem for you and me and the boys many of us know, who are to be our future missionaries in China; a problem from which we well might shrink did we not know that Christ is with His Church to-day as He was throughout the ages, and that the gates of Hell, whether Arianism or Paganism or Bolshevism be their hideous form, shall not prevail against her.

The Need at Home.

Finally, dear friends, there are our needs at home. The daily upkeep of our seminary entails a steady drain upon our slender resources and for it we depend solely upon the contributions we receive through the mail from day to day. Altogether, the financial problem is a heavy one, but at the beginning of this, our most promising year, we take the opportunity to lay our needs before our readers and friends, confident that you will respond generously to our appeal. It is nice to think sometimes of what we could do if we only had the means, of the number of poor boys we could educate, of the schools and churches and hospitals we could build in China. To those of our readers particularly who are blessed with an abundance of this world's goods we appeal in all sincerity for the financial assistance so necessary to carry on. Our only object in thus placing our needs before you is the welfare of this all-important work and the salvation of immortal souls in China.

MY FIRST MISSION TOUR IN CHUCHOW

BY REV. J. M. FRASER

Through swollen torrents and over steep, almost inaccessible mountains, skilled boatmen and sure-footed chair carriers bear a missionary to a long-neglected people. The "Xavier" makes her maiden voyage and is an object of great curiosity to the Chinese. A land of opportunity for Canada.

June 20th, 1926. To-day, Sunday, was a red-letter day in Chuchow. Sixty-five persons received Confirmation, the first time in many years that the sacrament was given. Yours truly was celebrant, the Apostolic Delegate of China having conferred the necessary faculties. Father Fong was Deacon and Father Serra sub-Deacon. On the three preceding days the candidates were instructed, religious exercises performed, and confessions heard. At the ceremony they seemed imbued with the sacredness of the sacrament they were receiving.

Mission Tour to Tsingtien.

June 21st. I left our central city of Chuchow to make the semi-annual Missionary visitation of Tsingtien, the largest and most important of the ten Subprefectures under our care. I took with me a catechist native of Tsingtien as assistant and interpreter as the dialect there is different from any I know. He is pious, zealous and intelligent, knowing both the Ningpo dialect with which I am very familiar, and Latin, having been once a seminarian, but through sickness was obliged to discontinue his studies.

The Xavier's Maiden Voyage.

It was the first trip made in our new houseboat, "The Xavier," and I was pleased with the way she acted under trying circumstances. She is quite an improvement on the native style of boats, and henceforth our priests will be able to say Mass on their voyages.

Difficult Travel.

Passage down the river was swift, and at 3 p.m. we landed at a busy little village, where we found a man and a boy waiting to carry our baggage. The route led through the mountains over a rough and rocky path, a continual succession of twists and obstacles, and to make matters worse, it began to rain in torrents. One of our boatmen shouldered part of the baggage, but lost courage when he came to the foot of what seemed an endless stairway of rough stones. Luckily a countryman agreed to take his place.

The boy was in the lead and I followed on foot. He was a sturdy, well-built lad of fourteen. It gave me courage to see him treading the sharp rocks with bare feet, or rather, one foot bare, the other wearing a straw sandal—he had lost one on the way out. His conversation seemed so frank and intelligent I became interested in him, and had visions of his studying in Chuchow, and, who knows, but some day a seminarian, when I was rudely recalled from my reverie by his announcing that he was already married!

At Yidusan.

Reeking with perspiration and drenched with rain, we arrived at last at Yidusan, our destination, having covered three and a half miles and climbed at least a thousand feet in two hours. We drew up at what I imagine the Stable of Bethlehem looked like. I was shown up a steep stairway without banisters, to a combination bedroom and chapel (but not much of either) with beams so low I had to bow to pass under. A long table served as altar. Above it, stuck on a bamboo mat, was an old soiled picture of Christ with a globe in His hand; pewter, crucifix and candlesticks; four wooden vases holding three branches of paper flowers, which had lost all colour and were blackened with the smoke from the kitchen below. No wonder! They had been there, we were told, for twenty years! There were eight rickety pews. No ceiling (the rafters and tiles bare), no paper, paint or plaster on the rough walls of this loft. In one corner was the bed reserved for me—a huge box half filled with rice, in another a bamboo couch for my follower, neither springs nor mattress on either. The rest of the space in the "chapel" was occupied by baskets, jars and dear knows what all, property of the farmer who rents us the place for $2 a year! Certainly a dingy, miserable place to be dignified with the name of "Hall of the Lord of Heaven."

Instruction Given.

After changing to dry linen (I only had one soutane), I passed several hours conversing with the people, Christian and pagan. There are twenty families in the hamlet. There is no school of any kind within reach. I promised to place a catechist there for three months to instruct the adults and teach the children catechism. In the evening my follower gave a long, interesting talk on religion. In describing the birth of Christ he pointed to a corner. It was empty, but evidently had housed some sort of domestic animal.

Work for the Future.

On retiring we were lulled to sleep by the clatter of a mountain torrent, and the croaking of countless frogs, like as if a thousand sparrows were chirping at once in the tiny rice fields nearby. For the Chinese of this Subprefecture have terraced their mountains to the very summit. An American farmer would consider such work as "not paying"; and as a matter of fact the labor and time required to build a wall and fill in earth is altogether out of proportion to the tiny plot of level land thus acquired; but the Chinese work for future generations, and certainly the present generation is reaping a rich harvest and millions of people are being supported on what otherwise would be barren land.

There were no windows in our loft—sliding doors closed the openings. I was awakened early next morning by the light streaming through a hundred cracks and holes in the walls and roof.

Mass at Yidusan.

June 22nd. I heard confessions beside a bench. The "altar" was prepared for Mass. It looked kind of respectable when the pretty altar cloths given me by a certain Toronto convent were spread, while the silver chalice and ciborium given me by a certain bishop, which have been polished like new by Father Serra, were the admiration of the little congregation, seven of whom received Holy Communion.

Before leaving our little guide of yesterday knelt and begged me to admit him to our school at Chuchow. I had to explain that it was not for married men, but that if I ever started a school for catechists he would be among the students.

Return Trip Dangerous.

It was quite a job to get back to our boat. The torrential rain had so swollen the mountain torrents that the stepping stones at the crossings were far below the surface. Three times I had to be carried across on the baggage carrier's back, who would first cross with his load and then return for me. I whispered some fervent prayers, especially at one crossing which was on the brink of a fifteen-foot cascade. One false step would have plunged both of us into the seething waters and ugly rocks below. I admired the patience, strength and sure-footedness of this mountaineer as he felt with his feet for every step on the slippery, submerged boulders.

Watch Your Step.

Here and there in the gullies we passed picturesque waterfalls thundering down from a great height. In places we picked our steps along a narrow path on the edge of a precipice made still more dangerous by another downpour of rain.

Back to "The Xavier."

On arriving at the big river we found that it had doubled itself in width and our boat was lying at the far side. By dint of shouting and gesticulating we attracted the attention of the boatmen who crossed and took us on board. It was quite a treat to hop into one's own boat and pull out without delay, instead of hunting around for an unoccupied boat and haggling over the price. In no time the swift current bore us to the land-

TSINGTIEN.

A city of about 6,000 inhabitants. Situated on the Wenchow River (seen in the picture) between Chuchow and Wenchow, it would be a very desirable location for some future missionary from China Mission Seminary. All our missionaries will pass through Tsingtien on their way to our Mission Headquarters.

ing place of the next Mission, but we learned that a number of streams to be crossed had become impassable, so we moved further down stream.

At Do Lu.

In the afternoon we arrived at Do Lu. The "oratory" here is in about the same state as that of Yidusan, but boasts of a fixed catechist and a greater number of Christians. The rent is $4 a year and the catechist's salary $40 a year. In inspecting the premises I visited the kitchen—it reminded me of the Mamertine prison! I counted five leaks in the roof. I bumped my head on the beams of the attic "chapel." No ceiling, only exposed rafters, from which tiny caterpillars began to fall during the night prayers—my follower getting a bite on the neck. My bedding had been spread on a rice bin in a corner. He insisted that it be brought downstairs. In the process I got a nip from the naughty little "fur insects." I now found that I had been allotted an unused room, damp and musty with mud floor. My man protested that I might take plague by sleeping there, so finally the bed was constructed in the central room, where we had all passed the evening in conversation. I say "constructed"—on two trestles six unplaned boards were laid, and on these a thick quilt for mattress, sheets and blankets. It took a deal of fussing to suspend the mosquito net, with I don't know how many at the job; nails had to be pulled out of different parts of the house, straightened, and then with a stone driven into the beams above. **If there is any place on earth that needs a new chapel it is certainly Do Lu!**

Medals in Demand.

June 23rd. I heard confessions and distributed Communion to seventeen. Two dear little boys of seven begged and obtained medals, which was the signal for many other applicants to appear. One father asked that his son, twelve years old, be admitted to our school in Chuchow, to which I consented.

We are sending reinforcements—to Father Fraser and our other brave pioneers in Chuchow. $500.00 will be required for the passage of each of our three missionaries. Will YOU help us?

River in Flood.

The road to where we left our boat was level, the boulders fairly flat, and the weather fine, so we had a pleasant three-mile walk. Our next stop was twelve miles further down stream. The current was so swift we made it in less than an hour! I hardly recognized the city of Tsingtien, the river had so risen it almost reached the top of the city wall which was being used as a wharf. We climbed out of our boat on to the wall, and were soon at the chapel—this time a real one—the best one in fact outside of our central headquarters. It is a two-storey brick house with plastered rooms. Four rooms and porch downstairs and the chapel and a room above—a fine beginning for some future Missionary of China Mission Seminary. Besides the city he will have care of the whole Subprefecture containing six Mission stations and 500,000 pagans.

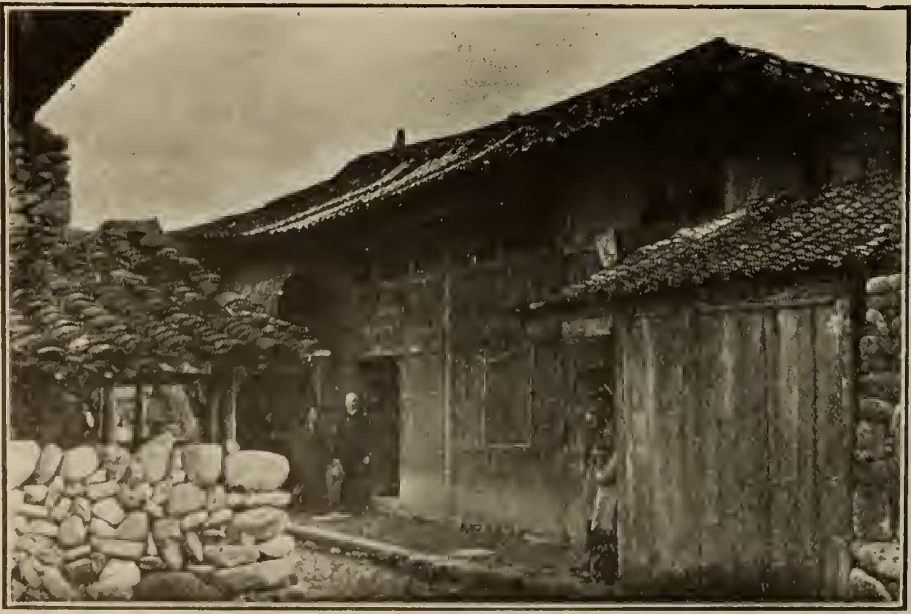
We met many people with purple marks on their necks and chests. It is supposed to be a cure for prostration. I saw one little boy of five manfully enduring the ordeal of being pinched black and blue without a whimper. A sad sight was a sickly-looking woman, skin and bones, dragging herself along the street in a sitting posture, leaning on a bench. She looked at me beseechingly. I gave her an alms and as I passed on heard her praise the generosity of the "foreign gentleman" to the passers-by. Such a one should be in a poor house, but there is no such institution in our district.

Tsingtien.

The city of Tsingtien has about 6,000 inhabitants. Fourteen years ago nearly all the buildings were carried away in a dreadful flood and thousands lost their lives. Our present chapel was built since the catastrophe; the former one was destroyed. The then catechist, who is now our school teacher in Chuchow city, climbed to the roof with his wife and children and other people to the number of about thirty. The house rose and floated away a distance of a mile. He thinks it was a miracle as all other houses went to pieces. A boatman, looking for his mother, came alongside. The crowd all began to clamber in at once. The boat would have capsized had not the boatman seized his oar and threatened to smash any others trying to board. After landing the first boat-load at the foot of a mountain he returned for the rest. One of the few buildings left standing was the Protestant Church, solidly built in "foreign style." Since the disaster, all who can afford it, are building "foreign style."

"Real" Church Desirable.

As soon as we can afford it we ought to buy a lot on the hillside and build a "real" church and priest's house. The present one, which is situated on the same site as the one carried away, could be used as a school. Tsingtien ought to be thus provided for as all our Missionaries will pass through it on their way to headquarters. The scenery around is very beautiful.



THE "CHAPEL" AT BA NGA.
"A nondescript habitation occupied by the landlord and family, our catechist, a dye-works, a doctor and the village blacksmith." What a place for the offering of the Holy Sacrifice! A real church is urgently needed.

On a hill in the city is a fantastic group of rocks of gigantic size. One of them looks as if ready to roll down the hill, though it is stated that eighteen men tried to push it over, but failed. It is a tradition that this feat is reserved for the "filial son par excellence," who will topple it over with one finger. Of course every boy tries his luck at it. A pagan priest living in a cave showed us around. He makes his living by telling fortunes.

Tsingtien Oratory.

There are twenty-four kneeling benches. I do not know if their colour is paint or grease. An iron bell from Chicago with horrible, ear-splitting sound right in the chapel as there is no belfrey. Large print of St. Joseph that looks like a bill poster; wooden candlesticks; four soiled rags for scrolls with faded Chinese characters; old piece of red calico for antependium with big hole and one corner torn off. The only thing that looked right about the wabbly altar was small glass vases with fresh flowers from the garden. There are ten windows with sixteen panes of glass missing. Shutters beyond repair.

Visits Local Mandarin.

June 25th. Paid a visit to the local mandarin. He is a man of learning, a devotee of Confucius. He told me that during his four years of office he repaired the temple of the Sage, built a prison, placed twenty boats in different parts of the city in case of another flood, etc., and presented me with a pamphlet describing these works, to which he carefully affixed his official seal inscribed, "Servant of the People of Tsingtien." He said that his prison with about forty prisoners is the only one in the whole Subprefecture with its half-million inhabitants and he is the only magistrate! He offered tea and cigarettes, and on leaving politely accompanied us to the outer gate.

The Pagan Orphanage.

I paid a visit to the pagan orphanage. It was pay day and the nurses were all there with their babies, receiving wages—25c for two weeks. They must find their own food, clothing, etc. Fifty baby girls are thus provided for who otherwise, without doubt, would have been destroyed. After weaning they are adopted out.

A Jail in China.

Passed the new jail. Prisoners are chained for the first few days, then locked in tiny cells. The former jail was swept away in the flood and all its prisoners drowned. The inmates, if the rules are the same as in Chuchow, get a pound of rice a day with a little brine. By bribing the jailor, however, they can get anything they want. Those in for life get part of the bribes, otherwise they would make it intolerable for the jailor and the rest of the inmates. While in Tsingtien I had to start housekeeping in a small way. Before leaving I paid off the help. The woman who cooked and washed got 10 cents a day and her keep, which is higher wages than she got elsewhere.

In our district in China there are millions of pagans, but only 2,000 Christians, many of whom must die without the last sacraments, and yet they say there is "China enough at home."

On Sunday, June 27th, about fifty were present at Mass and sermon and sixteen received Holy Communion. A pagan school boy of fifteen became interested in our Faith.

On to Ba Nga.

June 28th. From 7 a.m. to 4 p.m. we scoured the city in search of boatmen capable of taking our boat up a rushing torrent to Ba Nga, a dangerous trip, requiring courage and dexterity. At last we secured three of the right sort, and at the right price—$3—to bring us to Ba Nga and the boat back to Tsingtien. This was considered high wages—three men, three days' work! Travelling expenses here are low, but when everything is put together a trip like this costs quite a sum.

Danger!

By 7:30 p.m. we had made ten miles without incident. We spread our bedding and went to sleep. At 2 a.m. next morning my follower felt the boat drifting away. He shouted to the boatmen who were asleep in another boat alongside. In an instant they were up and on board our craft. The river had greatly risen during the night, the gravel bank at which we were moored was under water. The alarm was given in the nick of time. I hate to think what would have happened to us two, alone in the boat, if we had drifted into mid-stream. The men tried to make the other side. It was quite a feat to cross the wide river with the current rushing seemingly at a mile a minute. They failed in the first attempt, but nothing daunted started out again, and rowing, as I never saw men row before, succeeded in making the opposite shore. It was moonlight, so they decided to keep on moving up stream.

OUR CHAPEL IN TSINGTIEN CITY.

Although badly in need of repair, the Tsingtien chapel is the best in our district outside of mission Headquarters at Chuchow. Father Fraser is in the centre of this group of Christians.

Shooting the Rapids.

Towards dawn we had to navigate a steep rapids with huge waves dashing over great rocks. At one juncture I thought we were on the point of finding a watery grave. One man perched high on the rocks was pulling for all he was worth on a bamboo rope attached to the mast, while the other two strained every muscle pushing with bamboo poles. The undercurrent was so strong the boat listed to such an angle that we were on the point of being dumped out of our beds into the rushing torrent. The waves raged about us as though to devour us; our frail craft swayed as though she were doomed. It was a critical moment and the boatmen knew it. They shouted to each other all sorts of directions at once. If the rope had broken, or a pole slipped from their grasp, we were lost; down the foaming, rushing river we would have gone and been dashed against the rocks. I had to admire the dexterity of these men; I think they could navigate the Niagara rapids!

Danger Past.

When we came to calmer water my follower said that he had made an act of contrition, and I assure you that it is in such tense moments one prays best. It was the Feast of Sts. Peter and Paul. We had the boat beached and prepared the little altar for Mass—the first to be said in our little houseboat. I felt that the two great Apostles looked down with pleasure on the apostolic scene—hemmed in by mountains and precipices, in a pagan land, the front half of the boat formed by curtains into a little chapel, this one Mass, which otherwise would have been impossible to celebrate, amply repaid the expense of construction.

Curious Crowds.

For the rest of the day all along the route groups of people could be seen intently watching the "curious" craft. At one place I think everyone in the village, men, women and children, were lined up on the bank. They never saw before a boat with doors and windows!

The Chapel a Disgrace.

At 4:30 p.m. we arrived at Ba Nga, having made 27 miles, the three men having worked 17½ hours out of the 24, rowing, pulling, polling, pushing! The catechist came to meet and conduct me to the nearby shack, called a "Catholic Church." It is a nondescript habitation occupied by the landlord and family, our catechist, a dye works, a doctor, and (under part of the "chapel") the village blacksmith. The "chapel" upstairs has a poor altar and flimsy kneeling benches, everything covered with dust and smoke from the blacksmith shop below. The two smithies are hammering red hot chunks of pig iron into knives for slitting bamboo. It takes them two hours to make a knife, which is sold for ten cents!

The Village Doctor.

The doctor occupies two rooms behind the altar. I am lodged in one of them. I can see him through the bamboo partition giving consultations and writing prescriptions. He smokes a five-foot pipe and says that it also serves as a cane. He is a believer and wishes to be baptized next Christmas. The back part of the house is a dye works filled with great vats, the wet cloth being suspended all around the oratory front and back for drying. In the central room or sitting-room downstairs are a few doctrinal scrolls and a picture I brought of the Holy Family and articles of Faith. Here we conversed with all who entered, Christian and pagan. The chickens also had free entry and circulated unnoticed about our feet. It was only when they began to scratch holes in the mud floor that they were expelled.

My room is 8 ft. x 8 ft., has rough board ceiling, sliding door, trap-doors for windows (all unpainted), little round table, a broken chair, bed of three boards on tressels. Nobody has any better in the village—they are glad to have a roof over their heads.

(To be continued)

Father Fraser returns to Chuchow city, safe and sound, after a long missionary tour in Tsingtien Subprefecture, and is welcomed "home" by Father Serra. On the right are our three seminarians returning for vacation from Ningpo. This is the first picture of our new mission boat, the "Xavier," an object of curious interest to the Chinese.

LEARN TO MAKE BREAD.

If there are any good cooks among our students they will make valuable men in China, especially if they have mastered the fast disappearing art of making bread. In one of his recent letters, Father Fraser tells of the difficulty they encountered at the Mission this summer. The bread purchased in Ningpo was not edible upon arrival in Chuchow, and nobody at the Mission knew how to make bread. "Our cook," writes Father Fraser, "in his first attempt turned out something like bricks. By dint of much experimenting and procuring several kinds of dried yeast, he has at last succeeded in producing a fairly palatable bread. But will it continue?

I think it is very important for the health of our future Missionaries that every student be trained in the art of making bread. I hope the Missionaries named to depart this year will learn to do so. There is nobody here who knows how and it will be a boon to them as well as to us. With bread it is easy for the white man to keep fit in China, but without it it is almost impossible."

ON TO CHINA.

On September 13th ten priests and six Sisters sailed for China from Cobh. This represents the largest number of Missionaries sent by St. Columban's Mission Society since the first great band of 1920. From Maryknoll, six priests took their departure for China in September. With numbers of Missionaries on their way to China in an ever-increasing stream, who would not be optimistic for the future of the Church in that great country?

FROM FATHER MORRISON.

I have good news to tell in regard to the study of the language which we all thought would be so difficult. Already I am teaching Catechism every day for an hour and by the time you receive this letter my first sermon in Chinese will be over. I take a great interest in the study of the language and you can tell the boys that they will not find it hard. With what they already know they will be able to speak a little when they arrive and after a month will be able to start work on the mission.

WARNING TO CHINESE STUDENTS

Chinese Military Comander Will Not Tolerate Irregularities

The following proclamation has been issued by Suen Chang Fang, commander in chief of the allied armies of five of the Provinces of China. The province of Chekiang in which our district of Chuchow is situated is one of the provinces under his control and this message will thus be of particular interest to readers of CHINA.

"Whereas, as Commander in Chief of the Allied Army of the Five Provinces, we have been advised that our students, misled by enemies of the country, have taken part in so-called patriotic demonstrations that are in reality but the acts of children:

And whereas we who are charged with the care of the five provinces regard these young students as our own children and do not wish that they be deceived and fall ultimately into the hands of the law:

We hereby command the students of our Universities and lower schools to refrain from meddling in affairs that do not pertain to their studies; and to be on their guard against false and harmful propaganda. Otherwise we will be obliged to take necessary measures for their correction."

ARTICLES REQUIRED FOR DEPARTING MISSIONARIES, 1926.

Any of the following articles, or donations for their purchase, would be very acceptable.

Bedding.—Sheets and pillow cases. Hudson Bay blankets (three-point).

Books.—Spiritual books especially; also English Dictionary, Catholic Encyclopedia and small secular encyclopedia.

Camera Supplies. — Camera, films, and all articles connected with photographic work. For ordinary purposes a No. 2A Brownie Camera with developing outfit is practical for an amateur photographer.

Carpenter's Tools.—A complete set tools could be used by each man.

Clocks.—Small alarm clock with luminous dial. Baby Ben preferred.

Clothing.—Shirts, suits, collars, underwear (heavy and light) or donation to purchase these articles.

Church Supplies.—Amices, purificators, albs, complete sets of vestments, copes, chalices, ciboria, monstrances, oil stocks, pyx, small missals, etc. A complete Mass kit, sick call outfit, and baptismal outfit will be required for each missionary.

Medical Supplies.—First aid kits, bandages, gauze, clinical thermometers, etc.

Stationery.—Pens, pencils. A good supply of typewriting paper, which is very expensive in China. A portable typewriter, with supplies for same, is very useful and desirable.

Thermos Bottles.—One for each man. Should not be Thermos but "Stanley," i.e., unbreakable steel. Pint or pint and a half sizes.

Crucifixes, medals, beads, scapulars and Holy Pictures in any quantity.
Passage for one missionary, $500.00.

DATE OF DEPARTURE.

Our three missionaries, Fathers Carey, Venini and Kam, will sail from Vancouver on the S.S. Empress of Russia on Thursday, Oct. 14th. Father Kam is at present recovering from the effects of a serious operation, but by that time, we hope, will be strong enough for the journey.

BUDDHISM NO LONGER STATE RELIGION IN CHINA

"Twenty-five years ago," writes Father Voelling, in the Far East, "the Emperor Kwang-Sin enacted a law giving to all Missionary priests in China the official rank of District Mandarin. Deans were to have the rank of President of a Provincial Council, while Bishops were raised to the status of Provincial Governors. Mandarins were instructed to receive every Missionary at the town hall, to return his visits, and to grant all his reasonable requests without remuneration.

"The edict was promptly carried out, in the spirit as well as the letter, in the vast majority of cases. And it is still in force, although in recent years the clause referring to status has ceased to have effect. As for the rank and file of the Christians, the edict exempted them from the obligation of contributing to the upkeep of pagan temples and theatres.

"The example of the Emperor Kwang-Sin has been followed by the leaders of the Republic, who have made it clear, on more than one occasion, that their subjects are perfectly free to embrace Christianity. They have gone further and dethroned Buddhism as the State Religion of China. This step, taken at the first meeting of the Republican Parliament, has had far-reaching results. Magistrates, for example, can now become Catholics and remain magistrates without infringing any Catholic principle. They are no longer bound to act as Pagan

(Continued on page 141)

OUR LITTLE MISSIONARIES

HAVE YOU EVER?

You will read this as you have read many another little piece in CHINA. You will agree that it is true. We want you to do more. Right now, this very day, while little children in China are so sorely in need of your help we want you TO DO SOMETHING THAT WILL HELP THEM BECOME CHRISTIANS. Are we asking too much? You will not say so. And now——

Have You Ever?

Said a prayer for the conversion of China, said it because you really wanted the little boys and girls to be Catholic children like yourselves?

* * *

Remembered them in Holy Communion, when our Dear Lord who died for them, and for you and me, had come into your own very heart? Oh, what graces you could have obtained for them then!

* * *

Made a little sacrifice of your nickels or pennies, that you might have spent on candies, and placed it instead in the mite-box, to help send priests and sisters to far-away China?

* * *

Dear little friends, if you can answer "NO" to our questions won't you begin to-day, begin to be a real little missionary? If your answer is "YES" as we believe with most of you it will be. won't you resolve to do even more this year, to make just a few more little efforts and little sacrifices for the sake of the little children of China? Of course, we knew you would. May God bless you all!

A TORONTO POLLYANNA.

Toronto, 1926.

Dear Father Editor:

Did you ever hear of "Pollyanna"? She used to play what she called her "glad game," in which she imagined all kinds of lovely things to be true. The boys and girls of our class played a glad game last week. We wrote an essay on "If I Were a Millionaire." We certainly had great times, and indulged in everything from a cattle-ranch to a sailing yacht.

You may be pleased to know that none of us forgot to contribute generous sums to the Chuchow Mission, so that Father Fraser and our other missionaries could build churches and chapels and homes for the poor and the orphans in that distant pagan land. And you will be better pleased to know that many of us—in spite of our being millionaires—went to Chuchow ourselves as missionaries, and spent there the remainder of our fortune and the remainder of our lives for God.

Of course it was only make-believe, dear Father, but it shows you that we are not forgetting the work of the Foreign Missions. In one way, we little children are millionaires, for there is no limit to the spiritual alms we can bestow. We have made a big savings bank for the month, and into it we shall pour our spiritual treasures in abundance, that God may bless the work of our beloved missionaries in far-away Chuchow.

I am, dear Rev. Father,
Your little friend,
Nora Ryan.

[Well, Nora, we wish there were more "Pollyannas," more with the cheery, helpful spirit of yourself and your classmates. Your letter is positively refreshing, and as for the result of the spiritual treasures you are sending to Chuchow, we feel that there will be many a real little Pollyanna in Heaven to be glad and to thank and pray for yourself and your generous little friends. Yes, because you helped them to be "glad" for eternity.—Ed.]

IN KELLY'S BARN.

Prize Story, by Virginia Decot. Fifteen Years Old, Snyder, N.Y.

Yes, it was spring. No longer was anyone in doubt about it, and everyone prepared to celebrate the event. Housewives took their brooms and scrubbing brushes and proceeded to clean house; husbands got out golf sticks and fishing tackles; girls and boys planned new sports and games. Not so with the "Gay Jays"—they were different. Their tousled heads were bent in thought of their celebration, their big circus!

The "Gay Jays" were twelve in number, six boys and six girls, and they had a fine club with red and gold for their colors. Of course, it was a Jolly Junior branch club, nicknamed the "Gay J's" or "Gay Jays."

This joyous group was preparing a circus. Advertising the event was a large sign reading thus:

BIG CIRCUS
2 P.M. SATURDAY
KELLY'S BARN
3 Cents

Saturday morning was ushered in with sunlight and the cheerful songs of returning robins. The young actors and actresses spent all morning dressing and fussing, and leaving their dinners untouched, they gathered in Kelly's barn to await the audience.

The audience was large and generous. Elderly spectators hid critical laughs behind their kerchiefs as they viewed the theatre. There were rows of boxes with planks resting on them, and a few odd chairs, for the repose of the spectators. But the stage attracted all the attention. The curtains, large white sheets, were closed, but were artistically festooned with crepe papers in a variety of colors. Old paper flowers were strewn on the floor before the curtain.

The curtains were drawn apart, John Kelly and his brother did a stunt act. Betty Jane followed with a trapeze act on a broomstick suspended on a rope. The lion, a chow dog shaved to resemble said animal, did several tricks, and the tiger, a yellow dog, striped and dotted with blueing, was made to play ball and walk on his hind legs.

The fat lady, poor Tessie, felt dissatisfied with her part, but her companions could not overlook her two hundred pounds. She and Joe Smith, a tall, lanky boy, did a freak dance together.

Thus the mammoth circus entertained its audience until 3.30 o'clock. When everyone had gone, Betty Jane drew a breath of mingled relief, excitement and happiness. "Three-fifty, sixty, four?!!!" Betty Jane gasped as she heard the rapidly rising numbers that came in hushed voices from the circus box office.

"Five dollars! What shall we do with it?" John Kelly cried, holding the treasure in his hands.

"Dad left a dollar, and Mrs. Smith fifty cents, and gosh! say ya 'member what the man at school said about those poor—"

Twelve heads went together again and in the next mail, five dollars went to the Chinese missions.

Prsvryprfctmnyrkpthsprcptstn.

To show the importance of the vowel "e" in all writings, one needs only to refer to the above line, which used to appear over the Decalogue in an Old Country church in England. It is stated that this line was not read in over two hundred years. If you will insert the letter "e" in a good many spaces, you will be able to read:

Persevere, ye perfect men;
Ever keep these precepts ten.

—The Ava Maria.

Old Lady: "And how do you like school, my little man?"

My Little Man: "I like it closed, ma'am."

PUDSY KELLY'S FUTURE

I was looking at the funnies, when Dad he says to me:
"Hey, Pudsy!" I says: "Hey, Dad." He says: "What are you going to be?"
I says: "Gee, Dad!" He says: "Well, son?" I says: "Jimminy gosh, good night,
It's kinda hard to know, Dad." He says: "Hard to know is right."

Oh, there's lots of things I'd like to be—and when I'd gone to bed
I couldn't sleep, so many plans were racing through my head.

* * * * * *

I could see myself a fireman—cling, clang! We'll run you down!
We're off to fight the worstest fire that ever came to town. . . .
And in next morning's paper, a headline loud proclaims
That Fireman Pudsy Kelly saved the poor kids from the flames.

And still I think I'd rather have a heavenly extry tell
How Father Kelly helped to save men's souls from flames of hell!

* * * * * *

I could see myself a cowboy, with spurs and chaps and guns.
Hi! Ride 'em, Cowboy Kelly! And my bronco bucks and runs:
We're rounding up the cattle—I'm riding past the rest
And they're cheering Pudsy Kelly; I'm the Wonder of the West.

But a priest is always rounding up lost souls that wander far,
And souls are well worth riding for . . . more than the cattle are.

* * * * * *

THE CHIEF AT BAY

Or, see me in the movies—I'm the idol of the fans,
The sort of guy whose close-up makes the kids all clap their hands:
Wouldn't our gang keel over when they'd read: "The Chief at Bay—
With Pudsy Kelly Starring. See This Super-Film Today"?

But a priest is always starring in life's most thrilling play,
And he plays the very grandest part—may it be mine some day!

* * * * * *

Or, it's midnight in Wyoming and the storm is howling hoarse;
"Oh, who will take the air-mail through?" Why, Kelly will, of course!
And Kelly does (that's me, you know), and the papers tell the tale
How Pilot Pudsy Kelly flew through blizzards with the mail.

But all the glory fizzles out when a fellow flops and dies—
As a different kind of pilot I could win a deathless prize.

* * * * * *

"Aw, what's the use," says I at last. "I've known it long enough.
I'm only trying to kid myself with all this crazy stuff.
The other things are fairly nice—but they're not the life for me;
Yes, Pudsy Kelly, Missioner, is what I want to be!

And I said some prayers, and fell asleep, and dreamt the whole night through
Of Father Pudsy Kelly, and the work he hopes to do!

Nanky Poo, in The Far East.

Nonsense

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"

A High-Priced Article.

They were discussing CHINA.

"I don't see why everyone doesn't subscribe to that dear little paper. Just think, fifty cents a year! Why that's only about four cents a month."

Friend, approvingly: "Yes, and I am sure the editorial alone is worth the four cents."

Well——?

In a western town there is a sign reading as follows:

4,076 people died last year of gas; 39 inhaled it; 37 put a lighted match to it; 4,000 stepped on it.

—Atlantic Coast Line News.

"I Do!"

Mike: "Who wrote the greatest war song in the world?"

Ike: "Mendelssohn!"

Mike: "What was it?"

Ike: "'Here comes the Bride.'"

The Very Last.

Mrs. Brown: "And you say that Smith smelled gas escaping and then went with a lighted lamp to investigate. My! My! I should think that would be the last thing in the world he would do."

Brown: "It was, my dear."

A Born Financier.

"I don't know what to think of you, Cohen. You bought a piano the other day on the instalment plan; you paid a pound down, and the next week you let them take the piano away from you. What kind of business do you call that?"

"Well, it cost them two pounds to move it," said Cohen.

"But what do you make out of it?"

"I make a pound. My son moved it."

Expected Too Much.

The nervous patient, about to have gas administered, anxiously inquired, "Will it make me sick, doc?"

"Not at all," replied the anestheician.

"How long will it be before I know anything?" was his last question, as the mask was adjusted.

Probably the gas mercifully shut off the doctor's retort, "Aren't you asking a good bit of the anesthetic?"

Who Said Ivory?

Young Man: "I wonder if the doctor would give me anything for my head."

Fair One: "I doubt if he would take it as a gift."

Red and White.

The Haughty Editor.

"We don't print any such stuff as that!" said the editor loftily as he handed back the poem.

"Well, you needn't be so haughty about it!" retorted the poet. "You're not the only one who won't print it."

So——

Diner—Waiter, this coffee is nothing but mud.

Waiter—Yes, sir; it was ground this morning.

Sounds Ominous.

Jack: "So your father demurred at first because he didn't want to lose you?"

Mary: "Yes, but I won his consent. I told him that he need not lose me. We could live with him, and so he would not only have me, but a son-in-law to boot."

Jack: "H'm! I don't like that last expression."

Wrong Again.

James: "Mother, if baby was to swallow all our goldfish, would he be able to swim like one?"

Mother: "Oh, my goodness, no, child. They'd kill him."

James: "Well, they didn't."

Making It Unanimous.

Landlord: "I will forego one-half of the rent you owe."

Tenant: "Good! I will forego the other half!"

—Kasper Stockholm.

Her Secret Safe.

Mrs. Brindle—Now, Mary, I want you to be careful. This is some very old table linen—been in the family for over two hundred years, and—

Mary—Ah, sure, ma'am, you needn't worry; I won't tell a soul, and it looks as good as new anyway.

A Vegetarian.

While visiting a Zoo in Ireland, an American noticed a solitary sea lion and wondered why there was not a pair.

"Where is his mate?" he asked a keeper.

"He has no mate, sor," was the response. "We feed him on fish all the time."

A Matter of Color.

"A funny thing happened in my town last week," said the chatty man in the train.

"What was that?" asked a fellow traveler.

"Well, Black, a white man, and White, a colored man, thought a fellow named Brown was pretty green, so they tried to sell him a white horse. But Brown deceived them both. In fact, he got all the money they had."

"And now?"

"And now Black and White are blue."

To a New Typewriter.

The hours$ I sspend withthEE, dear heartt,
Are like A string of yeARS to Me.
I sppreaD mvffingerss Every ONe and sTART
My druDGdgery.

Each wOrd A meSS, 'EA?h page a Bblend
Of addled Wit an% NERVESUN-strungg.;
I bung|le up eaCH Line ' — and atthe en%d
The bell IS RUng œ&?.

OHh Thoug*ts FULMInate and b7rn!
Oh,, scrqmbled WORds, and hOpes be trayyed?!
I PPpound eac*h Key.and%d STRive at last tO LEARN
TOMake the3 grp%de OO GOSSHH
To make THe grADE ? % !

—Copyright Life.

Priests. Formerly they had to kow-tow in a pagoda before an idol, and offer incense on the 1st and 15th days of each month. Public festivities in honour of the gods have also ceased, and Catholic children can now safely attend a State school. Confucius has come down from his pedestal, and pupils are no longer compelled to worship him.

"What more could be expected, in reason, from a pagan government?

Missionary's Prospects Bright.

"As for the common people, the outlook from the viewpoint of the Missionary could be scarcely more encouraging. I have now been working in China for nearly twenty-five years, and can state confidently that never, in my time, have the Chinese longed for the Faith as they do to-day. And never have their motives in embracing Christianity been higher, purer, more spiritual.

Rod and Net.

"As a result converts of a very desirable sort are simply pouring in. When I came to China the Missionary angled for souls with a rod. He caught only one at a time. Now he uses a net—a big net, too, and his only fear is that he may prove unequal to the task of dealing with the multitudes that become his willing captives. The Church's nets in China are full unto breaking. In our Vicariate of North Shantung more than 60,000 heathens have expressed a desire to be instructed in Christian truth, so that we find it difficult to cope with the volume of work.

Heartening Figures.

"The Catholic Church in China has no less than 2,142,516 baptized Christians, ministered to by 61 Bishops, 2,468 Priests and an army of Sisters. The yearly Baptisms exceed deaths by about 100,000. To crown our Missionary labours the Holy See sent us a short time ago an Apostolic Delegate.

"Such is the position in China from the point of view of the Gospel. China's fields are white to harvest. It is the most promising Mission field on the face of the earth. What an opportunity for Catholics in Ireland, and the home countries generally. If they only bestir themselves and give a helping hand, the Missionaries, with the assistance of God's holy Grace, which they are sure to obtain, will have little difficulty in bringing these teeming millions to the foot of the Cross—to the knowledge and love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

CHINESE WAIT LUCKY BURIAL DAY.

It is a queer custom among the Chinese to retain their dead unburied, sometimes for many days. They wait for the arrival of a lucky day. The corpses are kept in wooden boxes while awaiting the propitious time, but as Occidental health measures are being introduced into various parts of China the custom is subsiding.

MISSION VALUES.

50c	for a year's subscription to CHINA, for yourself or for a friend.
$1	for a day's support for a missionary.
$5	for the support of a student for one week.
$10	for the personal medical expenses of a missionary.
$50	for the yearly support of a preparatory student in China.
$100	for the yearly travelling expenses of a missionary.
$250	for the support of a student in our seminary for one year.
$500	for the expenses of one of our missionaries to China this year.
$2,000	for the building of a Church in one of our missions in Chuchow.
$5,000	for a Burse for the perpetual support of a student at the seminary, the monument of monuments to leave to your own or your dear ones' memory.

When you have read "CHINA" please give it to a friend.

YOUR ALTERNATE BENEFICIARY.

Who will get the benefit of your life insurance if the loved one for whom you now wish to provide should die before you?

If there is no one else to whom you owe that duty, why not make China Mission Seminary your alternate beneficiary?

CONTRIBUTIONS.

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations, received before September 15th.

Donations and subscriptions, St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough, Ont., $210.85; donations and subscriptions, St. Anthony's Parish, Dom. No. 4, N.S., $196.66; Rt. Rev. Msgr. T. West, $100; Sacred Heart Church, Peterborough, Ont., $75; Parish of Lakefield and Young's Point, Ont., $57.60; children of Mary, St. Finnan's Cathedral, Alexandria, $25; St. Martin's Church. Ennismore. Ont., $24.97; Mr. J. J. Carolan, $20; Mite-box, Miss Rosa Watts, $15.02; Rev. J. J. Garvey, Lakefield, Ont., $14.40; Miss L. Hickey, $12: Mrs. P. J. Doyle. $10; Mr. A. Janisse, $8: pupils of Notre Dame Academy, Charlottetown, $7.30.

The following gave $5 each:

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Miscellaneous amounts:

Friend, Toronto, $2; Friend, Barrie, $2; Joseph Arthurs, $2; St. Joseph's Hospital. Parry Sound, $2; Sunday School, Fergus, Ont., $3.52; Mite-box, Mary A. Walsh, $3.11; Miss Mary A. McKinnon, $2: Miss L. Tysko, $1.30; Miss Mary F. Maloney, $4.50; St. Joseph's pupils, North Bay, $2.50; Austin Quinn, $1.25; Mite-box. Angus D. Grant. $3.50; Mrs. E. LeScelleur, $2; Rev. C. Lynett. $2; Odam Pataski. $2; Mite-box. L.A.C.. Toronto, $2: Miss Agnes Dawzy, $3; Mrs. Jas. Kavanagh, $2; Miss Marguerite McDonald, $3; Miss Catherine McDaniel, $2; Miss Theresa Kerstein, $1.50.

The following gave $1 each:

Room II, Holy Name School, Toronto; Hugh McCulloch; S. O'Handley; Friend, Renfrew; Miss B. Murray and Mrs. Elizabeth Marshall; Mrs. H. McFee; Miss Mary Beale; W. W. Page; Miss Helen Fowler, in honor of St. Anthony; C. O. Curly; B. Lindsay: Mrs. Farr; Miss Doyle; Mite-box, Master D. McMillan; N. Shortall: Miss Agnes M. Ferry; in honor of the Precious Blood. "A Canadian"; Miss Kate Hurley; Mr. Robert Sparrow; Mrs. Robert Sparrow; Miss E. Masterson.

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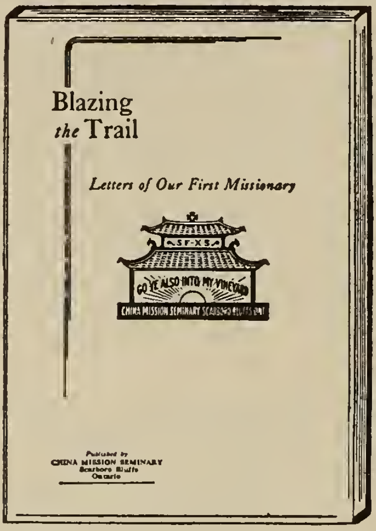
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Have You Ever Thought of the Thousands of Souls You Might Save, Souls That Otherwise May Never See Salvation?

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There Is a Place for You

Have you ever felt that perhaps God was calling YOU to a work so dear to His Sacred Heart? Perhaps He wishes that YOU should take the place of one of those who will soon be missionaries in China. If He is calling, then pay no heed to what the world thinks or what the world will say. Christ was a fool in the eyes of the world. It may yet be your precious privilege to be a "fool" for His sake.

WRITE US TODAY

DELAY MAY MEAN FOR YOU, AS IT HAS MEANT FOR OTHERS, THE LOSS OF YOUR VOCATION AND OF COUNTLESS SOULS IN CHINA

Address correspondence to—

REV. JOHN E. McRAE, Rector
CHINA MISSION SEMINARY SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

CHINA

Peter's First Preaching at Jerusalem

NOVEMBER 1926

VOL. VII CHINA NO. 11

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EDITORIAL PAGE
CHINA
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CONGRATULATIONS.

CHINA'S warmest congratulations are offered Bishop Fallon, his priests and his many friends on the celebration of the centennial of the first mass celebrated in what is now the diocese of London. The many splendid institutions that have been established in the diocese during the few years that have elapsed since Bishop Fallon's advent to London and which were so splendidly inaugurated during the last week of September are a tribute to his zeal for religion, and his foresight.

We take special pleasure in congratulating the Bishop on St. Peter's Seminary which is the outstanding institution among those of which the diocese may well be proud. Its success is guaranteed, we feel, by no less an authority than the Holy Father himself. Pope Pius XI. last February, writing on the Catholic Missions, said that any diocese that encouraged missionary vocations among its young men would never want for priests for its own needs. That Bishop Fallon is vitally interested in the foreign missions and encourages them all he can, may be seen from the fact that he is one of the bishops who have the direction of China Mission Seminary's destiny under their charge. He is a member of its Board of Control and besides, out of fifteen students in our seminary this year, three come from the Diocese of London.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

"No, Frank; I simply cannot see it your way. Little short of crazy, that's how it appears to me, this decision of yours to take up the work of the Foreign Missions."

"Why do you think so, Bill?" Frank Blackstone did not resent the harsh judgment of his chum. Inseparable pals they had been, ever since their earliest school days, and prominent alike in classroom and field of sport. It was their sensational work on the defence that had carried the college hockey team to victory for three successive years and only a short time before—for their playing had not escaped the eyes of the scouts—they had received an attractive offer from the New York professional team. Bill had accepted. He had taken it for granted that Frank would do the same. But now—

"Well, first of all," he answered, "because I think it is so selfish. Look at the sacrifices your parents have made to put you through for an honor B.A. Don't you think they deserve something better in return? And here you have an offer of $4,000.00 for a season and you turn it down when you could do so much to help them. And, besides, aren't there openings enough in medicine and law without your thinking of burying your talents and wasting your life?"

"I guess there are openings enough, all right," Frank replied, "but they are not for me. I have not arrived at this decision overnight, Bill. Over and over again, those very objections that your are now urging would persist in my own mind at times till they almost seemed to offer a pretext for turning my back upon my vocation. You will not be satisfied, I suppose, until I answer them for you as I have answered them, conclusively and finally, for myself. You speak first of all of

MY PARENTS,

and you touch upon the hardest objection of all. How often have I not grieved over what I must make them suffer after all they have done for me! But they will understand, Bill, and they will not shrink from the sacrifice. Do I love them more than Christ loved His Mother and was it not at His hands that she was obliged to suffer infinitely more for us? And He who is calling me to the work of the Missions will remember what my parents have suffered for Him and will be their reward a hundredfold. As for the offer to

TURN PROFESSIONAL,

I would not accept it because I am afraid it would be at the price of my vocation. $4,000.00 for a season IS a tempting offer, but my vocation is worth infinitely more. I am only human. The environment of the professional hockey player, especially in New York, is not one in which vocations would thrive. I feel that if I joined the New York team in all probability I should never become a priest. And the responsibility for my lost vocation would be my own.

"A DOCTOR, THEN?"

"No, Bill, it does not appeal to me. What is the life-work of a doctor after all? It is to prolong for a few years, or months, or days, life that must end sooner or later anyway. The labors of the missionary are directed towards a life that is eternal. Today all the resources which medical skill can command are mustered to ward off as long as possible the inevitable death of the body, but between immortal souls in pagan land and the grim spectre of death that is horror eternal there stands but the lone figure of the missionary. And they are few, Bill, pitifully few. In spite of all their efforts, efforts that bring them to an early grave, pagan souls, in their tens of thousands daily, are passing unbaptized into eternity. Did you mean it, Bill, old man, when you pleaded with me not to waste my talents and bury my life? I have almost said enough. As for my becoming **A LAWYER,** I need only say that when I come to die I hope to feel that I have lived for something more than the settling of petty disputes and the protecting of the interests of grasping business concerns. And now for my decision to become **A MISSIONARY.** It was not arrived at by any such process of elimination. It has been in my mind since the thought first occurred to me that I should be a priest. There has been one argument, to me ever unanswerable, that held out against the persuasions of those who tried to dissuade me from devoting my life to the missions, and urged the great necessity of priests at home. Here it is. Answer it Bill, old man; satisfy my conscience that it is not right and you may yet induce me to remain.

THE ARGUMENT INVINCIBLE.

"The people at home will at least have the essentials of our Holy Religion whether I go or stay. They would have them if I were never born. The vast majority of them will have a great deal more but all, at least, will receive the last sacraments when they die. My staying at home may make it possible for a few people to receive a little more attention, a few more of the luxuries of Christianity, while in pagan lands millions, millions who never had a chance, are perishing of spiritual starvation. If I go there, Bill, I feel that under God, I will be instrumental in the salvation of many souls that otherwise will not be saved. If I remain at home, shrink from the sacrifice when I know that God calls me to go, how can I escape responsibility, at least in part, for their eternal damnation? I honestly feel that by so doing I would be seriously endangering my own chances of salvation. It is not the glamor of the heroic, it is not the love of adventure, it is simply that reason and no other that makes me feel that my work is the work of the Foreign Missions."

* * * * * *

For a moment Bill did not reply. The argument had struck home. When he did speak there was none of the old aggressiveness in his voice.

"I'll miss you on the defence, Frank, old pal. I had counted on our being together as in the old days at college. But yours is a man's game, if ever there were one, and I wish you a success that is beyond even your own fondest dreams."

They shook hands and Frank felt that there was at least one who understood.

MY FIRST MISSION TOUR IN CHUCHOW

By REV. J. M. FRASER

A Continuation of the Account of Father Fraser's Journeyings Through the Mountainous Regions of Our District in China. Part Two.

June 30. Pouring rain all day. River still rising. This village is situated in a dangerous position, opposite a bend in the river, and is subject to disastrous floods. In the one that occurred in 1912 the whole village was swept away, houses, inhabitants and all; 870 perished out of a population of 940. Seventy-two families were completely wiped out, not a member left. My follower, who was born here, was the sole survivor of his family. In describing the disaster, he said that he was twelve years old at the time. The river rose rapidly during the night and before anyone could escape the houses were carried away or collapsed. Forty persons clung to pieces of debris and were picked up alive at Wenchow at the mouth of the river seventy miles away! A woman was found clinging to a beam twenty miles further out in the gulf! On her return to Ba Nga she found her land occupied by a newcomer, went to law and won her case. Then, in gratitude for the kindness shown her by the Catholic Church in her distress, gave the land to the Mission as a building site. It is still in our possession, but it would not be prudent to build a chapel in the village. There is a mountain close by and a site can be procured on its flank for the purpose.

ON TO CHINA
Rev. J. E. Venini, Rev. Paul P. Kam, Rev. D. J. Carey, our Mission Band of 1926. Up to the last few days it was hoped that Father Kam would be able to make the journey, but he had not sufficiently recovered from his recent serious illness. He leaves in a few weeks to rejoin his fellow-missionaries in Chuchow.

A Terrible Predicament.

When the water surprised them in their beds, my follower, his father, mother, two sisters and a brother climbed on to the roof. The house rose and floated away. During the few moments it remained in position after crashing against a tree he managed to climb onto the branches. All the rest went down as the shack went to pieces in the raging flood. There he clung until the water subsided about noon the next day.

Ba Nga Re-built.

Ba Nga has been re-built and has more inhabitants now than before, relatives of the deceased having come and occupied the land. 500 years ago, I am told, a similar catastrophe took place. I expressed my surprise that they should not build on higher ground. Poverty was the reason given for not doing so.

Instructs Pagans.

Fifty pagans crowded around the table last night while we were at supper. I took occasion to instruct them in a familiar way on the existence of God and a future and better life. "If," I said, "I promised a hundred dollars to everyone becoming a Catholic, how many would respond?" They smiled, knowing that in that case they would all swarm into the Church. "It is not a question," I continued, "of a hundred or a thousand dollars, but of eternal, unspeakable bliss in Heaven that is offered those who become Christians." This morning at Mass, besides a dozen Catholics, there were a number of pagans anxious to hear more about our Holy Religion.

Curious Crowds.

We are right on the street, which is only fifteen feet wide. The row of houses opposite, like our "chapel," is all open upstairs, and a crowd of people, mostly children, as on a grandstand watched my every movement during Mass. On the rickety altar there are several vases made of mud and a bent pewter crucifix. This crucifix was all that was found of the former chapel when it was carried away in the flood of 1912.

Floods Threaten.

The river rose to an alarming extent to-day and the people feared a repetition of former disasters, but they intended to pass the night in a fool's paradise. I for one was bound I would take no chances. My follower went to see the head man of the village, a friend of his, whose house is at the foot of the mountain above flood level. He kindly invited me to lodge at his place. After a special supper given by the brother of one of our schoolmasters (they, too, were the only survivors of their family), I paid the gentleman a visit. I found him very affable and profoundly versed in Chinese literature. Besides teaching a class of youngsters, he is endeavoring to learn English without a teacher, and was well pleased with the pointers I gave him on our language. Of course, he had to serve refreshments. I gave him a pamphlet on Christian doctrine, and passed the time in pleasant conversation until at about 11 o'clock it was announced that the water had begun to subside and the danger of flood was passed, when I returned to our shack to sleep.

Memories!

July 1. Feast of the Precious Blood. While saying Mass I thought of the good Sisters of the Precious Blood and all they have done for China Mission Seminary, God bless and multiply them! Gave Communion to fourteen and baptized two. The hammering of the blacksmiths downstairs makes it impossible to hear confessions or the sermon; this and all the other defects of this miserable old hovel make it imperative to build a decent "house of God" on a higher level.

A Prospective Convert.

While making my thanksgiving after Mass an old woman came peering about the altar. I told her of the Creator of heaven and earth, the eternal reward of the good, the futility of idolatry, which is the adoration of the statues of men. She remarked with intelligence: "I now see that God must be greater than man, for there would be no earth or sky for men to live in unless God had created one." She intends in future to frequent our chapel.

Pagan Priest Ignored.

A pagan priest passed by mumbling his prayers and incantations for the welfare of the locality. Barefooted, holding in one hand a bell and hollow instrument which he struck simultaneously, and in the other a bunch of burning incense sticks, dressed in long robe, long black hair, eyes half shut, he looked a picture as he passed up and down the street, and then offered his paper charms for sale. Nobody seemed to pay any attention to him. Between the Catholics, modern schools and Protestants, who by the way have a nice little church, Ba Nga is losing faith in its pagan priests, but not yet in its gods and ancestors.

Farmers Take Notice.

At this time in the year broods of little chicks are scurrying through the streets and one must be careful not to step on them. Each brood is dyed a different color to distinguish it from its neighbors.

Sad Plight of Christians.

A short distance from Ba Nga is another village with large ancestral hall and other fine buildings. It was not destroyed in the flood of 1912 which wiped out Ba Nga. The two villages combined have a population of 2,500 souls. There are other villages also in the vicinity. I hope before long there may be a priest stationed here. **At present the Christians are doomed to die without the last sacraments, as it would be a physical impossibility for a priest to arrive in time from our headquarters at Chuchow.**

I inspected a high piece of ground, immune from floods, and suitable as building site for a new

PRIESTS AND STUDENTS—1926
Front row (left to right): Rev. M. J. McGrath, Rev. D. J. Carey, Rev. J. E. McRae, Rev. Paul P. Kam, Rev. Wm. C. McGrath. Insert (left), Rev. J. E. Venini.

chapel, and instructed one of our Christians to enquire the price.

Journey Resumed.

July 2. Visitation of B.V.M. Everyone up early—we had a long journey to make. At 4.45, as I looked out the window, I saw the pagan priest pass by, dressed in travelling attire, his long robe and other paraphernalia tied in a bundle and slung over his shoulder on a stick—he was off to some other and more sympathetic field of labor.

A portable chair was procured for me—two long poles, from the centre of which hung two little boards, one to sit on, the other for one's feet. A quilt was thrown over the back and seat. The only covering was a gauzy canopy to which we added oiled paper to help keep out sun and rain. Two wiry men shouldered the affair. Though I never rode a horse I imagine the sensation was the same.

Dangerous Going.

The first five miles led along the river bank. At places the men had to pick their steps along a narrow ledge cut on the side of a precipice—on the left the mountain rose to unknown heights, on the right a sheer drop of a hundred feet; no banister or other protection—a false step and we would all three have been dashed on the rocks or drowned in the river below!

We came to a tributary too deep for the bearers to wade without danger of tumbling with their burden. A willing boatman, however, soon appeared and offered to take us across for a pittance. He was all smiles on receiving six cents for his trouble.

Mountain Climbing.

Then the great work of the day began—the ascent of one of the highest mountain passes in our district. I had to foot it most of the way, as it was too steep and dangerous to ride in the chair. Up we went, higher and higher, hour after hour, until mountains that appeared big from below now looked like mole hills! Sitting on a rock overhanging the valley, with a sudden drop of several thousand feet below us, was like sitting on the parapet of the tower of the Woolworth Building, only much higher, and the view was enchanting—the river, a tiny ribbon of glistening silver, meandering through the pretty valley, crossed here and there by a bridge and murmuring over the rapids; the farm houses nestling amid trees, now far enough away to look respectable; the workers in the fields, tiny moving dots, almost invisible; the innumerable mountains and hills, all shapes and forms, most pleasing in their rich green vesture (for the mountains here are not bare, but have abundance of trees and shrubs); but the prettiest, most fascinating sight of all was the terraces, mounting half way up the mountains, like tiers of seats in a vast amphitheatre, each terrace consisting of a retaining wall of stone forming a narrow strip of rice-field. On beholding this immense work of past generations one ceases to marvel at the Great Wall of China. Here in this little corner of China alone there are thousands of miles of walls!

A Precarious Climb.

But we were not yet at the summit. An ascent of many more hundred feet brought us to the foot of a rough stone stairway with nearly 400 steps! After negotiating this I was able to ride for a while in the chair, but it was a continual ascent. The path was narrow and irregular, cut in the side of steep mountains; the bearers had to be very careful; if they tripped or slipped we would have been precipitated into the abyss below, an almost perpendicular drop of thousands of feet—about as much would have been left of us as of people falling from an aeroplane! At these moments

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WHEN WE WISHED IT WERE "ALL" ABOARD FOR CHUCHOW

Father Carey prepares to begin the long journey to China. Father Venini had left a few days previously, and both sailed from Vancouver by the S.S. Empress of Russia on Oct. 14. By this time they are "somewhere in China," and should reach Chuchow by about the middle of this month. At Wenchow, the last ocean port of call, they will be met by Father Fraser in our little mission boat, The Xavier. A two days' journey up the Wenchow River will bring their long voyage to a close.

Consecration of Native Chinese Bishops Recalls First Prelate of Nation

In view of the recent consecration of several native Chinese Bishops, it may be interesting to note that China has for long enjoyed the distinction of having had a son placed on an episcopal throne.

The first native Chinese religious priest and Bishop was Lo, a native of Lokia, in the Province of Fukien. Lo was born about the year 1615, of well-to-do parents, who brought him up in the religion of their ancestors, Confucianism. Lo was a pious lad, of sweet and docile disposition, yet spirited and energetic.

As a young man, he met Father Anthony of St. Mary, a Franciscan missionary, and Father John Baptist de Morales, a Dominican. From these two priests Lo first heard the story of Jesus Christ and the transcending beauties of His religion. Lo became interested and submitted to instruction.

The Dominican, as was the wont of his Order, carefully schooled the Chinese lad in the Christian faith. In time Lo was baptized, taking the name of Gregory and changing his Chinese name to the Iberian form of Lopez. Being frowned on by his family for this action, he left his native town, accompanying several Franciscan Fathers to Peking, where he became a catechist. In this capacity, he afforded great help to the priests in their missionary endeavors.

A persecution broke out here, during which Lopez displayed no little zeal and courage. Conditions became so desperate that he had to leave with the Fathers for Cochin-China, which proved a perilous venture. Lopez was near death on several occasions, but finally he made his way to Manila, where he found safety and an opportunity of deeper study in his new faith. Entering the Dominican University of St. Thomas to learn the Spanish language, doctrine and the humanities, he became imbued with the spirit of the Order and expressed a desire to become a priest so as better to serve his benighted countrymen.

Becomes Helper to Missionary.

While filled with this thought, the student learned that Father Dominic Gonsalez, the Provincial of the Dominicans in the Philippines, had need of sending money to relieve the wants of the Fathers in the persecuted districts of China, whereupon the youth generously volunteered to undertake the dangerous journey. He successfully accomplished his mission, thereby coming in contact with Father John Garcia, superior of the Dominican missions in Ting-cheu, Fukien.

To this sorely-tried, harrassed apostle, Lopez came as Titus had come to St. Paul, bringing hope and consolation. Entering into the spirit of the mision work, Lopez became tireless in his service to religion. Against the need of the priest, he emptied his own purse, and with his own hands he hauled wood, stone and mortar to erect a church and hospital. Father Garcia, apprized of the Chinaman's desire to enter religion, clothed him with the habit of St. Dominic, January 1, 1650, and a year later, March 7, 1651, received his profession.

The novice was then sent to Manila to pursue his clerical studies. He showed himself very fervent in monastic observances, particularly delighting in the recitation of the divince office, and in meditation. In 1654, Gregory Lopez was ordained a priest, the first blossom of the Flowery Kingdom to bud at God's holy altar.

Filled with new zeal, Father Lopez desired to leave at once for the missions of China. The superiors were aware that his grounding in theology was not very solid, but they decided to accede to his wishes, feeling that his boundless zeal would more than make up for the deficency. In company with Fathers Dominic Coronado, Diego Rodriguez, Victor Riccio and Raymond del Valle, who later became celebrated missionares, he was sent to Canton, where immediately he commenced a marvellous missionary career.

Indefatigable in travelling, preaching and in administering the Sacraments, he was able to convert thousands from paganism, confirm the weak in faith, and to reclaim apostates.

In 1664, a severe persecution broke out in the eastern provinces, during which the work of European priests was greatly impeded. Being a native Father Lopez escaped molestation. Dressed in the national costume, he would visit scattered groups of Christians to afford them the consolation of religion. In this way, he kept alive in his section the cheerful spark of faith. After the persecution had subsided, he continued his work more openly.

Fame Spread Through China.

For thirty years, he thus labored mightily for religion, while his fame spread throughout all of eastern China. In their reports to Rome, Bishops Vicars Apostolic and superiors of missions were enthusiastic in their praise of the work of Father Lopez. Father Dominic Navarette, one of these superiors, journeying to Rome, personally told the Holy Father, Clement X. of the splendid work which the native priest was doing in China, and ended by recommending Father Lopez, for higher honors.

Accordingly Clement X. decided to make Father Lopez a Bishop, whereupon on January 4, 1674, he issued a Bull creating him Bishop of Basilea and Vicar Apostolic of the Province of Nan-king. Father Lopez, on hearing of his promotion, stubbornly refused the honor, feeling himself un-

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A PRICELESS GIFT.

China Mission Seminary is fortunate in its many friends, through whose interest in its welfare it has been enabled to make a start in the great work for which it was established and to them it is deeply grateful. It is specially fortunate lately in coming into possession of a rare relic of the Little Flower of Jesus, who from her place in Heaven will, we are sure, shower some of her roses on the work she loved so well on earth, China's missions and its missionaries. The relic consists of a particle of bone, a lock of hair and a piece of her habit. It is the gift of Bishop O'Brien, of Peterborough, who, besides being directly interested in the seminary as one of its directors, has thus placed it under a double debt of gratitude to himself and of fidelity to the ideals set forth by the Little Flower. It is grateful and through Divine Providence may it be faithful.

A SIGN FROM HEAVEN.

"At the close of the intensely hot July days here in Chuchow," writes Father Fraser, "I have noticed a most singular phenomenon which I have never before witnessed. As the sun set in the cloudless sky, great crimson streamers would appear, all emanating from a point directly opposite the sun, and then spreading fan-like across the entire heavens. It looked as if there were two suns, setting in opposite directions. It was Benediction time, and a glorious Monstrance rested upon the altar of the evening sky, its rays embracing, and illuminating all the land. 'Is this a happy augury,' thought I, as I gazed upon this blaze of glory, 'of a future Eucharistic Congress to be held in China, beside which, the splendor of the Chicago Congress shall be as that of a pale twinkling star compared to the noonday sun?'"

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal souls, if we imbue them with principles, with the fear of God and love of fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which brightens all eternity.

MANUAL LABOR HOUR
"Why do strong arms fatigue themselves with frivolous dumbells? To dig a vineyard is a worthier exercise for men." Martial—"Epigrams." It is not a "vineyard," but a rink, that is at present engaging the attention of our "horny-handed sons of toil."

HOCKEY NEXT.

We have ambitions, even if we do say so ourselves. Some day we hope to produce a hockey team that will give an argument to the best St. Augustine's can turn out. If Father Venini had remained this year we might have hopes even now, but his will be a greater game—the game of laboring for souls in China. Father Joe was our star forward in the days of Almonte and Scarboro. Success to him in a field of greater endeavor!

"TING-A-LING."

"All aboard! Step lively!" Very much up-to-date are we, for the rickshaw has come to Chuchow. The rickshaw is a little two-wheeled carriage, drawn by two men, who ring a bell continually as they run along. Very few road accidents result because of the warning bell. It is a combination of all the road signs in Western lands, and an effective one too. To facilitate the progress of the little car, roads have been levelled, rough stairways removed, and even the big stone thresholds of the city gates cut away. The rickshaws are the first wheeled vehicles ever beheld by the people of Chuchow, unless we except a crude wheelbarrow which my predecessor made with his own hands. The frantic efforts which two of our laborers were making with this one-wheeled vehicle the other day were comical to behold. Almost immediately one of the men gave up in disgust, going back gratefully and contentedly to his primitive carrying stick and ropes. But his companion stuck manfully to the barrow, persevering with bulldog tenacity until after many mishaps and upsets he actually succeeded in balancing his load.—J. M. F.

IT "HATH CHARMS"—SOMETIMES.

"Music, oh, how faint, how weak." It is 7.00 p.m. The orchestra is just warming up. That wise crack came from somewhere near the billiard table. It may be faint and weak just now, but wait till the St. Augustine's men get going. And then our ranks are augmented by several of the versatile musicians from "across the way" and there is a material "strengthening" in both quantity and quality of tone. Practice makes perfect and many an evening now the "very rafters ring" to the strains of our by-this-time-quite-passable orchestra. On the whole the music contributes in no small way to the general well-being of the house, at times almost rivalling in popularity the attractions of the much-frequented billiard room.

IN YOUR WILL.

After you have gone? Will your work continue? It will if you make provision in your will for those who are working to win souls in China. And yours will be a share in the reward of those who have been instrumental in leading pagan souls to salvation.

CHINA'S KITCHEN GOD.

The Chinese have a festival of some kind almost every month. One of the most important, says a contributor to a periodical, is that of "the kitchen god," which takes place on the 23rd day of the 12th month of the year. Then all the family congregate in the kitchen to do honor to the kitchen god, whose image is pasted on the chimney, for that night he is supposed to go to Heaven "to report on the conduct of the members of the household during the past year." To show that he must report only their sweetness, the head of the family smears the lips of the image with molasses! After this they burn the image with great ceremony, and it is believed that the god ascends with the smoke. A week later the family again assemble to welcome his return. Amid great rejoicing and the popping of many firecrackers, they put up a new image.

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

In our nearest city, Wenchow, may be seen passenger boats which would hardly obtain government approval in America—great clumsy sail-boats, having no doors nor windows. Through a hatchway the passengers descend into the dismal dark hold. On a recent visit to Wenchow, I counted thirty humans, some of them old women, as they emerged from the depths of one of these freighters, carrying their ungainly bundles. They crawled out by the hatchway, and picked their steps along a two-inch gunwale, clinging for dear life to the covering of the vessel, and in imminent danger of drowning. Last week one of these human freighters ran aground when nearing Wenchow. She capsized, and 112 out of 130 passengers in the hull, having no possible chance of escape, were drowned like rats. We are glad that we are spared this kind of service in Chuchow. And we are grateful too, that we have been spared the dreadful plague which is now ravaging Wenchow. There, hundreds are dying daily, so that they are unable to provide coffins for many of those who succumb. Surrounded as we are by lofty mountains, and quite close to the river, what with pure air and fresh water in abundance, we shall not be visited by the plague. The excessive heat is over, and we shall now, thanks to the good God, have many long pleasant months.—Father Fraser.

FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

North Onslow, Que.
Oct. 18, 1926.

Editor, "China":

As, in travelling, I often meet now-grown-up persons who still recognize me because they were once children in whose schools I lectured on Missions, I have often had the wish to address some words to those other thousands throughout the continent, whose position is similar to these. Children then, they are students, seminarians, nuns, nurses, and so on, now. I often receive a surprise salutation from them. I would dearly love to meet them all once more—and, please God, may do so some time again in the future. They all promised to pray for me; the depths of my trials must have come from that. I also promised to pray for them, whether to-be living or dead, and I have kept my promise each day up to this.

Now, I have here special problems to solve, and would like to ask their beautiful prayers again. May I not hope, through your columns, to reach my mission friends in their thousands once again?

My own interest in China Missions remains undimmed. My people, besides fixing up their own church, are planning to build a chapel in China next year. We are going to call it St. Brigid's Chapel, after this parish itself. If each parish in Canada did the same, we would soon have a forest of chapels in China in place of the few that are.

My old missionary friends in China still write to me constantly. What stout hearts they have! How the days of St. Paul still live! How idealism is yet on earth! What noble, noble, men and women are the missionaries in the foreign fields afar! Lord, let us never fail them in their dire and dreadful needs!

JOHN J. SAMMON, P.P.

(We are pleased, indeed, and our readers will be, too, to hear from Father Sammon. Outside of Father Fraser himself, few have done so much for the cause of China Mission Seminary. Indeed, he almost gave his life for it, returning to Canada a physical wreck after harrowing experiences mid famine and civil war in China. His climb back to health and strength has been slow, but his many friends will be pleased to know that by this time he is almost well again.—Ed.)

WHEN "CHINA" COMES!
Members of St. Francis' Club, Toronto, enjoy reading about our missionaries.

A CHINAMAN ON AMERICAN MANNERS.

Americans poke a lot of fun at Chinese ways and customs. But we might meet with a rude shock if we knew what the Chinese thought about us. The Chinaman, to be sure, is a very polite person. If we could persuade him to voice his innermost thoughts he would address us something like this.

"Do you Americans realize that you don't at all know how to behave? Your ways are most uncivilized. When one of you Americans meets a man older than you, you don't even take your spectacles off. Don't you know that this is the height of rudeness? Nay more, you impudently stare straight into his eyes, thus exhibiting a churlishness impossible to describe. Don't you know that you ought not to look into his eye, but should keep your eye centered upon his chest?

"Don't you know, too, that you American men shouldn't grow mustaches before you are 50? And that you shouldn't grow beards before you are 60? Worse than that, some of you American men grow mustaches before your fathers have died! That is simply inexcusable, for it is the worst possible insult you could pay your parent.

"You Americans are nothing short of hopeless. You don't even know how to sit down. When sitting down, instead of keeping both feet nearly on the ground, you are barbarous enough to cross your legs. No well-bred Chinaman would dream of doing anything so atrocious. Another dreadful habit you have is that of carrying parcels. Think of it: carrying parcels! A Chinaman would no more carry a parcel than he would go to church in a bathing suit.

"And your manners! In asking directions, you are so boorish that you think it quite all right to hail a stranger and ask him which is the way to such-and-such an avenue. Really, my dear Americans, this just isn't done by people that matter. What you should do is bow, raise your hands submissively to your breast, and address the stranger as 'Venerable Sir.' Haven't you people had any upbringing?

"You pass books, cigarettes, newspapers, anything and everything, to other persons with one hand. Don't you know that this is an insult? You must use both hands or else imply that the person you are passing the book to is your social inferior. The odd part of it is that you poor fish simply don't seem to know any better.

"And when a friend's house burns down, do you people crowd around him and inundate him with presents so that he may resume housekeeping again? You do not! Why, in China it is the height of good fortune to have your house burn down. You get so many presents from your friends that you are usually able to resume housekeeping on a grander scale than ever! Queer lost souls that you are, how can you be so ignorant of proper procedure?

"You Americans haven't been taught that the 5th, the 14th and the 23rd are very unlucky days upon which no wise man would think of embarking upon a journey. You travel on the 5th, the 14th and the 23rd exactly as you would travel on any normal day. Hasn't anybody ever informed you that only lunatics do this?

"Well, perhaps sometime you will be civilized, but, from what I've seen of you, you certainly don't look encouraging. No, indeed you don't. You're too well satisfied with yourselves, and your mentalities are too perverse. I'm afraid you'll always be the savages that you are now."

—The Vincentian.

OUR LITTLE MISSIONARIES

Little Missionaries—St. Stanislaus' School, Hamilton, Ont.

REAL LITTLE MISSIONARIES.

A short time ago we received a very pleasant surprise. It was in the form of a letter from the children of St. Stanislaus School, Hamilton, in which they told us that they were enclosing a cheque for $13.00 for twenty-six subscriptions to CHINA. There are little missionaries for you! The thought came to us: If only our little friends in the hundreds of schools where CHINA goes were to do likewise! We had visions of our subscription lists growing from 15,000 to ——Oh, perhaps 30,000 or more.

Many thanks, dear little friends, for your generous assistance. You have secured for us many readers and friends. Perhaps your efforts may be the means of awakening in the heart of some youthful reader a vocation for the missionary life. And you would be more than happy, wouldn't you, if you had helped to send another priest to labor for souls in China? God bless you all.

IN THIS PASSING WORLD.

A little more kindness,
A little more creed,
A little more giving,
A little less greed.

A little more smile,
A little less frown,
A little less kicking
A man when he's down.

A little more "we,"
A little less "I,"
A little more laugh,
A little less cry.

A little more flowers
On the pathway of life,
And fewer on graves
At the end of the strife.

TEASERS.

1.—Why is a thief called a jail bird?
2.—When does a tailor serve his customers both well and ill?
3.—When does a chair resemble a lady's dress?
4.—Why is a steel trap like smallpox?
5.—Why does a hen fly over the fence?

Answers.

1.—Because he has been a-robbin'.
2.—When he gives them fits.
3.—When it is sat in.
4.—Because it is catching.
5.—Because she can't go around it.

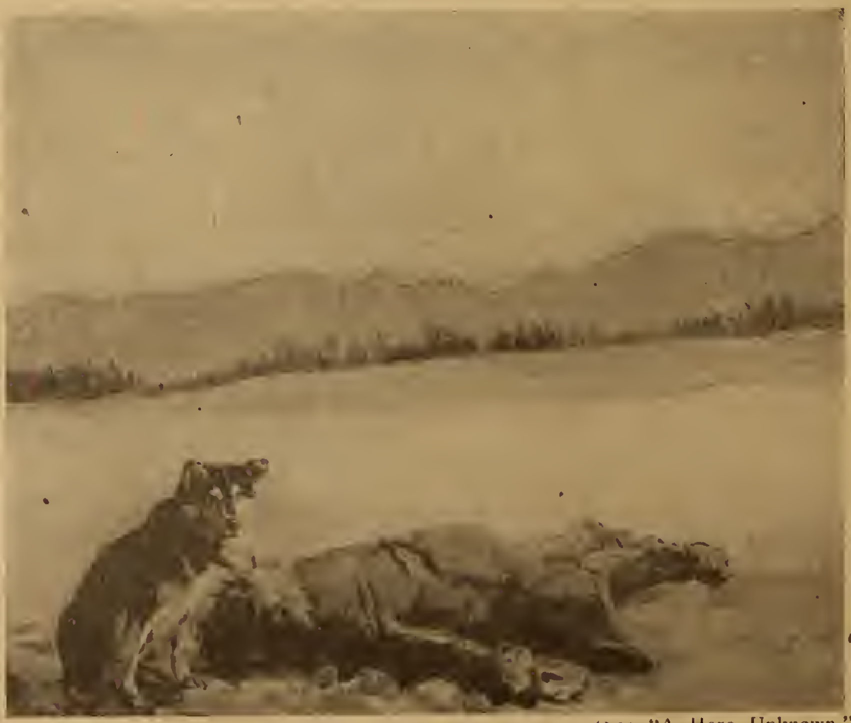
Could you secure just one new subscriber to "China"? Fifty cents a year—only.

A HERO UNKNOWN.

A martyr to his Christlike love for little children; that is the story of Father Ruppert, S.J., who perished in the Alaskan snows in December, 1923. On Dec. 15th, Father Ruppert set out from Nome to carry Christmas presents to the little orphan children of Hot Springs. It was a long and dangerous trail. The Sisters warned him of the risk, but he smiled, and thinking only of the pleasure in store for his little ones, waved them a pleasant good-bye.

Some days later one of his dogs, bleeding and almost spent from exhaustion, made his way back to the mission compound. A search party was immediately organized and eight miles from his destination, but far off the trail, the body of Father Ruppert was found in the snow. The cold had lulled him into that fatal sleep from which no man in the Northland ever wakes. Beside his body, almost dead from starvation, lay the faithful lead-dog of his team. Left without food for almost a week he was so hungry that he had gnawed the fur from the inside of Father Ruppert's cap. Yet when the searchers attempted to touch the body he sprang at them savagely and kept them at bay till he fell exhausted on the snow.

The world has its heroes and their deeds are blazoned on history's page. The records of Father Ruppert's heroism are written in the annals of eternity.



Faithful Unto Death. (See "A Hero Unknown.")

MY FIRST MISSION TOUR IN CHUCHOW.

(Continued from page 150)

one sat very still and held one's breath for fear that the least motion might disturb the equilibrium of the bearers. It was no joke, I assure you; though I am inclined to think that some of the students I know in China Mission Seminary will rather relish the sensation.

(Some of the students WE know in St. Augustine's would relish this part of it even more.—Ed.)

Higher and Higher.

Fortunately the weather was delightfully cool, the air pure, and we found an abundance of spring water. We climbed a second stairway with as many steps as the first; then several hundred feet more and finally attained the summit of the pass—the ascent having occupied over three hours! From now on we traversed a plateau, not flat, however, but a succession of high hills. The inhabitants, who live in isolated houses like the farmers of Canada, were a healthy, well-formed type, wholly ignorant of the outside world—typical mountaineers. We instructed those who came around wherever we stopped, and found them as docile and believing as children. It is going to be some job, however, to make good their conversion, they are so scattered and so far from any chapel.

Dinner on the Mountain Top.

We requested permission to prepare dinner at a farm house. The housewife not only consented but did the cooking herself. All the while she worked, now in front of the stove, now at the back, firing in blinding smoke, she held strapped to her back a baby boy fast asleep, his head dangling on one side or the other according to the position of the mother. The meal for our party of six cost only 35 cents, and the woman seemed quite pleased at the windfall. During the repast all the inmates of the big, half-finished house stood watching us. We took the occasion to tell them of God, about Whom they had never heard before. One bright boy readily grasped all that was said and by his remarks evidently relished the new doctrine. Let us hope that some day these hardy mountaineers may have their missionary and that the seed sown in our passage may yet bring forth fruit.

A Scriptural Setting.

Towards evening I stopped to say Office, seated on a stone in the shadow of a mountain. It was the feast of the Visitation, when Mary hastened over the mountains to sanctify John the Baptist, and were we not, I mused, on a similar errand—to visit and bring Christ to a solitary Christian family. A big snake darted across the path and then raised its head defiantly at my follower who attempted to follow me. A few stones launched in its direction caused it to move—back it came, crossed the path again between the two of us, and disappeared in the undergrowth. Finally at nightfall we arrived at our destination. Supper was soon on the table—rice, vegetables and fresh eggs—it was Friday—after which the thirteen Catholic inmates were catechised and their confessions heard. I was given a room; the rest slept in an open loft alongside. Next morning after having the homely altar and a picture of St. Joseph, that could hardly be seen with soot, washed, I said Mass and gave Communion—they get this chance once a year.

July 3—We set out on a longer (24-mile) journey than yesterday, but not so strenuous. Winding in and out, up and down the high hills, we stopped at noon at a wayside inn for lunch. The "inn", hardly large enough for the proprietor to move about in, had a solitary table and big, brick stove. **A curious crowd watched us eat. They had never seen a white man before.**

Higher Than Niagara.

My follower took me a mile off the path to see a wonder of nature. I had no idea that such a marvel existed in our district—a falls a thousand feet high! A good-sized river tumbles over a precipice and as it falls perpendicularly from that tremendous height, forms the most pleasing sight imaginable—a great, snow-white veil of flowing, ever-changing folds! We had an excellent view from the opposite brink of the awful gorge, to gaze into the depths of which make us tremble with insuppressible fear. A former emperor, so the story goes, having heard of this wonderful waterfall, promised to build a beautiful pavilion nearby, if its height as stated was really a thousand feet. The promise was never fulfilled as the courtier sent to investigate found that it measured only 980 feet!

(To be continued)

CONSECRATION OF NATIVE CHINESE BISHOPS

(Continued from page 151)

worthy. In vain they pleaded with him to accept the Crosier. When Clement X. died in 1676, he had not yet been won over to the idea of being a Bishop. The case was brought to the attention of Innocent XI., who on October 12, 1679, renewed the offer, which likewise was rejected.

The Master General of the Dominicans, Father Thomas of Roccaberti, now took a hand in the affair, peremptorily ordering Father Lopez to submit, and instructing the Provincial of the Philippine Province to name as theologian to the bishop an erudite priest. This was a wise precaution, for Father Lopez lacked much of theological lore. Under all this pressure, the Chinese priest finally submitted. Going to Manila in 1686, he was consecrated Bishop—the first of his race to attain to the dignity of the purple, and the only one up to the very recent consecrations.

After his consecration, Bishop Lopez continued to work as enthusiastically as before among his poor countrymen, acquiring thereby a reputation for sanctity. China enjoyed his episcopal labors only for four years. He was already in his seventies, and his bodily strength, spent freely for decades in the laborious work of the missions, was fast ebbing away. After a brief illness, cheerfully suffered, he died at Nan-king, February 27, 1690, honored and beloved by all who knew him.

His Dominican brethren have always held Bishop Lopez in deepest respect and veneration. China gave him to the Order, and the Order in turn gave him back to China, a priest and a Bishop. There is a legitimate pride that comes to every Dominican when he reflects that a brother of his was the first native Bishop, and a saintly Bishop, of a land his Order has striven to convert from very early days. Among the Fathers of the Philippine Province, his name is still remembered and still inspires them to labor generously in the toilsome vineyard of the East.

Bishop Lopez was a model shepherd of souls, and China may well be proud of her first son to mount the throne of the Apostles. Let us hope that her new sons in the episcopate may take courage and example from their precursor, so that they may hasten the glad day when China shall be gathered into the fold of the great good Shepherd.—The Pilot.

Nonsense

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"

Sample of one way traffic: Wife talking to hubby.

Take A Look.

Carter (at Kearney's): I'd like to see something cheap, in a felt hat.

Clerk: Try this on. The mirror is at your left.

Mistaken Identity.

"Didn't I meet you in New Orleans last winter?"

"Don't think so. I was never in New Orleans in my life."

"Neither was I—it must have been two other fellows."

Don't Blame the Hen.

The "prep" teacher wanted to correct his pupils from saying "has got" and "done", so, after many explanations, he wrote two sentences on the board—"The hen has got three legs. Who done it?" He then called upon Johnny to correct them. After a pause, Johnny wrote—"The hen never done it. Nature done it."—The Pennant.

Naturally.

George: You say you flunked in Greek? I can't understand it.

Bill: Neither can I. That's why I flunked.

Kept His Word.

Jack: Didn't you tell me you wouldn't smoke any more?

Tom: I did.

Jack: But you are smoking just as much as ever.

Tom: Well, that isn't any more, is it?

A Bloodthirsty Subscriber.

"China" would like to accede to any reasonable request on the part of its subscribers. However, one recently received at the office caused no little consternation. It read:

"Dear Sir: My subscription ran out in Oct., 1926. Kindly expire, in haste."

And He Did.

"I guess I'll take a knight off," said Cervantes as he started to write "Don Quixote."—London Humorist.

? ? ? ?

Emigration Agent: "Married or single?"

Prospective Settler: "Married."

"Where were you married?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know where you were married?"

"Oh, I thought you said 'Why.'"

They Do.

"Well, George, how is Arthur getting on now?"

"Oh, much better. He has been in the country for seven days to regain his strength."

"That's funny! I should have thought seven days in the country would have made one week!"

Two Minds With But—

"I should like to go to my mother-in-law's funeral this afternoon, sir," said the bookkeeper to his boss.

"So should I," he replied, as he turned to his desk again.

Not in Stock.

A customer in one of the local stores asked the lady clerk for an empty box. "We haven't a thing in empty boxes to-day," the clerk explained.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Liquid Accents.

Jane: "There's one thing I don't like about Joe—his English is bad."

Joan: "Yes—and his Scotch is terrible."—Life.

An Incautious Suggestion.

"Here's the vicar; shall I ask him to join us?"

"Oh! Mr. Brown—er—Howard, this is so sudden."—London Opinion.

Called Down at Once.

Stude (writing): "I would write more, sweetheart, but my roommate is reading every word over my shoulder."

Roommate: "You're a dirty liar."

Passing Kind.

The Bore: "I passed by your place yesterday."

The Bored: "Thanks, awfully!"—The Bystander.

C.O.D.

Maid: "The postman's at the door with a hamper marked 'C.O.D.'"

Mrs. Youngwife: "Don't accept it. I ordered salmon."—Winnipeg Tribune.

Breaking It Gently.

Young Tom Thompson was certainly a very officious young man, as everyone in the employ agreed. He was always pushing himself in where he was not wanted, and he had a very exalted opinion of himself, to say the least.

There were two partners in the firm, and one of them happening to die, young Thompson approached the surviving partner, with whom he was no favorite.

"I am sorry, sir, to hear of Mr. John's death," said the young man, "and I have come to ask if you would like me to take his place."

"Yes, I should very much," was the reply, "if you can get the undertaker to arrange it!"

Perhaps you are in a position to support a student at our Seminary. The cost is $250.00 a year.

HOW MUCH IS A BILLION?

A Procession Forty Years Long.

By Bruno Hagspiel, S.V.D.

We have learned in recent years to speak glibly, almost contemptuously, of immense figures, rolling them about conversationally, like playthings, just as we learn to reduce to common term anything that becomes popular. Take the word "billion," for instance. It is even easier to pronounce than "thousand." And yet, how many have the faintest conception of what a "billion" really signifies?

Suppose we consider the matter of population. There are, in the whole world, 1,702,000,000 human beings, according to the best estimates. Of these, 580,000,000 are Christian, either practically or nominally; 880,000,000 are pagan; and 242,000,000 are Mohammedan; and so we may proceed, coming finally to discover a total non-Christian population of 1,122,000,000, or just about two-thirds of all the people in this world.

Now let us look at that figure, 1,122,000,000, a little more critically. Does it convey any very startling impression to your mind? Or does it sound just about the same as all those billions you have heard so much of lately? Then, let's illustrate its immensity in another and more easily grasped way.

Imagine you were a youth, twenty years old, and that there was to be a procession of the non-Christian world which would pass before you, and that you had agreed to wait until every one of those 1,122,000,000 people passed a certain point where you were to be stationed. And suppose they were to pass five abreast, and to keep passing, for ten hours each and every day, Sundays included. How old do you think you would be when the last human being in the non-Christian world had passed that reviewing stand? Answer: SIXTY YEARS!

Such an illustration should give you some faint idea of the immensity of the non-Christian world which, although it is now nearly 2,000 years since Christ died to save mankind, has never yet heard the glad tidings of the redemption. Two thousand years of Christianity, and two-thirds of all the people in this world still in darkness, despair and "the shadow of the valley of death!" Christianity, after 2,000 years of trying, has not made more than a respectable beginning toward carrying out that most sacred command Christ ever gave His Church: "Going therefore, teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Doubtless many who read this will say, "Oh, isn't that awful!" "How true and how sad!" and so forth, and so on, and will immediately proceed to turn to the next column, just as though it were the average spacefiller one finds in the daily paper. But let's stop a bit, and think over the actual significance of these statements of fact, before turning to that next column. If it is so true and so sad and so awful, why is it allowed to continue? and what are you personally doing, or intending to do, about the matter?

"Well," you say, "what can I do about it? What can one individual, even if he be rich, do to convert two-thirds of the people in the world, who would take forty years to pass a given point? It's too big a thing for me to tackle."

Oh, is it? Can you stand a few more simple, easy facts? You probably know that you are living in the richest and most favored country on the globe — country with wealth estimated at $250,000,000,000 which is, perhaps, two-fifths of all the wealth on this planet of ours. You probably know also that there are approximately 20,000,000 Catholics in this country. About 8,000,000 of them are working and earning a good salary, or good wages. Now, do you know what 8,000,000 Catholics gave, last year, to help in the work of saving the souls of two-thirds of all the people in this world? Just about FIFTY CENTS each. And do you know what those 8,000,000 Catholics spent for luxuries—for things they didn't need at all, and, in many cases, would have been far better off without? Just about ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY dollars each.

Do you begin to see what you, as an individual, and every other Catholic in this country, as an individual, could do to make a little more decent proportion between that fifty cents and that one hundred and fifty dollars? We are not referring now, of course, to the faithful few who give liberally, but to the many who give not at all.

Do you know that the Catholics of the United States earn about $7,000,000,000, each and every year, and that if they gave just one per cent. of it for the missions, 400,000 priests, brothers, sisters, and catechists, native and foreign, could be put into the field, to conquer the pagan world for Christ within the present century?

Do you see how important your little one per cent. is, after all? Really effective results cannot be attained at present without it, and without that of every one of your fellow Catholics in this country. But with it — the united pittance from each of the 8,000,000 Catholic workers of America —there would in all likelihood, be the greatest harvest of souls, during the next fifty years, that ever was gathered in a like period since the dawn of Christianity. And that little one per cent. would be the grandest eternal investment you ever made.

Are you ready to become a "ONE-PER-CENT. MISSIONARY?"

GRATIFYING FIGURES.

The census for China for 1923 gave the number of Catholics as 2,223,243 and that for 1924 gave 2,277,421, an increase of 54,178 souls. For 1925 the figures are even more consoling for in China over 90,000 adults were received into the Church. This leaves the number of Catholics now in China at well over 2,300,000.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations, received before Oct. 14th:

Rev. J. J. MacNeil, $300; donations and subscriptions. Immaculate Conception Parish, Peterboro, $80.50; for St. Patrick's High School room in Seminary, per Miss Stella Anderson, $45; Mrs. K. Strachan, $20; Friend, Toronto, $15; Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ont., $15; Miss Frances Zink, $10; Mrs. Sarah Sheehan, $10; St. Aloysius School, Lethbrige, Alta., $6.50; Adam Pataski, $5.50.

The following gave $5.00 each:

"Mary K." Michael Fogarty, St. Agatha's School, Ottawa; Mr. D. Farr, Rev. Wm. O'Flaherty, Mrs. A. Wadel, Mrs. M. Newman, Mrs. P. K. Trainor, Miss M. Meaney; Friend, Almonte; Holy Redeemer Church, Whitney Pier; Friend, Kingston, in thanksgiving to the Little Flower; J. M. Speechly, Miss Agnes L. Sullivan, Miss Annie McIntosh, F. McCarthy, Miss Rose M. Bracken; Friend, Miss Margaret Kennedy, Julian A. Hogan, Mrs. E. Lapierre, Mrs. E. F. Kelly, Mrs. S. E. Sheehan.

Miscellaneous Amounts:

Mr. Finlay Beaton, $2; Peter Azzopardi, $3; Mrs. W. Van Horne, $2; Maurice O'Connor, $2; Miss Annie J. Quinn, $2.35; Mrs. D. J. Praught, $2; Mrs. Rekers, $3; St. Mary's School, Ottawa, $3; Adam Pataski, $2; Miss Molly Clarke, $3; Miss Agnes Dawzy, $3; Miss Rita Blainey, $2; Friends, Port Hood, $2; Mrs. Jennie McDonald, $2; per Sister M. Isidore, Tignish, $3.30; Friend, Barrie, $2; Rev. S. Dufresne, S.J., $2; Mrs. S. B. McNeil, $2; Mrs. John J. McCabe, $4; E. C. Beanco, $3; Mrs. C. Finegan, $2; Miss Mary Bonnesse, $3; Primary boys and girls, K. of C. Annex School, Ottawa, $1.50; Malcolm O'Connell, $1.50.

The following gave one dollar:

Miss Rita Bedford, C. Curley, Miss Martha Baumer, Mrs. Ed. Thompson, Miss Helen L. Ryan, in honor of St. Anthony: Friend, Brockville; Miss Annie Miller, Miss Mary J. Russell, M. P. Coderre, Leo McGrady, T. S. Melady, B.A.; Friend, Humberstone; Miss Francesca Kehoe, Mrs. H. McFee; School No. 5, Glenelg, Ont.; Miss Mary Best, M.E.D., Chatham; Daniel O'Neill.

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Have you ever felt that perhaps God was calling YOU to a work so dear to His Sacred Heart? Perhaps He wishes that YOU should take the place of one of those who will soon be missionaries in China. If He is calling, then pay no heed to what the world thinks or what the world will say. Christ was a fool in the eyes of the world. It may yet be your precious privilege to be a "fool" for His sake.

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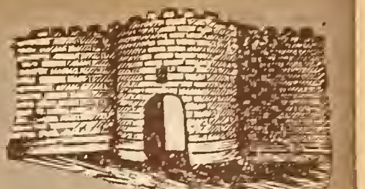

CHINA

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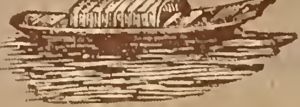

VOL. VII CHINA NO. 12

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EDITORIAL PAGE
CHINA
Published Monthly by
CHINA MISSION SEMINARY
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.
Editor - Rev. Wm. C. McGrath

Peace on Earth

During this blessed season of peace on earth, peace springing above all from our own abiding hope of salvation, God forbid that we should forget those unhappy millions who live and die in the land where there is no Christmas. As you kneel on Christmas morn to thank God for the unspeakable blessings that are ours offer up a fervent prayer for poor abandoned souls in China, for those other sheep whom Christ would also bring, but for so many of whom His birth and passion and death will have been in vain. Pray, too, for peace for that unhappy country, torn as she is with hopeless suicidal wars. Pray that God may hasten the day when His peace, the peace that is not of this world, may come with the advent of Christianity throughout the length and breadth of the country.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom Come in China!

Forward, Canada!

The S.S. Empress of Russia, which sailed from Vancouver on Oct. 14th, with Fathers Carey and Venini on board, carried, in all, fourteen Canadian missionaries on their way to China. There were four Redemptorist Fathers from Eastern Canada, on their way to Indo-China, and eight Sisters of Our Lady of the Angels from Lennoxville, Que. One of them is Chinese.

The time has come when Canada has her part to play in the great work of the evangelization of China and Canada will not be found wanting. The sacrifices entailed in sending missionaries abroad will be but as the fuel that will make the light of faith burn more strongly and brightly at home. "If we would keep the faith we must propagate it."

A Church for Sungyang

Some time ago "CHINA" informed its readers that the erection of a church in Sungyang had been made possible through the generosity of a good benefactor in Toronto. In his latest letter, Father Fraser tells us that work on the new Church has begun, to the great joy of the Christians there. "On Sept. 28," Father Fraser writes, "we arrived at Sungyang. We immediately began the preliminaries for building the Church of St. John the Evangelist. First of all mud walls and old houses had to be torn down and bricks contracted for. There are six kilns in the vicinity and they will all have to work to capacity to provide the quantity required, 40,000 big bricks and 50,000 tiles. The first delivery, a thousand bricks, was made to-day.

"Piles of stone are being carried in for the foundation. Father William is busy perfecting the plans. The corner-stone is being prepared. In a week or so I shall go further inland, visit chapels and at the same time purchase the necessary timber for the construction.

"The Christians here seem very fervent and sincere. It is a pleasure to build them a decent house of worship. Since we arrived they have been assiduous at Mass and Holy Communion. The last time they saw a priest was in February. Their long spiritual fasts are now happily at an end."

The New St. Augustine's

We extend sincere congratulations to His Grace Archbishop McNeil and to the faculty of St. Augustine's on the opening of the new wing of the seminary. Our intimate association with St. Augustine's and their great and kindly interest in the work of the missions, induce us to rejoice at their success as we would at our own.

If we have eight priests in China to-day it is largely because of the fact that the burden of imparting to our students the knowledge necessary for their success in the priesthood rests for the most part with the capable professors of St. Augustine's Seminary. If we were obliged to provide a complete staff of professors for philosophy and theology, it would be many years before so many priests could be spared for the all-important work in China.

Although but thirteen years have elapsed since the opening of the seminary, St. Augustine's has contributed two hundred and seventy-three priests to the Church in Canada and the United States. From coast to coast you will find them, pious, learned, efficient young levites, a credit to the Church and to their Alma Mater. The constantly increasing number of applicants for admission has rendered necessary the construction of the new residence wing, with accomodation for seventy-five more students. It marks a very important forward step in the great work in which the seminary is engaged and we need only express the hope—with us, indeed, an assurance—that the efforts of the new and greater St. Augustine's will be crowned with the success that has ever attended the work of the St. Augustine's of former days.

To All Our Readers—A Happy Christmas

ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY
On the right is the new residence wing, with accommodation for seventy-five students.

MY FIRST MISSION TOUR IN CHUCHOW

By REV. J. M. FRASER

(Concluded)

The Summit at Last.

In the afternoon we began to climb again and finally reached the highest point in our two days' overland journey—the watershed of this whole region. Words fail to explain the beauties of nature hereabouts — the enchanting glimpses one gets at every turn, of distant, beautiful, variegated valleys on lower levels, thousands of feet below! But the most inspiring of all was the first sight of Wong da and environs, our destination. We were at an immense height, the neat little village nestled among trees in the centre of the most wonderful crazy-quilt of rice fields and terraces I ever laid eyes on, of every conceivable size and form, the contour of each clearly outlined, and the water contained reflecting the setting sun, subdued by the bright green of the growing rice.

After descending what seemed to be an interminable stone staircase we were welcomed by the catechist and good Christians. Our two days' journey on foot were at an end and we felt at home in our little "chapel" which is mission property. We had covered 43 miles and in all that distance found only **one Christian** family, while to the right and left of us to a similar distance there are no Catholics. **A thousand square miles of inhabited territory with only one Christian family!**

Wong Da.

The "chapel" at Wong da consists of three rooms and kitchen downstairs, and "oratory" above. My room, 7 x 9 ft., had a bed—four boards on trestles on which were placed a quilt for mattress, my blankets and mosquito net suspended; mud floor full of holes, with brickbats in one corner; rough table and a chair; bamboo screen with torn paper for a window; the boards of the "oratory" floor for ceiling. Three sides are of wood, with many holes and big openings underneath, through which the chicks had free entrance. I was awakened next morning by the little intruders scurrying over the floor, and by the pure light of heaven streaming through a big hole in the fourth wall made of cobble-stones. The rest of the downstairs is of a like description. The shaky "oratory" above, where over fifty persons heard Mass this morning, is 32 x 18 ft. The upper half of the end wall is missing. The other three sides are of boards with little doors for windows, and any number of scraps of colored paper, newspapers and even letters plastered over the holes in an endeavor, I suppose, to keep out the cold blasts of winter. The altar is a crude affair that sways at every move, with a cheap picture of the S. H. in the centre, a few wooden candlesticks, and flower vases that are the limit—two of them turned blocks of wood, as plain as pumpkins, two are bottles, and two, broken lamp glasses! The benches are all dilapidated. One of them, which was being used as a Communion rail, collapsed while I was giving Communion, and I had to wait till stones and bricks were put under it before proceeding! The flooring is uneven and full of holes; there is no ceiling, the sky can be seen through the roof in many places, while the beams are so low I received many severe bumps. The catechist said he wished I was here during a storm. **And this is the best of our six "chapels" in the Tsingtien Subprefecture, except that of the city, which I have already described!** But what could you expect? It cost our predecessors only $150, including a cottage in the front part of the lot!

A Generous Christian.

July 5—Twenty-five received Communion. The principal Christian of the locality invited me to dine at his place. He is a great grandfather, and his 45 descendants, who live close together, are all baptized except one newly-married lady who also wishes to enter the Church. At dinner the old man asked me to give him extreme unction before I left Wangda, as he is getting feeble and does not expect to see a priest again. He has his coffin prepared already! I granted his request the next day. I held out the hope of their being a real church and a resident priest in the place in the not-distant future. He promised to donate toward the building thirty fine trees which he had long reserved for that purpose.

The Harvest is Great.

The present chapel is not half big enough for the people attending it, and without doubt a resident priest could easily double their number in a short time. There are 100 Christians and 10,000 pagans in the neighborhood. Surely a promising field of labor for some future missionary! The pagans of the locality are leading a simple, laborious life, and are undisturbed by wars or revolutions. Even the "Long Haired" rebels, that devastated the whole of China 65 years ago, never penetrated this part of the country. With a little cultivation they ought to make excellent Christians.

The Doctor—and the Crowds.

My follower and I paid a visit to an old pagan doctor of considerable repute, and had a long chat with him on religious subjects, with many listeners. In the evening we were invited to take supper at a village a few miles away. I think every boy in the village, 50 at least, crowded around me when I sat at the front door. They had seldom been so close to a white man. Barefooted and stripped to the waist—summer style—they looked a fine, healthy crowd, not like the sickly, scabby children so often met with in the big cities. Alluding to their healthy appearance (not one of them seemed to have any physical defect) I asked them if their souls were as perfect. Then enumerating the faults that youngsters generally commit, at which they smiled knowingly, I went on to speak of the immortality of the soul, the reward of the good and the punishment of the wicked. It was all news to them; they were mannerly and listened with attention.

Losing No Opportunity.

At supper we had a hundred onlookers. It was stuffy and we wished they would give us more air, but it was a grand occasion to get some more saving truths home. We continued the discourse, I asking questions of my follower, and he answering them lucidly in their own native tongue, illustrating the talk with interesting stories and examples.

It was a starlight night, and after supper we sat outside, the sparkling firmament giving occasion for a lesson in astronomy, and on the immensity and infinitude of the Creator. I am sure many of them believed and on returning to their homes related to the rest of the family the wonderful things they had heard. What a pity we could not stay there for a month, or two, until we got them securely into the Bark of Peter!

Homeward Bound. .

July 6—I baptized ten persons and confirmed seventeen, and on July 7, with may bows and good wishes, took my departure from Wong da, returning to Chuchow by way of Wenchow. We were soon outside the limits of our district, for Wong da is near the border, traversing the parish of Ping Yang, which is under the care of three Chinese priests. From Wong da, which must be 3,000 ft. above sea level, we descended a

The six Chinese Bishops consecrated by the Holy Father in October. There has not been a native Bishop in China since the death of Bishop Lo in 1690. He was the only other Chinese ever raised to the episcopal dignity.

well-cultivated valley, the mountains on either side terraced to their very summits — so many tiers that the upper ones, like the stories of a New York skyscraper, all blend into one. Any one of these mountains, I thought, would make an excellent grandstand for a ball game, where a million spectators could comfortably be seated! Oh! the industry of the Chinese! They can produce a most abundant crop where the white man would see but barren land, and fold his arms in despair!

Pagans All.

We passed several villages, one with 5,000 inhabitants, entirely pagan. The chair bearers were fast, and we were going down grade continually. In three hours we made eight miles and arrived at the busy town of Da-o. Some time ago a group of Protestants from here wrote to our Catechist at Wengda asking to be received into the Church; they had learned, they said, that ours "was the true Church, out of which there is no salvation." In passing through I sent them word, that as Da-o was not under my jurisdiction all I could do was to put in a good word for them when I met Father Puen a few days hence.

A River Journey.

We hired two rafts for the next seven miles of the journey. They were like big toboggans, made of eleven long bamboo poles placed side by side and turned up at the front. I with part of the baggage sat on one, and my follower with the rest on the other. The raft man stood in front and propelled it with a pole, or when it touched bottom, got into the water and dragged it along. One had to sit square in the middle or else risk capsizing it. The route lay through mountains, rocky cliffs and great stretches of boulders, which were rendered scorching by the midday sun and sent blasts of hot air into our faces. The whole journey was a succession of rapids, filled with rocks. The raftsman, judging from his dexterity, must know every one of them. He had only a fraction of a second to make decisions between his thrusts, now to the right, now to the left, keeping the raft from striking visible or invisible obstacles, which if touched would have upset us, bag and baggage, into the water.

Cheap Travel.

Many boys and men were in swimming, which was the sensible thing to do on such a hot day. Some would swim up and catch hold of the raft, until driven away by the irate raftman. Our only protection from the burning July sun, as we sat still on the raft from 11 till 12, was our sun helmets and umbrellas. We did justice to a spring of ice-cold water we passed on the way. The hire for the two rafts was only 35c.

Arriving at the head of boat navigation we piled into a big scow, propelled from fore and aft, and protected from the sun with thick matting, and began a two days' journey to the Pacific, a cool breeze from which made the rest of the day agreeable. We bought victuals at a village of straw huts. Last year, it appears, the houses of its hundred families were swept away in a deluge. Further up we had passed the ruins of a solid stone bridge destroyed at the same time. The other towns and villages escaped, being built on higher ground. Towards evening, just as a thunderstorm was on the point of breaking, we arrived at the first village along the route with a Catholic chapel. Though we were strangers to him, the Catechist received us kindly, prepared supper for us and afforded every facility for lodging and for Mass the next morning.

He told us that recently seven women in the village had become possessed, one after another, and that they had been delivered by the recitation of prayers, which made a profound impression on the pagan inhabitants.

July 8—Boarded our scow again. Life on board much the same as camping—no tables or chairs, few dishes, one fireplace and one pot. The following night another terrible thunderstorm broke over us, but our boat was solid and its covering waterproof.

July 9, early, we arrived at the city of Juian on the sea coast. Population, 50,000 pagans; Catholics in city and environs 200. Chapel, a big house, bought cheap because haunted (now immune), nicely decorated. A Priest lived here two years, but now only a Catechist.

After Mass, boarded big towboat, together with 50 passengers, towed by small tug, which at the other side of the river takes another crowded scow in tow **without stopping**, and keeps this up all day. It took six minutes to cross. The fare was a cent each. Some people to save half that amount took a rowboat across, which required 15 minutes longer!

We then hired a featherweight craft, which, sculled by two men, made the next ten miles in two and a half hours. We had to sit still on the bottom, in the centre, for fear of upsetting it. I thought two passengers was the limit of its capacity, but we saw many similar boats with five or six Chinese and baggage, loaded down to within an inch of the gunwale.

On arriving at the pretty little city of Pingyang I was given a royal reception by the parish priest, and by his two curates when they returned from strenuous sick calls, on foot and by boat, 20 miles away, all three old friends of mine. One of them was in my catechism class at Ningpo many years ago (see "CHINA", page 28, vol. 1, No. 4, Jan. 1920; he is the little boy, right, holding scroll). (Let me repeat that we are not travelling now in our district of Chuchow.) These three Chinese priests have three Subprefectures to care for, containing several millions of inhabitants. Their Christians number seven thousand, so they are kept pretty busy on sick calls, administering the Sacraments, etc. Most of their congregation is scattered over their vast territory and must be visited in 40 different stations twice a year.

In the way of schools they are better equipped than we are in Chuchow. I send you pictures of their boys' and girls' schools, the latter taught by the native Sisters of the Poor Souls. Father Puen and his two curates are in the centre of the boys' group (the one on Father Puen's right being the priest whose picture as mentioned appeared in Jan. "China" 1920.)

July 10—After Mass we bid adieu amid mutual good wishes to the three Chinese priests and boarded a fast little skiff, which made ten miles in two hours. The scenery was very picturesque but the weather was hot. A gasoline launch, towing a number of houseboats, into one of which we entered, brought us to Wenchow, 24 miles in two and a half hours. This trip on the canal was very pleasant, the scenery changing every moment—a succession of prosperous-looking towns and villages nestling in valleys and surrounded by well-cultivated fields. Evidently we were passing through one of the most thickly populated sections of China.

A Chinese student of natural history sat beside us. He knew English, French and Japanese, and next month intends going to France to study modern processes of silk culture. I gave him Father Lebbe's address, who is laboring among the Chinese students of France.

At the landing place in Wenchow I jumped into a richshaw and was soon at the Catholic Mission, where I received the usual generous hospitality. Our three little seminarians, who were on their way to Chuchow to pass the summer vacation, were waiting for me.

July 11—We passed the night in a rowboat, and next morning crossed the boundary into our beloved district of Chuchow.

July 13—We set out in our own little houseboat, "The Xavier," for the last station in this long missionary tour. At one p.m., the heat became so unbearable I called a halt and we all made for a shady spot we spied on the side of the mountain. A thunderstorm cleared the atmosphere and we were able to proceed on our way. At a certain point we left our boat and travelled inland five miles, a chair being secured for me. We hired two baggage carriers, but one said that he could take the whole load, so as to get double pay, 20 cents! With such men as these there is no need of horses in China.

It got pitch dark before we reached our destination. My carriers must have had owl eyes to find their way and pick their steps across the streams, and along the rough road.

July 14—Said Mass at the home of one of our Seminarians, a poor farm house with mud floor. I had much to thank God for in that Mass, for it was the twenty-fifth anniversary of my ordination, and during all that time I had never been prevented through illness from offering the Holy Sacrifice.

The Seminarian's younger brother, a boy of twelve years, was sent to the next village to announce that I would pay them a visit. Talk of endurance! He started out at 4 a.m., barefooted and without breakfast, trotted the ten miles there and back, made a detour of three miles into the mountains to gather firewood, and returned with his load about eleven, when he got his first mouthful. He is typical of the boys in these mountains—bronzed with the sun, all muscle, nimble as a deer. I invited him to come to our school for a few months, as his religious instruction is almost nil.

While saying Office beside a cool brook, for the house got too hot for anyone, I noticed a pagan youth standing in a pensive mood, and invited one of our seminarians to tell him something about our religion. I was much edified at the earnest and lucid exposition he gave. The youth drew nearer, sat down and listened with marked attention for fully half an hour. Before parting he expressed his firm belief in all that he had heard, but that as there was not a single Christian in his village, he feared his mother might prevent his entering the Church. I encouraged him to persevere, and urged him on his return to tell everyone in the village the truths he had learned. My follower preached to two gatherings, Christians and pagans, in the villages we visited that day.

July 15—Sixteen received Communion; two infant baptisms. Returned to our boat, in which we passed the rest of the day, the following night and the next day, saying Mass in it in the morning, at which the seminarian and my follower received Communion. This last lap was a hot journey, but we finally arrived, July 16, safe and sound, at our headquarters in Chuchow.

During the entire trip we managed to get healthy food. Besides

BOYS' SCHOOL, PINGYANG, CHINA
Seated in the centre of this group is the native Chinese Pastor and on his right the Priest who was a boy in Father Fraser's Catechism Class many years ago.

pork and vegetables, fresh eggs were plentiful and cheap—a cent apiece in some places, two for a cent in others. I had brought a supply of bread with me, but it gave out in a week—the last of it pretty mouldy. A tin of sardines came in handy the last day, a Friday, and a cake of chocolate that the Sisters slipped into my wallet at Wenchow. (God bless them!) Food and travelling expenses during the whole tour of twenty-seven days cost $35 Canadian money, Hope it was not spent in vain.

J. M. FRASER.

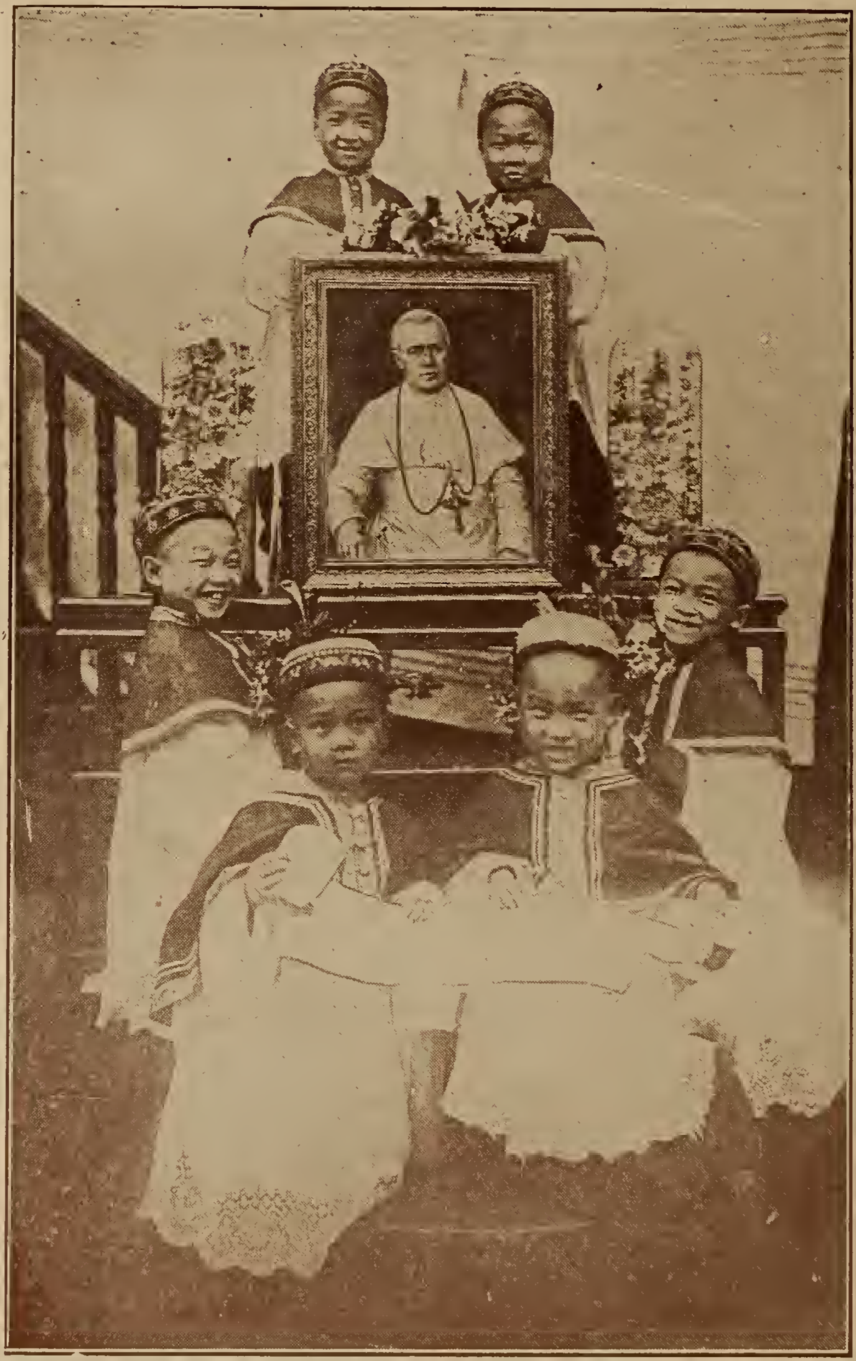
Father Carey Writes

S.S. Empress of Russia,

Oct. 25, 1926.

We are due to arrive at Yokohama to-morrow morning. Saturday next, Oct. 30th, should find us in Shanghai.

Of the one hundred passengers in second, eighty are missionaries. Of the eighty, fourteen are Catholics. Five or six of the lay-folk are Catholics also. We have had some pretty rough weather. The dining-saloon was not a very popular resort during the first few days. Father Joe was one of those to whom food was anathema. However, he has been doing splendidly ever since. He is a very popular figure in our deck sports, tennis especially. Bridge is my own favorite pastime. The two of us hold our own in our respective spheres.



The above picture of some of the boys of Father Fraser's Catechism Class in China, almost 20 years ago, was sent to the late Pope Pius X on the occasion of his jubilee. Some months ago, while making his mission tour, Father Fraser had the pleasure of meeting once more his one-time altar boy, now a Priest among his own people, and one of the three who have three whole sub-Prefectures in China under their care. In the picture he is the boy holding the scroll (front row, right). He is but one of the many who are Priests in China to-day because of Father Fraser's zeal for souls.

"You are one of the most human padres I have met in a long while," remarked one of our travelling companions the other day.

"Yes," rejoined a good lady seated nearby, "all our Catholic priests are human!" Thank God for our good people. May they be able to speak well of us always.

Mass Daily.

Every day but one, the first day out, we have had Mass on board. A late Mass on Sunday was attended by several non-Catholic laymen. They seemed impressed by the beauty and simplicity of the ceremonies. I trust the few words I spoke did not mar the good impression. The example of our people living their religion is more effective than words of mine or of any man.

Wireless bulletins published daily on board announce petty disturbances in and around Shanghai. Troops from Chekiang, our own province, are reported on their way to that city. It is not probable that this will cause us to make any alteration in our

We know many good friends, since passed to their reward, who INTENDED to remember us substantially in their wills. There was no hurry. They would fix it up some time. But they deferred their good intentions too long. The good for souls they INTENDED to do will ever remain undone. To change your will is a simple matter. Why not do it to-day and make sure that death will not cheat you of the merit of helping save immortal souls in China?

plans. We shall spend All Saints' and All Souls' Days in Shanghai. Father Joe and I are facing the future with confidence. Neither he nor I fear the opposition and difficulties which may be ours. We have, too, a saving sense of humor, for which we thank God. Moreover, the relic of St. Patrick, which I carry with me, is a breastplate which no enemy may pierce. Frequently during the trip Father Joe has been taken for an Irishman. He is quite happy about it. So he, too, is safe. St. Patrick will see to that.

Sociable Companions.

There are one hundred and one things I might tell you about our fellow passengers. The uniform kindness and respect with which they have treated us have relieved the monotony of those long days at sea. We have had our share of fun with them, too. A good joke told with a swing; wit, repartee, even a good pun or an ancient story about the Scotch; all serve to break down barriers of reserve or suspicion. Father Joe and I have had for table companions an American Jew and one other, a "one hundred per cent. American." We are still good friends. And that's saying more than enough.

Goodbye, Dr. McRae! Goodbye Fathers Bill and Mike and students and friends of China Mission Seminary! Time is short. If we do not meet again here below we shall, D.V., meet before God. Eternity is long.

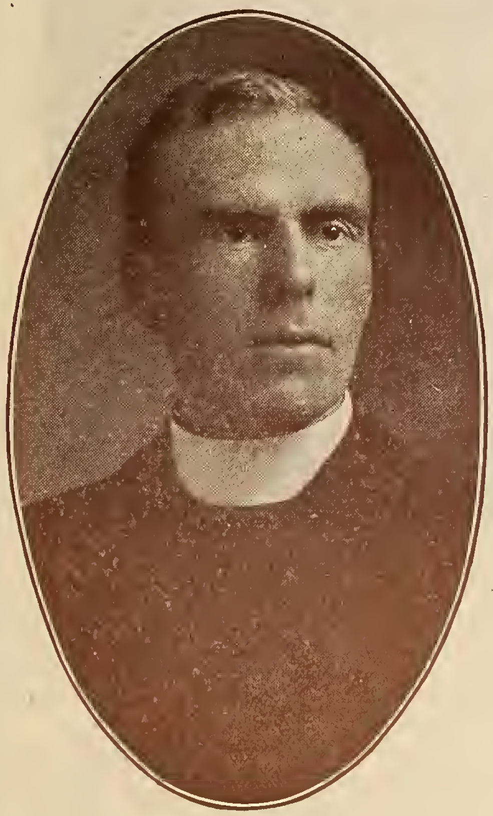
Forty Years in China

The Rev. Martin Kennelly, S.J., died in Shanghai recently after forty years' continuous residence there. For the greater part of that time, Father Kennelly was the only priest to minister to the English-speaking Catholics in Shanghai. A nephew of the deceased priest, the Rev. Robert Kennelly, is a member of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America and will soon be at work in the Maryknoll mission in Southern China.

Father Wm. Fraser Arrives in Chuchow

Sends Graphic Description of Journey in the "Xavier" up the Wenchow River.

When Father Wm. Fraser reached Wenchow by Chinese coastal boat, he was met by his brother, Rev. J. M. Fraser, who had made the ninety-mile trip down the river from Chuchow. "We remained two days in Wenchow," Father William writes, "visiting the different Catholic institutions and making provision for our journey up the Wenchow River. At the river bank we awaited the incoming tide and boarded the mission boat, 'The Xavier.' Another boat was hired for our sacristan and three Christians. The mission boat that Father John built is similar to the other river boats in the hull, but instead of low bamboo matting that covers these boats, it has an upper structure of thin wood, high enough for one to stand upright.



REV. WM. FRASER

"There are windows all around it which enables us to view the scenery from all angles. We spread our beds on the floor of the boat at night and in the daytime we sit comfortably on wicker chairs. The scenery along the Wenchow River is very picturesque. This trip was truly enchanting. I cannot remember making a more beautiful trip anywhere. Ranges of mountains, more or less wooded, flank the sides of the river. The water is of a limpid clearness.

A Four Days' Journey.

"For four days we ascended this wonderful stream, which is a series of long blue lakes and swiftly-flowing rapids. Two mornings of the trip we beached the boat at landing places and with our Christian boys and baggage made for small chapels where we celebrated Mass. After breakfast we set out again up stream. One morning we said Mass on the boat, which can be converted into a very becoming and devotional little chapel.

A Sermon From the Boat.

"At times we were obliged to wait at the river bank owing to strong head winds. On these occasions pagan men and boys would come to look at our pretty blue boat. Father John and one of our Christian boys, who is very intelligent—you will know him as the little convert—taught the eager pagans from the boat about God and the world He created." (Readers of CHINA will remember the boy as Father Morrison's first convert. He had made a brilliant course at a pagan public school, but his health broke down because of lack of proper food. Father Fraser helped him out, restored him to health

(Continued on page 173)

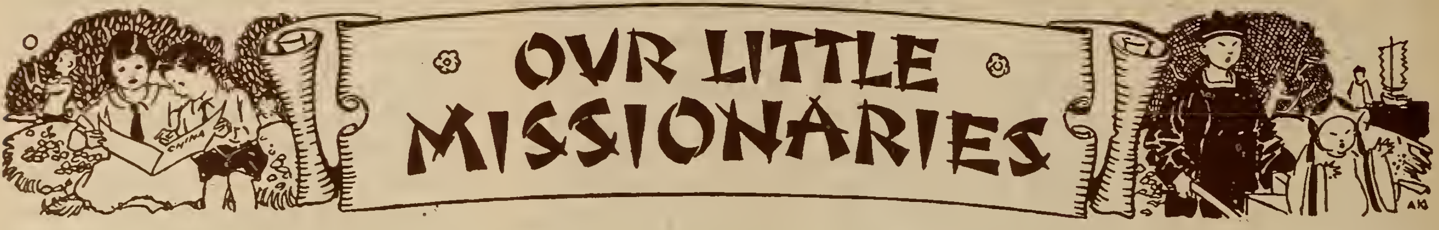
John: "Well, I have my Christmas presents all bought. Don't think I have forgotten anybody either.

George: "What about the priests who are working for China, you know, the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs?"

John: "Gee Whiz!!!! And I intended all along to send them a fiver. Say, if you hadn't reminded me . . . "

George: "Never mind. It isn't too late. I only sent mine yesterday."

DEAR READER, HAD YOU FORGOTTEN?



OUR LITTLE MISSIONARIES

ENTHUSIASTIC CRUSADERS

Executive of the High School Mission Unit, Loretto Day School, Toronto.

At an enthusiastic meeting of the Students' Mission Crusade of Loretto Day School, Toronto, on Friday, Oct. 29th, it was decided that the efforts of the Crusade Unit for the year 1926-1927 be directed towards helping China Mission Seminary. As an earnest of their goodwill and determination to help us in our work for China, the members presented our representative with a beautiful spiritual bouquet and a substantial cheque.

The plan of action for this year had not at that time been definitely decided upon, but the members were anxious that as part of their year's work, a chalice, made of gold and jewels, brought from their own homes, should be presented to the seminary during the course of the year.

The Loretto Day School Unit is one of the most active of the whole Crusade in Canada. Besides their work for this year they have built a chapel and given a chalice to the Western Missions and also built one of the rooms in China Mission Seminary. We are deeply grateful for the splendid assistance they are rendering the missions both at home and in Field Afar.

CHIMES FROM CHINA.

How sweet to be a little chime,
In loving labour all the time.

Marking the hours as they flee
Endeared because of charity.

Showing the world to work for God,
Freeing a sinful pagan sod.

Raising all thoughts to Him Who died
On dismal Calvary's awful side.

Making the hours, one by one,
Chime in accord with good work done.

Helping all those with whom we work
In His dear service ne'er to shirk.

Needing the grace of God to be
A chime with Him in harmony!
—Verna Sauer, Guelph, Ont.

SERVING MASS.

THEOLOGIANS tell us that the more real the part you take in offering the Sacrifice of the Mass, the more largely you partake of its benefits, said Cardinal Vaughan. They teach that the acolytes are especially favored in this respect. To serve Mass is the nearest approach one who is not a priest can make to celebrating it.

You can gain more merit and grace by serving Mass with faith and devotion than by merely hearing it.

He who serves Mass kneels and moves among the Angels. The Angels look upon him with a kind of holy jealousy. He discharges an office in act which they discharge only in desire. They associate him with themselves, for he has become a ministering Spirit in the flesh to the King of Kings and Lord of lords, to Jesus Christ, the Man-God.

A PRAYER FOR THE CONVERSION OF CHINA.

O LORD JESUS CHRIST, who didst come on earth to save the souls of men, open now Thy most Sacred Heart in mercy to the people of China, who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and shower Thy graces on them that they may come to the knowledge of Thy Gospel. Bless also and protect Thy missionaries, and make their work fruitful for Thee of countless souls.—Amen.

(300 days Indulgence)
With Ecclesiastical Approbation
China Mission Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Our Chinese Seminarians

In this picture you see the three seminarians who were recently sent from our school in Chuchow to the Seminary at Ningpo. They are the first fruits, in vocations, of the work of our missionaries there. There are also three seminarians, more advanced, who were studying for Chuchow at the time the territory was entrusted to our care. With these six young men on the way to the Priesthood the outlook is most promising that the wishes of the Holy Father in regard to native vocations and native clergy will speedily be fulfilled in our district of Chuchow.

Disastrous Floods in Irish Mission Territory

Owing to the recent floods in China, conditions in Han Yang and other villages along the banks of the Yangtse river are indescribable. The water has risen in many places to a height of fifty feet above its banks. Tens of thousands have been drowned and hundreds of thousands are homeless. The saddest feature of all is the almost total destruction of the crops, with the result that millions will be facing starvation this winter. Han Yang is the headquarters of the Irish Mission, and of late it has come into a large share of suffering and misfortune. The mission compound was "in the thick" of the fighting when the Cantonese captured both Han Yang and Hankow from the luckless Wu Pei Fu. Shells were flying about the buildings and bullets pierced many of the walls. Fortunately, however, none of the missionaries were injured. And it was from Han Yang that the Cantonese directed the siege of the ill-fated city of Wuchang which lies just across the river, and in which tens of thousands perished from disease and starvation before the city's surrender.

Students Work Against Church

"Union" in Province of Fukien, China, Seeks to Promote Absolutely Lay Schools.

In the Province of Fu Kien, China, there exists a student organization known as the "Union of Students of Fukien." During the late autumn an assembly was held at Fukien, the third that year, of the members of this organization, to promote the interests of the national schools and to discountenance those of the Christian schools.

The resolutions adopted at this meeting were as follows:

1. To overthrow all Christian schools and to substitute national schools.
2. In the event that this is not possible, the Christian schools should be made to conform to these measures:

(Continued on page 176)

ONE OF THE GANG

It was 'round the first of August, when the days is awful hot,
And the gang, just after supper, had gone down to Casey's lot;
I was picking sides for baseball and, says Tony, standing near,
Says he: "It's kinda funny Billy Kouski isn't here."

Oh, you may wait and wait for Billy till the daylight fades and dies,
Till the streets are all deserted and the ghostly breezes rise,
And you'll wait in vain for Billy—you and he are far apart
For at the hour you think not comes the Call that stills the heart.

The game had got exciting when someone brings the word—
I never seen them stopping, I was racing 'round past third—
I got home, but no one noticed: all the guys were standing round,
And says Tony in a whisper: "They say Billy Kouski's drowned!"

Oh, you may wait and wait for Billy but he'll never come again,
And he'll still be aged eleven when you're old and grey-haired men;
His learning and his playing and his praying all are done
And it's settled now forever if he lost the Game—or won.

"He served the eight this morning." Last night I heard him say
He was going to Communion." "Why, he never missed a day."
"Did they find him?" "Was it rip-tide?" "I wonder if he thought
Of the prayer that Sister told us." "Yes, a rip-tide; he was caught . . ."

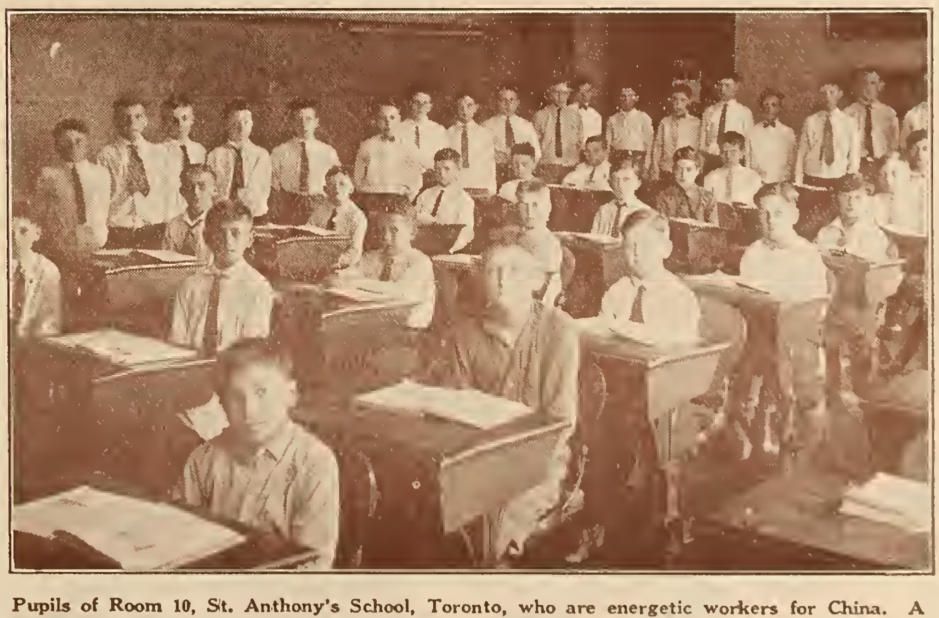
So Billy isn't coming, never coming any more,
Near the altar rails you'll find him, lying near the Golden Door,
The boy that played at Casey's, lying peacefully at rest,
In his cassock and his surplice, with his hands across his breast.

"Let's all go down and pray for him." "He was pretty well prepared."
"But he's just the same in Purgat'ry." The fellows all looked scared.
"How long'll it be? . . ." "It can't be long!" says I—my courage mounts.
"'Cause he meant to be a missioner and it's what you *mean* that counts!"

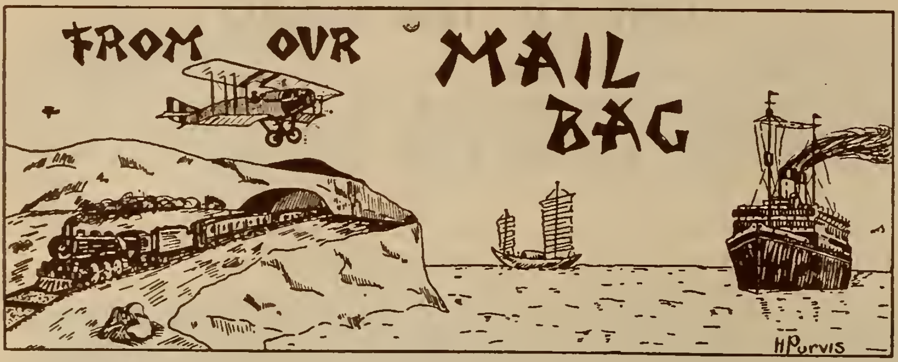
Mary, show yourself his Mother; kindly Joseph plead his cause;
Aloysius, be his helper; be his comrade, Stanislaus;
Be a brother to him, Berchmans—all you boy saints of the King
Win him entrance, rank and splendor in Our Lord's brave Following.

—Nanky Poo, in "The Far East."

ACTIVE MISSION WORKERS



Pupils of Room 10, St. Anthony's School, Toronto, who are energetic workers for China. A short time ago they staged a Chinese-African baseball game as a means of raising funds for the cause. One team dressed as Chinese and the other as Africans, and the Chinese won.



Gros Pin, Quebec.

"Your magazine is very interesting and I enjoy every line of it. China Mission Seminary and its work have a special place in my prayers."

Butte, Montana.

"The bright, interesting, excellent —— number knocked me for a fiver. I may add that no recent act of my life gives me more pleasure than assisting you in your noble work. I'd love to heave a real wad at you, just to show my appreciation."

St. John's, Nfld.

"Do not worry. You will not want for anything. The Little Flower is watching over China Mission" (and over the many generous benefactors who are helping a work which was ever so dear to her).

Kingston, Ont.

"It is always a pleasure for me to speak a word for China Mission. I feel that it is a great privilege to be associated in even a meagre way with such a commendable work. I am so tired of hearing 'Charity begins at home.' Who is responsible for that aphorism? He should be burned at the stake. It is a refuge for all slackers. 'CHINA' is certainly winning a place for itself among the worth while publications. My subscribers tell me how much they enjoy it."

Hamilton, Ont.

"Sister told us not to forget our Mission during our good times in holiday time. Enclosed you will find my savings. I am one of the little missionaries of —— School." (We trust our little friends will not forget us completely during their Christmas vacation. There are so many little pagan children for whom there will be no Christmas.)

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

"We have been reading the little 'CHINA' for about two years and surely would not be without it. Every page of it is interesting. I will from now on pray more for you and your missions and ask Almighty God to bless your missionaries abundantly."

North Bay, Ont.

"For some time I have been trying to further the cause of the missions. I can only scrape together a dollar now and again which I will send as I have your cause at heart. I have subscribed one way or another since I was in the infant school in —— where the Holy Childhood is promoted by Sisters of Charity. I wish I had a million to devote but I must be content with my mite." (And the mite, because of the sacrifice it represents, may be worth more than the million in the sight of God.)

Miscouche, P.E.I.

"Since reading 'Sonny' in a previous issue of the 'CHINA', we, too, are trying to be 'Mystic Missionaries'. We always enjoy the stories in 'CHINA' but we all liked 'Sonny' particularly well, and we hope to be mystic missioners all our lives."

Toronto, Ont.

"We had 'Pudsey Kelly' at the last mission meeting and it was very popular. We had a baseball game yesterday for the missions and made — dollars. One team dressed as Africans and the other as Chinese. The Chinese won."

Harrison's Corner, Ont.

"The Social Circle of Harrison's, hearing that you needed money to carry on your work, decided they would like to send a donation. So several people offered their houses for parties. The first one was held at the home of Dannie C. McDonell, who kindly gave their house for the occasion. A collection was taken up and the sum of forty-three dollars was collected. We trust this may be a little help and hope to be able to send more later."

(We are deeply grateful to our kind friends for their thoughtfulness in our regard, particularly to Mr. McDonell and to the officers of Harrison Social Circle. If there were many such Circles our financial problems would soon be at an end.—Ed.)

Arnprior, Ont.

"The third class pupils have been asking for Mite-boxes and our teacher said that I could act as secretary and send for forty boxes. Sister is appointing four captains to take charge of different groups and urge them along. We shall see which captain's group will save the most for the mite-boxes."

Port Hood, N.S.

"Enclosed find $25.00 from the children of Mary of Port Hood. Finding that I was not able to respond to the call for help that came from China College lately, I appealed to the children of Mary. I knew how limited their resources are, but a few dollars would help a little. To my great satisfaction they voted this amount."

Debate on Foreign Missions

An interesting and keenly contested debate was held at Loretto Day College, Toronto, on the evening of Sunday, Nov. 14th, upon the resolution: "It is the opinion of this house that it should support the Home Missions in preference to the Foreign." The affirmative side was ably upheld by Miss Josephine Brophy and Miss Kathleen Goodrow, while Miss Ethel Fry and Miss Helena McGrath rallied to the defence of the Foreign Missions.

At the beginning of the debate the members of the audience took their places on the affirmative or negative side of the house according to their convictions. It was evident that there was a preponderence of opinion in favor of the Home Missions, and this was so ably supported by the arguments of the affirmative speakers, that the negative side was unable to prevail upon any of the home supporters to "cross the house" when the division was taken.

The affirmative speakers made it clear that they did not wish in any day to disparage the excellent work of the Foreign Missions nor to enunciate a general policy of any kind in regard to missionary work. The question at issue was one that concerned only the help that could be given by the house and they thought it best that such help should be given to the Home Missions rather than the Foreign.

We congratulate the speakers upon the excellence of the debate. We feel that there is no better means of arousing in our generous young crusaders an interest in both Home and Foreign Missions than to have them discuss the very real and at times very formidable problems with which both fields of missionary endeavor are confronted.

Rosary Church is Planned in China

A church of the Holy Rosary, with fifteen chapels in honor of the fifteen Mysteries, is to be erected at Chenkiamen, diocese of Ningpo, in China.

The Pope has blessed the enterprise and has sent some medals to be placed in the foundation stone.

The 'Mother-in-Law' Joke in China

The "mother-in-law" joke does not obtain in China. Its place is taken by the son-in-law joke. It is the aim of the son-in-law and his wife to "go and live on mother" as long as possible. Mother resents it with the usual complaint: "Here comes my son-in-law, with his wife and six children, to live on us again for a month; dearie me," etc.! When a family marries off a daughter, generally to save the expense of supporting her, they hope to see the last of her as far as that expense goes. Family courtesy, the Confucian "li" code, prescribes yearly entertainment, however, of the son-in-law's family, which is not reciprocated.

One easy way of helping the missions and making more friends for the cause: Secure just one new reader for "CHINA". The subscription price is only fifty cents a year. You DO know some relative or friend who is not taking "CHINA" now. Would it not be easy to make him or her a subscriber and friend?

FATHER MORRISON AND HIS CHINESE PIPE

"Tell Father McGrath," he writes, "that Father J. B. of Tracadie has nothing on me for a pipe." Our readers from P.E.I. will understand the allusion.

Misleading Jollity.

"Does 'at smile mean you forgive me?"

"Stay away, niggah; I'se just smilin' to rest mah face."—Orange Owl.

FATHER WM. FRASER ARRIVES.

(Continued from page 169)

again and his kindness was instrumental in obtaining the boy's conversion. And now he is preaching to his own people.) "They were told to be good, to love their parents and benefactors; not to steal nor to injure others, and that by so doing they would go to God's Heaven and be saved from Hell where the bad people go. It was remarkable how these pagans took in the true doctrine which they heard now for the first time.

Arrival at Chuchow.

"Our oarsmen, with tired muscles and sore feet from having to drag the boat so often over the cobble stones of the rapids, landed us finally safe and sound on the beach outside the walls of Chuchow. It was dusk of evening and our school boys were waiting for us on the sandy beach. They welcomed us with simple childish glee and began the work of unloading our goods. Each boy wanted to carry something, this one a bag, that one a box or chair. One little fellow felt grieved because he had nothing to do, so I gave him my umbrella to carry which made him feel quite proud. Wending our way through the town, we arrived at the priests' residence where we received another royal welcome from the Catholics as they gathered round us. I have been here some days now studying the dialect and enjoying the spiritual peace and contentment that seem to pervade this little oasis of the faith in this pagan land."

The forces of a newly-awakened materialism, the strength of Bolshevism, the ever-present power of the evil one—these are the powerful enemies with which the Church in China is now contending. Dear readers, we must send missionaries and more missionaries, must sacrifice our very best, if we are to play our part in saving immortal souls in China. We need your help, need it urgently at the present time. You will not fail us and fail the Church in her hour of need in China.

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STUDENTS WORK

(Continued from page 171)

(a) To seek the approval of the Minister of Public Instruction and to follow out the program of the State.

(b) All the pupils ought to take part in the organization of the schools.

(c) These schools should not propagate religion, but should be absolutely lay schools.

(d) The pupils should be allowed entire liberty.

(e) The director of the schools must be Chinese.

3. Every educated Chinese citizen who labors in a Christian school not approved by the Chinese State, will be excluded from the national intellectual world.

4. The pupils of Christian schools who desire to leave them, will be received gratuitously in the national and lay schools.

The menace of this pernicious propaganda can be clearly seen, and the Catholic missionaries feel keenly the fact that the blow is aimed against their stronghold, the Catholic school.

John Chinaman

One of the Maryknollers in China, Father McGinn, contributes an interesting sidelight on the character of John Chinaman.

"John Chinaman has a passion for noise; he craves a racket. Though not an authority in such matters, we confidently advance the belief that no son of our district ever suffered shell shock. Here is the Nietzchean superman, at least as regards nerves. Hence, night is not long descended ere tai sheng (big noise) again crowds the stage. If, as you puff your pipe and wave your fan, your ears are assailed by sharp cracks or dull booms with the endless beating of tinpanny drums to boot, be not alarmed. 'Tis only the Buddhist recalling the soul of the dead man down the alley. Be prepared for the worst since he will keep at it indefinitely. Or if, later, the trumpets from the four quarters 'bla-ah!' think not that Judgment is come. It is simply the nine o'clock curfew. Again, if, while tossing uneasily during the hot night 'there is music in the air', a sneezy organ or a Chinese flute, with singing, dream not you hear an 'Army' meeting in the 'old burg'. It is merely the girls' school around the corner rehearsing for to-morrow's parade. Just why they should decide to do that at depth of night is not yours to ask."

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations, received before November 15th.—

Priest Friend, for China, $400; for seminary, $100; Bequest of Daniel J. Scully, $200; Miss J. Keating, $142; Mr. T. J. Smythe, $50; Miss Frances McCarthy, $50; "Margaret," $50; Miss Bertha McCarthy, $50; Social Circle, Harrison's Corners, per Miss Irene Cleary, Sec'y., $43; Bequest of Mrs. Doherty, $30; Rev. Henry J. Noon, $25; Children of Mary, Port Hood, $25; Joseph Roque, $25; Edward O'Connor, $25; Loretto Day School, Toronto, $25; Rev. F. M. Lanteigne, $25; Miss Annie McIntosh, $25; Parish of Greenfield, Ont., per Rev. C. F. Gauthiern, $25; Sisters of Charity, Halifax, $20.15; Mrs. W. J. Heenan, $20; Miss A. E. O'Neill, $20; Mrs. J. Morry, $20; Rev. J. Cunningham, $16.25; Holy Angels School, Sault Ste. Marie, $16; J. J. Carolan, $15; Women's Guild, Brockville, Ont., $13; E. J. Ryan, $12.50; Mrs. L. Furlong, $12.07; Parish of Almonte, per Mrs. R. O'Bergin, $12.

The following gave $10 each:

Mrs. E. A. Driscoll; Miss Frances Zink; Catholic Women's League, Kentville, per Miss Mary Farrell; Mr. J. E. Maloney; Rev. P. J. McKeown; M. F. Mogan; Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Brown; Mrs. (Dr.) Duffy; Rev. A. McPherson; Patrick C. O'Connor; Mrs. J. F. Kavanagh; The Kennedy Family; P. S. Duffy; Miss Spielmacher; Sisters of the Precious Blood, Manchester, N.H.; James P. Cash.

Miscellaneous Amounts:

Miss Anna Trumble, $5.22; St. Margaret's Convent, Alexandria, $6; St. Mary's School, Sault Ste. Marie, $8; Mr. J. Kearns, $8; Rev. A. Fuerth, $7.75; Michael Bennet and family, $6; M. J. McDonald, $6; Mrs. T. J. Kelly, $5.50; St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, Ont., $8; Rev. E. J. Cadot, S.J., $5.25; Miss M. J. McGillvary, $6.50; Miss Alice Conway, $8.

The following gave $5 each:

Friend, Jarvis, Ont.; Mrs. Rekers; J. A. Smith; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Hartigan; Rev. M. J. Ryan; Mrs. Wm. Rowland; Miss Minnie Streeter; Rev. M. T. O'Brien; Rev. D. A. Cullinane; John Murray; Mrs. J. B. De Ferrari; Rev. Fr. Thibault; Rev. E. J. Hyatt; Rev. H. McHenry; In Honor of the Blessed Virgin; P. Wheeler; College of the Sacred Heart, Sudbury; Mrs. W. H. Granzow; Miss Helen White; Mrs. Rose Herrick; H. D. Sheppard; Mrs. Florence M. Stuart; Sister M. Ludovic; James McCrea; Friend, Toronto; Melanie and Margaret M. McManamy; St. Charles Parochial School, Amherst; Girls of St. Patrick's High School, Halifax; T. McNeill; Wm. Cummins; Mrs. Thos. O'Connor; Mrs. John Merkt; Mrs. Jas. H. Monaghan; Miss Mary Christy; Dr. Jas. L. Mahoney; Miss Norah Shortall; Friend, St. Rose; Union That Nothing Be Lost, Graymoor; Sister St. Camillus; C. Pilley; J. M. Speechly; Dan. J. Rankin; S. H. League, Chatsworth; H. E. Saunders; Miss Agnes M. Dawzy; Rev. Jas. M. Kiely; Harry Joanette; Miss Mary McAuliffe; Mrs. M. Ronan; Rev. J. H. McDonald; Miss M. Burns; Mrs. W. P. Hourigan; Rev. F. J. Singleton; Miss Mary Black; Chester P. McCarthy; "J". Halifax, N.S.; Mrs. J. T. Kerr; Mrs. John Fitzgerald; St. Joseph's Hospital, Port Arthur; Mrs. E. Browne; Friend, North Bay; Rev. J. J. Burke; John L. McAleer; Harriet J. Coste; John Whelihan; Mrs. E. Rost; Very Rev. W. E. Cavanagh; Mrs. S. A. MacAdam; Julian A. Hogan; Thos. Ingoldsby; Patrick M. Griffin; John A. Nicholson; C. C. McNamara; Mrs. W. Carroll; Mrs. N. Wilmes; Friend, Windsor; Alex. McNeill; Rev. R. McKenzie; Rev. P. P. Walsh; Hotel Dieu Hospital, Kingston; "North Bay"; Friend, St. Rose; S. H. Convent, London; Mrs. M. Keogh; Alex. McDonald; John Furlong.

Miscellaneous Amounts:

Miss Elsie Comeau, $4; Martin Kench, $4; Miss Mary O'Halloran, $3.50; Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Fitzgerald, $4; Miss Catherine Doyle, $4; Mite-Box, St. John's School, Weston, $3.15; Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Roughan, $4.

The following gave $3 each:

Friend, Walkerton; Rev. J. R. Quigley; St. Joseph's Academy, Amherstburg; Wm. Johnson; N. J. Murphy; Miss Annie Cassidy; Jas. E. Murphy; Miss Annie Doody; Patrick Carroll; John N. McKinnon; Miss Minnie B. McKeown, $2.25.

The following gave $2 each:

Mary Devine; Marion Cox; J. J. Walsh; A. Stone; Mr. and Mrs. Shortall; Mrs. B. J. Gloster; Wm. Carroll; Miss Helen McGrath; Rev. L. P. Theriault; "For Missions", Quyon, P.Q.; Mrs. Tadman; Miss Mabel Farrelly; Rev. J. Reddin; R. McCaffrey; Rev. N. Pare; St. Joseph's Hospital, Peterboro; Mary O'Donoghue; Justina Moran; T. White; John N. McIntyre; D. O'Brien; Rev. J. W. Brown; A. J. Gaudet; John F. Sheehan; John M. Campbell; Rev. Fr. Hebert; Rev. M. A. Brisson; Mrs. Sarah Hines; M. T. O'Connor; St. Joseph's Orphanage, Winnipeg; James Campbell; Irene Gillerlain; P. Mellon; Mrs. Geo. Michaud; Rev. Jas. P. Whelan; St. Vincent's Orphanage, Charlottetown; Rev. F. J. Chisholm; John J. McDonald; Miss Sarah Devine; Miss Anastasia Freeman; Mrs. Mary Sohl; Mrs. Mary McMillan; Wm. Broderick; Laurence J. Fanning; Mrs. P. White; Mrs. Mary Connor; "Jane"; Friend, Barrie; Mrs. T. G. Murphy; Miss Margaret Peterson; Mrs. J. Moynihan; J. McKenzie; Miss M. Clancy; Sacred Heart Home, Charlottetown; S. F. Gaudet; Jas. A. Devine; Miss Eleanore Gaudet; Angus S. McNeil; Mrs. J. F. Drummond; Mrs. Margaret T. Corkum; Friend, Toronto; Miss Margaret Driscoll; Mrs. Alex. McDonald; Miss Hannah Stretton; Miss Catherine McLean; Mrs. John Long; John Cooney; Sisters of the Holy Cross, Crysler; Rev. S. A. O'Driscoll; Roger Tobin; Angus Duncan McDonald; Mrs. John J. McIntosh; B. Liney; Mrs. John Whitty; Mrs. John Broderick; Miss Margaret Cassidy; Mrs. Gloster; Mrs. Pat. J. Murphy; Laughlin McKinnon; Mrs. Peter M. Prince; Mrs. R. McDonald; Albert Grub; Rev. G. Cabana.

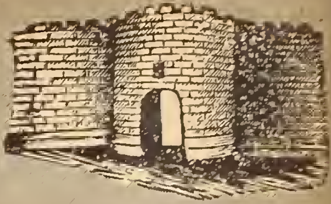
Miscellaneous:

Friend, Ottawa, $1.15; Children of Mary, Port Hood, N.S., $1.60; Mrs. Geo. Whitty, $1.54; Miss Louise Gattie, $1.50; Miss Mary Christy, $1.25; Mite-Box, A. K., Toronto, $1.82; Mite-Box, Commercial Class, St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, $1.50; Mite-Box, E. M. P., $1.75; Louis Dochstader, $1.16; John R. Campbell, $1.50; Donald McDonald, $1.50; Gerald Cleary, $1.50.

The following gave $1 each:

Anthony Doyle; Mrs. T. W. Verity; Mrs. K. Caning, Mrs. P. Lamont, Robert Jewell, J. Spiegelhalter, J. Tims, A. J. Reynolds, Mrs. Chas. J. Thompson, Miss M. A. Healion, Mrs. M. McCaffrey, Mrs. P. Kelly, Daniel Joseph McIntyre; Sisters of Service, Toronto; Miss Mary Smith, Miss Mary Hummell, Mrs. Allan McIsaac, Miss Margaret Purtell, Annie K. Spetz, Mrs. M. Robertson; St. Joseph's Hospital, London; D. D. McLean, Mrs. Wm. Maher, Felix Meleske, Leo McGrady, John J. Chisholm, Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Schmidt, Friend; St.Patrick's Asylum, Ottawa; Rod S. O'Handley, Miss Margaret Moore, Miss Mildred Lovell; St. Joseph's Convent. Chapeau, P.Q.; Mrs. Alfred Boudreau. Miss Eliza Burrell, Mrs. Jas. Myler, Justin McCarthy, Mrs. Nicholas Brennan, Gerald Barry; Friend, Chatham; Adrian B. Knechtel; Confraternity of the Precious Blood, Brooklyn; Friend, Lindsay; Miss Louise Supernault, P. Kelly. Miss Irene Mageau, Mrs. W. Roach. Mrs. M. McKenna, Miss E. Moynihan, Mrs. F. Lennox, James Cosgrave, Miss Rita Blainey, Miss A. Kenny, Hugh McCulloch, Sister M. Anthony, Mrs. C. O'Hara. Miss Bernadette Lindsay. C. Coakley, Mrs. Paul Bernaski. Berna Donnelly. M. P. Coderre. Alex. McDonald, A. E. W. Fair, Alfred Legree, John Long. Edward Coleman. Mrs. Mary D. Pennell. M. Holly. Mrs. Michael McDonald. J. M. Ahearn. James Morrison, Angus J. McDougall, Miss Stella Hickey, Miss Nellie Thornton. Mrs. Chas. Kelly, Dannie C. McDonnell, Willie C. McDonnell, Hilary McDonell. Stuart McDonald, Alex. J. McLellan, Lizzie and Margaret McLellan, John D. J. McDonald, Henry Beattie. Stephen Wood. Agnes Wood. John L. McDonald. James Brophy, Aloysius McDonald. Joseph Cleary, Irene Cleary. Bernie Clancy. Wilhert Fraser, Johnny (Martin) McGillis. Duncan Fraser, Joseph McPhail, Ar. McGillis. Joseph Valade. Archie Valade, Miss Myrtle Teele, Miss Anna King, College of St. Elizabeth, Miss Ina Jones; Mite-Box. Miss Rita Connolly: Matthew Morrissey, Mrs. Bridget Clarke. Mrs. Mary Morrissey, Geo P. Knox, Mrs. T. Hamilton, Pius J. Sutherland. A. J. Lawson. Miss May Kavanagh. Mrs. A. J. Cloutier, Mrs. Jas. J. Brennan. Miss Flors Richardson, Mrs. Mary Grant.

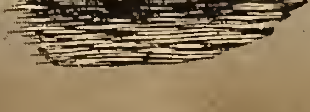
The support of our Seminary and of our missionaries in China depend upon the donations we receive from day to day. Kindly make cheques and money-orders payable to China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., Canada.



CHINA

WE WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

JANUARY 1927



VOL. VIII **CHINA** NO. 1

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EDITORIAL PAGE
CHINA
CHINA
A KEBLOR

Published Monthly by
CHINA MISSION SEMINARY
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.
Editor - Rev. Wm. C. McGrath

Father Kam Home for Christmas

Father Kam sailed from Vancouver on the Empress of Canada on Dec. 4th and reached Shanghai on Dec. 18th. He spent Christmas in his native city of Taichowfu where as a boy he first met Father Fraser and was converted to the true faith. It is now eight years since Father Kam came to this country with Father Fraser to begin his studies for the Priesthood. At that time he did not know a word of English and many and great were the difficulties with which he had to contend. Through it all he was ever persevering, the goal of the Priesthood and the thought of returning to his own country to labor for the salvation of his own people ever spurring him on. Today Father Kam is back again, beginning his missionary life in China. While in Canada, especially after his ordination, he made many friends who will wish him every success in his work for the conversion of his own people.

Our Missionaries Reach Chuchow

Fathers Carey and Venini have arrived safely in Chuchow. At Wenchow they were met by Father Morrison, who had made the trip in the Xavier down the Wenchow river. Father Fraser at the time was occupied with the building of the Church in Sungyang. Both are in the best of health and spirits and have settled down to the study of the language, the first task of every new missionary. For Father Carey this will be comparatively easy as he already knows the dialect of Kweichow.

Catholic Wills

"I am ashamed of our Catholic wills," a prominent lawyer said the other day. "In the course of my work the wills of people of all denominations are continually passing through my hands. I have noticed, almost invariably, that while non-Catholics always make provision for the work of the Foreign Missions, the most the average Catholic does is to leave a few dollars to have Masses offered FOR HIMSELF. The interest manifested by non-Catholic laymen in the Foreign Mission work of their churches is such as to put our people to shame."

A Striking Contrast.

This statement is worth considering. It does seem true (we need only refer to statistics) that non-Catholic laymen as a whole are more interested than Catholics in the work of the Foreign Missions. For example, during the year 1925 Protestants of the United States contributed to the Foreign Missions the sum of forty million dollars, or more than twenty times the amount contributed for the same period by Catholics of forty-two countries of the world.

A Vital Question.

For us it becomes a question of vital concern because it is upon the contributions of our Catholic people that the very existence of our work depends. Up to the present our expenses have been heavy enough. They will be considerably greater as the number of our men in China increases and to our already heavy financial burden there will be added the upkeep of schools, orphanages, churches and perhaps a convent and seminary. And even now, with our work in China but beginning, we are just struggling along from day to day.

Economy Necessary.

Only the strictest economy on our part makes it possible to keep the wolf at a respectful distance from the door. You would be surprised if you knew how often we were obliged to depend upon the day's mail to meet the coal bill and pay the grocer. And you may be equally surprised to know that our "office staff" cannot boast of a solitary stenographer although there is work enough for several of them with the correspondence and CHINA with its circulation of 16,000. This we tell you, not by way of complaint at all, but to show that at the present time the most rigid economy is necessary to keep the seminary going from day to day.

What Then of the Future?

Although we had heard it and realized it before, we must confess that the lawyer's statement gave us a jolt. Many a time, in discussing our future plans, we had said to one another: "After all we must look to the bequests of our kind friends to ensure the future of our work." At the present moment we have in mind three good friends of ours who recently passed to their reward. They were endowed with an abundance of this world's goods and had many a time signified their intention of "remembering China Mission Seminary." They fully intended to do so. Had their intentions been carried out we would have had no financial worries for a while, but from day to day they kept putting off changing their wills. The matter was put off too long and now the work they intended to do will remain undone. We could not help thinking of this as we read in the Toronto papers a few days ago of a bequest of ten thousand dollars to a Foreign

Mission Society of another denomination, to be used in China where millions are already available.

A Practical Suggestion.

We have a suggestion to make. At the present moment we know of many young men who would like to study to be missionary priests. Their parents cannot afford a college education for them. Neither can we. We have a burse fund for the very purpose of helping just such young men, but it is not nearly sufficient to pay for the tuition of half the students in the seminary.

A Completed Burse is $5,000.00.

CAN YOU AFFORD TO BEQUEATH A BURSE TO CHINA MISSION SEMINARY?

If you cannot you may be able to leave a substantial part of one. Would it be too much to ask you to include us among your beneficiaries and to do so to-day? If you do not change your will now there is great danger that the change will never be made. And what a consolation to you to feel that after you have passed to your reward your work will not have ceased but your Christlike charity will have made it possible for children yet unborn one day to heed the call of the Master and to remember daily in the Holy Sacrifice those who have enabled them to devote their lives to the work of the conquest for Christ of immortal souls in China.

HOW TO PUT CHINA IN YOUR WILL

Form of Bequest

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY THE SUM OF $.........................."

$250 will support a student in China Mission Seminary for a year.

$1,000 will pay for a student's entire course at China Mission Seminary.

$5,000 will found a PERPETUAL BURSE on which, not one, but a chain of students will be educated for China—the MONUMENT of MONUMENTS to leave to your own or your dear ones' memory.

A Word from Father Venini

S. S. Empress of Russia,
Somewhere on the
"everything but Pacific,"
Oct. 14th.

"We left Victoria about midnight, but we were hardly out on the open sea when the fun began. We just tossed and pitched in our berths the whole night. The next morning we arose with the intention of saying Mass, but we had hardly put our feet on the cabin floor when all such ideas were dispelled. I made a bee-line for my berth and remained there until evening. About six in the evening I managed to reach the deck and the fresh air helped to straighten me up. Very few passengers managed to pass the first day unscathed. Even some of the officers were sick.

Chinese Crew.

"The whole crew, with the exception of the higher officers, is Chinese, and I must say they are very efficient. They can speak very little English, just the few necessary words. One of my table companions asked the waiter at our table what was in the bun he was eating and the waiter after examining it minutely replied, 'It is good." How's that for getting out of a pinch?

Oct. 16th.

The sea is a little easier this morning. The little Sisters are doing pretty well, with the exception of one who has been confined to her cabin most of the time. There are six or seven of them and they have quite a time looking for a quiet nook on deck."

Father Venini's letter describes the routine life on shipboard from day to day, which has already been so well described in Father Fraser's letters. We pass on to his entry as the Empress nears Japan.

Oct. 26th.

"We entered the bay of Yokohama about 8 a.m. The land was quite visible on both sides, heavily wooded with Japanese fir . . . The President Grant was lying at the dock when we tied up and on board her we met the Mother Superior of the Maryknoll Sisters. There were many conveniences on the pier, from the native rickshaw to the 'best Buick ever built.' . . . It was quite interesting rambling along the narrow little streets with their quaint little shops. The peculiar dress of a great number of the men struck me as being very odd. They wore blue tunics with great white characters sewn on the back of them. These characters are to describe their union or trade. . . The rickshaw men have many different attires but all seem to wear the hat that looks like an inverted sauce pan. Rickshaw? Rickshaw? they cried at us when we passed and when we answered 'No Rickshaw' they seemed quite amused and had a good laugh over it. This happened several times, but I cannot see the joke yet.

Visits Tokyo.

We took a train for Tokyo, arriving there at about eleven a.m. We inquired at the Tourist Bureau for the nearest Catholic Church. They wrote the address on a piece of paper for us and the chase began. We managed to get on the right tram and off at the right station, which was by no means a small undertaking. We walked along the street showing our paper to the most intelligent looking individuals we encountered, and finally arrived at an enclosure in the middle of which stood a statue of Joan of Arc. This turned out to be the establishment of the Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, who lost all in the last earthquake. They were all French with the exception of one Irish Sister. There were a number of Irish Sisters in another convent nearby whom Father Carey wished to see, so they sent the portress along with us as our guide. Several of these Sisters are from Cork, Father Carey's home town, and one of them is a sister of Terence McSweeney. After lunch and a

(Continued on page 6)

"Greater Love Hath No Man"

By ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON.

"OH! now—Mrs. Gray, you needn't come to me for a subscription. I never give to Foreign Missions."

The speaker, a pretty young woman, was standing at the garden gate of her house: a lovely house, too, for Mrs. Weston was the wife of a rich man. They had only recently come to live in this Wicklow village, and did not know many of their neighbors yet, but Mrs. Weston knew that Mrs. Gray was a great worker for Foreign Missions. She was a dear old lady, gentle of face and manner, rather old-fashioned in her dress.

"I am sorry then, that I troubled you," she said in her soft tones, "and you will forgive me, I hope, for calling?"

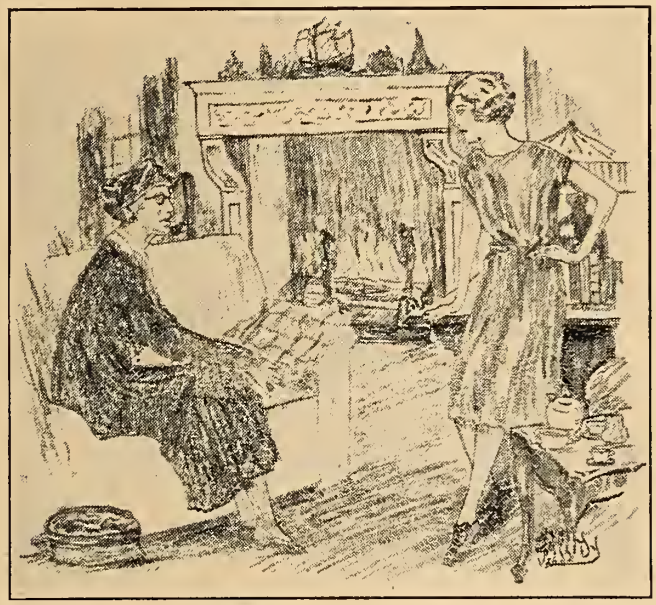
Her voice was tired—she looked tired, too. The day was very hot, and the Weston house was some distance from the village itself, where the old lady lived. The younger woman's heart smote her.

"Come in and have tea with me,—please!" she said, "you must be dead tired!"

As they sat at tea in the delightfully cool drawing-room, Mrs. Weston remarked:

"You must pardon the hasty manner in which I spoke to you, Mrs. Gray, but I really have a prejudice against Foreign Missions. We have plenty of heathens at home, and I think the money should be kept there, too."

"I thought just as you do, once," replied her visitor; "and then something happened to make me change my point of view."



"You must pardon the hasty manner in which I spoke to you, Mrs. Gray, but I really have a prejudice against Foreign Missions"

Mrs. Weston raised her eyebrows.

"Really?" she said, rather indifferently. "Personally, I cannot imagine anything that would make me change mine."

"Perhaps you would like to hear an old woman's story?"

"If you wish, certainly. Only don't expect to make a convert of me—because you won't!"

Mrs. Gray smiled and began her story:

"I was only nineteen when I married, and I had to go out at once to China with my husband. Anthony had an official post in a lonely country place where there were few Europeans—and none near us. Not knowing the language or the customs of that strange land to which I had gone, I was very lonely—very homesick. Anthony had to be absent sometimes for days together and I was then left alone in the bungalow with only the native servants. I used to feel so frightened at those times, although my husband assured me that I was perfectly safe with them, and that above all I could fully trust the house-boy—Li Wang, as he was called.

This house-boy was a man of about thirty, and had been with Anthony since he first came to China, ten years before. He was devoted to him, and my husband trusted him absolutely—a trust which seemed to me very foolish. For my part, I could not like the Chinese. Their whole appearance—yellow faces, flat noses, queer eyes and stiff pigtails—all was repellant to me. I hated too, the noiseless way in which they glided along; but I could not deny that they were excellent servants—we would never find their equal at home! All the same, like them I could not.

Well! the days and months went by, and when I had been in exile a little over a year, my baby was born, and my loneliness a thing of the past.

He was such a darling, my baby! And how I loved him! My time was fully occupied now as I bathed and dressed, and played with Baby Tony, every day observing some new beauty or wonderful trait which no other baby had ever possessed, and which must be described in detail for Anthony's benefit in the evening. My husband was nearly as foolish about the child as I was myself, and I'm afraid he was sadly spoilt between us. All the servants were his slaves, but there was one in particular, who simply idolized our baby, and that was the house-boy, Li Wang. My prejudice against the man had never lessened and I could not bear that he should even touch little Tony. Li Wang had always known how I felt toward him, and even before baby's birth had tried to win my regard by doing all he possibly could to please me. But I would have none of him. I did not believe that he was sincere, I thought of him always as a wily Oriental, a Heathen, a Chink. Then when Baby Tony arrived Li Wang took to following me about for all the world, I used to think, like a dog waiting to be noticed. Once I caught him bending over the child as he lay asleep in his cot.

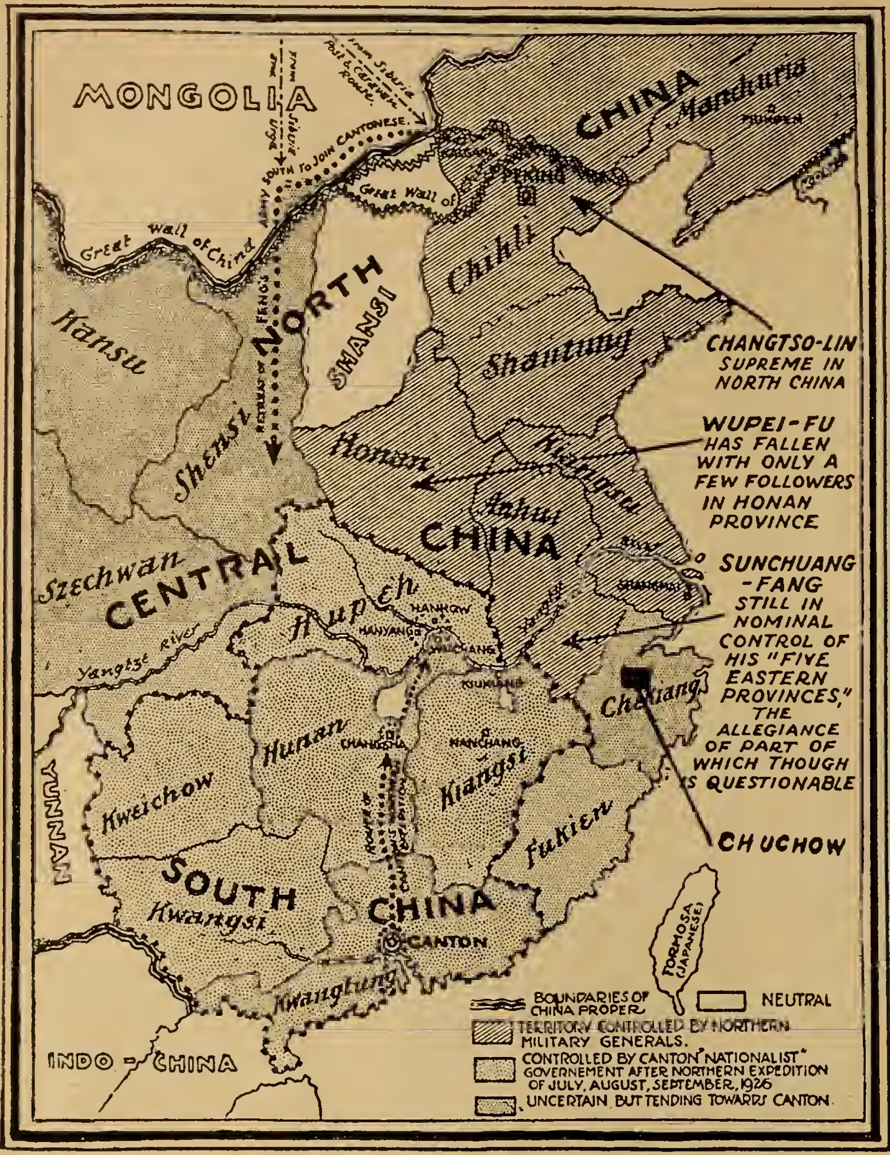
"What are you doing?" I exclaimed, placing myself swiftly between him and the cot.

He salaamed, Chinese fashion, and smiled wistfully.

"Him velly pletty. Li Wang love him plenty much," he replied in the pidgin English which was

(Continued on page 11)

IN TROUBLED CHINA.


MONGOLIA
CHINA
Manchuria
MUKDEN
from Siberia Post & Caravan Route.
from Siberia Urga
Army South to join Cantonese.
Great Wall of China
Great Wall of
PEKING
KALGAN
Chihli
NORTH
SHANSI
Kansu
Shensi
Retreat of Feng
Shantung
CHANGTSO-LIN SUPREME IN NORTH CHINA
Honan
Kiangsu
Anhui
WUPEI-FU HAS FALLEN WITH ONLY A FEW FOLLOWERS IN HONAN PROVINCE
CHINA
SUNCHUANG -FANG STILL IN NOMINAL CONTROL OF HIS "FIVE EASTERN PROVINCES," THE ALLEGIANCE OF PART OF WHICH THOUGH IS QUESTIONABLE
SHANGHAI
Szechwan
CENTRAL
Hupeh
HANKOW
HANYANG
WUCHANG
Yangtze River
KIUKIANG
Chekiang
Hunan
CHANGSHA
NANCHANG
Kiangsi
Kweichow
YUNNAN
Fukien
CHUCHOW
SOUTH
Kwangsi
CHINA
CANTON
Kwangtung
FORMOSA (JAPANESE)
INDO-CHINA
BOUNDARIES OF CHINA PROPER
NEUTRAL
TERRITORY CONTROLLED BY NORTHERN MILITARY GENERALS.
CONTROLLED BY CANTON "NATIONALIST" GOVERNEMENT AFTER NORTHERN EXPEDITION OF JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, 1926
UNCERTAIN BUT TENDING TOWARDS CANTON.

The above map, reproduced through courtesy of the Toronto Star, gives an idea of the locations of the contending forces in China. The black square marked in the Chekiang Province denotes our territory in Chuchow. It will be seen that our district is far-removed from the scene of trouble around Hangyang and Hankow, both cities being approximately 500 miles up the Yangtse river.

In a recent letter Father Fraser tells of the cordial relations between the civil authorities and our missionaries. At no time has there been the slightest manifestation of hostility on the part of the pagan people who have vied with the Christians in their kindness and respect towards the priests. The Irish Mission, with headquarters at Hanyang, has been right in the thick of the recent fighting. There is a large arsenal located at Hanyang, close to the mission compound and from there the city of Wuchang was shelled by the victorious Cantonese who had taken Hanyang and Hankow from the forces of Wu Pei Fu. So far the missionaries have escaped without injury, although recent reports have it that some of the mission buildings were destroyed. The reports have not yet been verified.

PUBLICITY.

You will get more publicity for donating $1,000 to the upkeep of the golf links than if you gave the same amount towards our work for China. But there is an eternity before you when the only publicity that counts is that written by the recording angel in the book of life. Make sure now that your name will be listed there.

A WORD FROM FATHER VENINI (Continued).

pleasant conversation, we started back for Yokohama.

Nearly Missed Boat.

It was already 1.15, and as our boat was to leave at 3 we didn't have much time. Things went fine till we reached Yokohama where we got off our train too soon. We walked in the direction of the wharf for some time till it began to dawn on us that we were a considerable distance away. It was an awkward predicament. Luckily I had a folder with the picture of a boat on it and by dint of pointing and gesticulating we managed to reach the boat just as they were preparing to pull out.

Small Boys Know English.

In a few years it should be comparatively easy for anyone knowing English to travel about here, as it is taught regularly in the schools. There were quite a number of small school boys on the train as we were returning to Yokohama. They evidently overheard us speaking English, as the little boy next to me pulled out his English reader from his bag. He seemed to be able to read it a little but could not speak very much. The boys seemed to think it a great joke and laughed heartily. I gave them each a little holy picture and they all said 'Thank you'. They must have been attending some christian school, as one of them wanted to know if that was "Christ" on the picture. They all said goodbye as they got off the train and watched us till we were out of sight. We are now sailing toward Kobe where we are due to-morrow evening, and from where I shall post this letter. From Kobe to Nagaski we shall travel through the famous Inland Sea. Good-bye for now. I know I am going to like the life of the missions more and more and I shall never cease to thank God for the great privilege He has granted me in choosing me to bring to poor pagan souls the light of those truths that help us bear our own daily trials and burdens.

J. E. Venini.

Remember in your will our work of educating missionaries for China.

For Sung Yang and Souls

Father Wm. Fraser Describes Work of Our Pioneer Missionaries in Sung Yang.

En Route.

"About a week after my arrival in Chuchow," writes Father Wm. Fraser in a recent letter from China, "Father John and I were again aboard THE XAVIER, this time bound for Sung Yang. We ascended the beautiful Wenchow River. Lofty mountains and frowning precipices looked down upon us, as we wound our way—now moving calmly along miles of limpid water, and now struggling against the leaping onrush of swift and treacherous rapids. We encountered twelve of these dangerous obstacles in our trip to Sung Yang. The sunsets are veritable seas of splendor. We beheld one of gorgeous magnificence as we approached a town called Pi-vu-ka. Even our prosy, unromantic Chinese oarsmen were compelled to rest on their oars while they gazed spellbound at its widespread glory. The sky was a blending of richest gold, purple and crimson, against which the rugged mountains and gigantic trees were grandly silhouetted. Darkness had set in when we arrived at Pi-vu-ka, but we found our way to the mud house which serves as a chapel. When we reached it though, it was somewhat disconcerting to find that one of its mud walls had collapsed and had returned to Mother Earth. Happily the garret floor upon which the chapel stands, remained suspended in the air, so that we were able to say Mass next morning with the open air as a reredos to the altar. The Christians of Pi-vu-ka were instructed and they received the sacraments. Some adult baptisms were administered, and we were then on our way again for Sung Yang.

We Arrive.

For two days more we continued to ascend the river. We said Mass one morning in the boat. Sometimes we would leave our narrow quarters to stretch a bit, and would walk along the stony bank and flagged pathway that skirts the foot of the mountains and precipices. Night had fallen as we neared Sung Yang, and we could descry lights moving to and fro on the distant bank. Some of our good Christians, bearing Chinese lanterns, were on the lookout for us. They shouted to us to know if we were the priests, assuring us that they were the "ka-yu" (Church

NATIVE CHINESE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

In the work of Christian education in China the Christian Brothers, native and foreign, play a very important part friends), the name by which Christians are known in China. Threading our way carefully through a close jumble of river craft, we reached the bank, and when we landed, the Christians welcomed the new missionaries, whom they now saw for the first time. For half an hour they accompanied us through the long main alley of the town. It was lined with dingy, open shops, some of which were supplied with electric lights, for Sung Yang is one of the three towns of this district which has equipped itself with modern lighting.

We Reach the New Church Site.

We were soon conducted to the premises upon which the new church of St. John the Evangelist is to be erected, the building expenses of which have been generously donated by Mrs. A. Small, of Toronto. A high mud wall partly surrounds the property. The ground was choked up with wretched mud hovels, pig-sties, and dilapidated ruins of houses that had been formerly destroyed by fire. We immediately got to work, and the day after our arrival saw bands of busy, willing workmen clearing the premises, and levelling the ruins for the site of the church. In this levelling process the mud hovels and ruined walls came in handy for straightening up the ground, and the pigs with their sties have been deported to other quarters. We saved two buildings that were in a tolerably good condition. One of these serves for a temporary chapel, and the other is the "kong-so" or the house of the catechist. As he has moved away, Father John and I took up our abode in this little mud hut. Here we ate our chow, and here we chatted with the natives who visit us every evening in this lordly domain.

We Begin to Build.

The stone foundation of the new church is now about finished. Piles of first-class brick have been delivered, and the heavy timbers from the mountains are arriving on the job. The pagans come in crowds to watch the work progress, and they pass remarks upon the solidity of the foundation. The edifice will have a substantial and becoming facade, and the interior will have an arched ceiling supported by two rows of pillars with floral capitals. This church will be one of the very few brick buildings in Sung Yang.

Mud Walls.

Nearly all the buildings here have mud walls, but it is remarkable how strong these walls are. The mud used in them is mixed with brickbats, pieces of tiles, and broken crockery, and a wall thus re-inforced can be built to a height of thirty feet. In building the walls, heavy forms are erected about five feet square, into which the mud is thrown with baskets, and then pounded solid. The forms are wedged to resist the pressure, and when one section is finished they are moved along to the next. When the wall is finished and given a thin coat of plaster, it has a very respectable appearance. Some of these walls are decorated artistically with designs traced in black, and having fancy lace-like borders. A wall of this kind, if properly cared, will last for hundreds of years. This mode of construction might solve the problem of the high cost of building in America.

The Laying of the Corner-Stone.

The corner-stone of the Church of St. John the Evangelist was laid on Sunday the 17th of September. You can picture the scene—Father John, myself, and a group of Chinese, some Christian, some pagan. Compared with other corner-stone ceremonies it may not have appeared impressive, but we felt sure that innumerable bands of rejoicing Angels assisted at the little ceremonial, and that St. John the Evangelist was not too far away. The inscription is in Chi-

Chinese Actors and Scenes from Chinese Drama nese characters. May they endure as those which were carved on Sinai!

Encouragement.

On Sunday, Sung Yang witnessed its first solemn confirmation ceremony in twenty-one years. Father John confirmed 26 adults. There are not many Christians here, but those we have are indeed earnest and sincere. Pray with us that this small nucleus of faithful souls will attract many others to the true fold, and that Sung Yang will one day be one of the most flourishing Catholic centres in China.

Chinese Bishop Comes From Noted Oriental Family

The Very Reverend Simon Tsu, S.J., one of the six new Chinese Bishops, is a brother of Nicholas Tsu, industrial and financial leader of Shanghai, who with Lo Pa Hong, represented Chinese Catholics at the Eucharistic Congress.

The Tsu family has been Catholic for three hundred years. man, shipbuilder, and banker of China. He has been comptroller of the India China Bank of Shanghai since its foundation 30 years ago.

29 Languages Used to Laud Native Chinese Bishops

ROME.—Eulogies were delivered in no fewer than twenty-nine languages to the six Chinese bishops elevated recently to the episcopate by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI.

Students of the Pontifical Gregorian University sponsored the reception and pupils from all the foreign ecclesiastical colleges in Rome spoke.

A solemn reception was tendered the Chinese bishops Sunday evening by the Roman Clergy, Cardinals Pompili, Merry del Val, Van Rossum, Cerretti, Sharretti and Laurenti were present together with Archbishop Marchetti and many bishops and other prelates.

Six bronze statues of Saint Peter's were presented to the Chinese bishops. The statues are facsimilies of the statue venerated in the Vatican basilica and are to be placed by their recipients in their own cathedrals as memorials of their consecration in St. Peter's by the Pope.

Monsignor Pascucci, secretary of the Roman vicariate, made an address in Latin, and James Wang, a Chinese student at the Propaganda College, spoke in Chinese. Cardinal Pompili spoke in Italian, and Bishop Odoric Theng, one of the newly-consecrated Chinese prelates, made an address in Italian, a tongue which he learned in the course of his seven years in Italy as a Fransiscan student.

Monsignor Galvin Has Narrow Escape

While endeavoring to make arrangements for the safety of the women in the embroidery school during the siege of Han Yang by the Cantonese, Monsignor Galvin, Vicar Apostolic of Hupeh, was caught between the fires of the rival forces and had to take refuge beside the city wall. All through the night both he and Father Piggott were obliged to remain in shelter and shells were falling at random all around them. One shell landed a few feet from their "dugout," but fortunately it was a "dud" and failed to explode.

Western Millinery and Eastern

The Chinese never wear a feather, except to denote literary rank in men. Therefore the natives who see the fashion of Western women, remark: "Only your women are educated, and very talented at that, some having a dozen literary degrees."

Millinery is for men, not for women in China, as only men wear a feather cap. The gorgeous tail feathers of the machi species of pheasant are particularly popular. Preserves of these birds are kept in the Weli Valley, north of the Peling range of mountains in far western Kansu province, to provide the men milliners with supplies!

Powerful Assistance

The present is an anxious time in China. While the trouble is primarily political, there are enemies of the Church ever ready to take advantage of every opportunity to impede her work for souls. Instinctively our minds turn to Him Who is ever with His Church in time of danger and even of persecution. How consoling then at this time to receive the following generous spiritual bouquet from our readers and friends in all parts of Canada and Newfoundland. We are grateful and we are encouraged by the thought of the many prayers that are ascending in our behalf to the throne of God. His grace, without which we can do nothing, will be showered upon our work in answer to so many prayers.

The following is the spiritual offering for November and December:

Rosaries	6,568
Communions	2,397
Mass attendance	3,304
Stations of the Cross	717
Prayers for China	6,245
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	3,236
Ejaculations	93,345
Other good works	3,198

The Medicine Man

Unbelievable Cruelty of Quack Doctors.

The Chinese, although generally accredited with being shrewd, keen-minded and practical, are duped by their medicine-men to an unbelievable extent. We quote an incident in proof of this, from a recent letter from Father Fraser.

"One of our little pupils, a boy of five, became ill. I did not learn of his illness until it was too late to send him to the Sisters' hospital in Wenchow, where he would doubtless have been restored to health by a simple dose of castor-oil. But after being tinkered for two days by the fake doctors of Chuchow, he was in no condition to be sent on a two days' journey in an open boat, and in the intense heat of the summer. When I did see him it was quite evident that he was past recovery. The little sufferer wore his beads around his neck, and lay with his hands stretched out in the form of a cross. Already he had

(Continued on page 13)

OUR LITTLE MISSIONARIES

A SPLENDID PLAN.

The following is from a band of little missionaries "somewhere in Ontario," who do not wish their names to appear. We recommend the suggestion to our youthful readers:

"At first we just placed a mite box in the room, and the plan was that each pupil donate a part of their spending money to it each week. However, the novelty soon wore off, and then the following plan was suggested and worked out more successfully. Each week two girls made a box of home-made candy and sold chances on them at one cent a chance. One box was reserved for class members only, the other for outsiders. On Friday afternoons, the lucky number were drawn for, and then the one in the class receiving it passed it around. The plan was so universally liked, that even the boys begged to make candy and now we have no worries about filling our mite box.

WHY I CONSIDER CRUSADE WORK IMPORTANT.

By Marjorie Purtell, Toronto.

The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade is of great importance because it is a society organized to carry out our Lord's command, "Go ye forth and teach all nations." The very words that fell from the lips of Christ form the foundation-stone of the purpose of the Crusade.

The students themselves can take no direct part in spreading the true faith, but they can assist indirectly, and powerfully by their prayers and offerings.

Through the Crusade the minds of the young are brought in union with the glowing zeal of Christ's soldiers in foreign fields.

An interest in such a noble cause elevates the mind above the miserable things of ordinary life.

Selfish desires are forgotten in the great overwhelming need of those who know not the name of God.

The desire to help others in some material way, to help those who have given their all, to plant the grain of mustard seed in pagan ground, places a detaining hand on foolish waste of money.

Gaiety a hundred times more sparkling than the surface glitter of materialists is the dower of the youthful Crusader who has the happiness of helping Christ in His golden harvest of souls.

It is a great honor to belong to the Crusade. It is like a flower nature has formed into many parts. You admire the perfection of some part, but it is really the flower as a whole that wins your admiration, and so it is with those who possess that fairest of flowers—a Crusade membership.

Let us sum up all our reasons for thinking Crusade work important. The command of Christ, the aid of the students, the interest they take in the missions, the minds of the young are brought in contact with Christ's soldiers, increased happiness is gained for the person interested in the missions. My chief reason for thinking Crusade work of great importance is Christ's command.

BOYS AND GIRLS!

Could you use a watch?

Would a Fountain Pen (with 14K. gold nib and iridium point) be acceptable?

For a limited time "CHINA" is able to offer those two splendid premiums for securing subscriptions.

If you are interested in the watch, see page 14.

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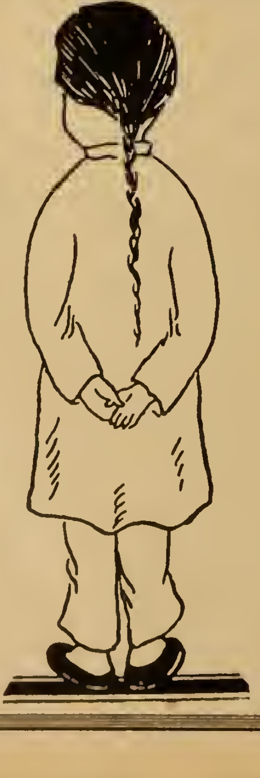
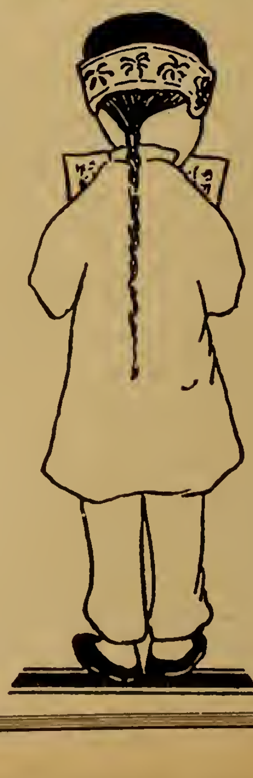


THE little girls in Chinese schools
Have customs strange, and funny rules.
When teacher calls on Lee Fu San
She does not raise her little hand.
No, that indeed, would never suit.
Instead, she'll raise her dainty foot.
"Up, up," then says the teacher dear,
"And let us all the answer hear!"
Then up jumps Lee as from a tack,
And calls out—why, she's turned her back!
But that's the custom over there.
To face the teacher—no one dare!!!
And when Lee's finished, teacher calls:
"Now study." Then the whole room bawls.
Yes, bawls. They study all aloud;
A dinning, noisy, maddening crowd.
With books beginning at the back,
And backs to teacher: what a lack
Of good behavior, you may say.
But over there, 'tis quite "au fait."
Will Sisters now the custom change?
Ah, no, for ours would seem too strange;
And Sisters know the problem grave
Is this: Chinese have souls to save.

Maryknoll Junior.



“GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN.”

(Continued from page 5

his only means of communication with me! My husband of course knew the dialect of that part of China very well.

“I don’t want you to come near him—you must keep away from the child! do you understand?” I spoke angrily. He salaamed again and went away at once, gliding noiselessly from the verandah where I stood. I told my husband about it in the evening.

“I wish you would speak to Li Wang yourself,” I ended, “and tell him not to go near Tony.”

“My dear girl,” he replied, “I wouldn’t do anything of the sort for the world! Li Wang, as I have often told you, is absolutely devoted to me and mine. My son is to him as a god—he would lay down his life for the boy and think it but his bare duty.”

“What rubbish!” I cried. “I don’t believe a word of it! Who would trust a Chink?”

Anthony smiled, a trifle sadly, but he only said, “You will know better some day, Evelyn.”

I knew that my dislike of everything Chinese was a source of trouble to him, but not even for him could I change my views.

So time went on till Baby Tony was a toddler of two years old. Into every mischief he was at that time of his existence—here, there, everywhere, never still except when sleeping. I minded him entirely myself in spite of my husband’s half-amused, half-annoyed protests.

“If you would only let Li Wang take the child off your hands now and then,” he said one day, “it would be a rest for you, and Tony would be as safe with him—if not safer—than with yourself.”

I was furious at such a remark.

“Anthony! How can you say such a thing?” I cried. “It is an insult to me to talk like that!” I was terribly upset and burst into tears. But even with his arms around me, comforting and caressing me, my husband still stuck to what he had said.

I would not believe him of course. I seldom spoke to Li Wang, and never allowed him near the child if I could help it. But this was not always easy, for as Tony grew and began to take stock of his little world, he conceived a great affection for the house-boy; so that after a while, I could not shut my eyes to the fact that my baby loved Li Wang. Let him glimpse the figure of the man approaching and he was off as fast as he could toddle, little arms outstretched, shrill voice calling: “Wa! Wa!”—his nearest attempt at the house-boys’ name.

My husband, in spite of my protests, encouraged Tony in this, while Li Wang was daily more his slave, making him quaintly carved toys, obeying the slightest whim of the small tyrant.

And day by day I disliked more and more this yellow man—as I called him—who was stealing from me the love of my own child. Because, you see, my dear, I was jealous, and that is a bad thing.”

A lonely country road ran past our bungalow. There was but little traffic on it, as we were in such an isolated part, but to my surprise one day I saw a man on horseback—a European who was riding a very spirited animal—go past our house. My husband told me later that he was a Mr. Arnold, who had come to live at the nearest bungalow to ours—about ten miles away.

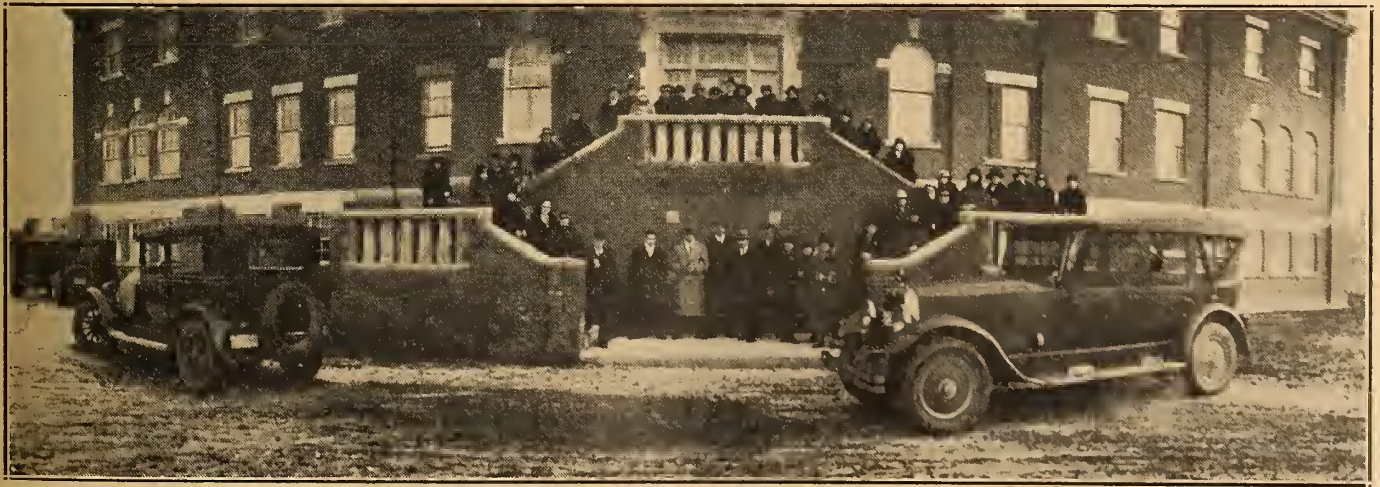
“He rides very spirited animals, and is rather reckless in the matter of speed,” said Anthony, “so we must keep young mischief off the road.”

For “young mischief” had developed an inquiring mind as to what went on outside the bungalow gates and would toddle on to the road when not watched.

I watched the child with extra care after that warning, but one day, I was writing the home letters which must catch the mail, and forgot the little one who was playing with some bricks on the floor—made for him, of course, by the devoted Li Wang. Engrossed in my letter, the sudden silence aroused my attention and, glancing round, I saw Tony was gone. Rising hastily to my feet, I called to him—no answer came, he was not to be seen. Uneasy in my mind I went to the verandah and called again. There was no answer from the child that I could hear. But I heard something else—the galloping hoofs of a horse, ridden fast and furiously, coming nearer and nearer.

There was a strip of garden in front of the bungalow, the long narrow path of which led to the gate, now flung wide as I was quick to see. With flying feet I sped toward it, reached it, and looked up the road. The horse and rider were thundering toward me, and right in their path, in the very centre of the dusty road, stood my little boy—my darling

(Continued on page 13)



ST. CLARE’S CHRISTIAN MOTHERS

The Christian Mothers of St. Clare’s Parish, Toronto, and friends who kindly placed themselves and their cars at their disposal on the occasion of their “Santa Claus” visit to our seminary. The cars were laden with good things when they arrived and with good wishes when they took their departure. Many thanks to our kind friends from St. Clare’s.

Nonsense
"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"
A. KEELOR

"She's a nice girl but rather loquacious."

"Yes, and besides that, she talks too much."

Good, To Be Sure.

Father—"What have you done with the money I gave you?"

Boy—"I gave it to a poor old woman—"

Father—"That's a good boy."

Boy—"A poor old woman who sells ice cream cones."

Pictured Joke From Punch.

Lady Customer—"Can you tell me if there are any vitamines in lettuce?"

Greengrocer—"Well, mum, there's bound to be a few in most garden produce, but you can easily wash 'em off."—Vancouver Province.

Relieving His Feelings.

Five-year-old Daughter—"Look at that funny man across the road."

Mother (looking in shop window)—"What is he doing?"

Five-year-old Daughter—"Sitting on the pavement talking to a banana skin."—Tit-Bits.

Imitating Father.

Jimmie (resentfully)—"Teacher's going to keep me in every night this week on your account, pa."

Father (bewildered)—"On my account?"

Jimmie—"'Member last night when I asked you how much a Russian ruble is worth? Well, 'not worth a —' is not the right answer."

Why Didn't He?

He—"When I was young, the doctors said that if I didn't stop smoking I would become feeble-minded."

She—"Well, why didn't you stop?"

Low Visibility.

Bray—"I saw you in church last Sunday."

Gray—"I didn't notice you."

Bray—"I suppose not. You see, I took the collection."

Grateful Student—"I am indebted to you for all I know."

Professor—"Don't mention such trifles."

She Played Well.

A little girl returned home to her parents after taking her first music lesson. They asked her how she had got on.

"Very well, I think," she answered.

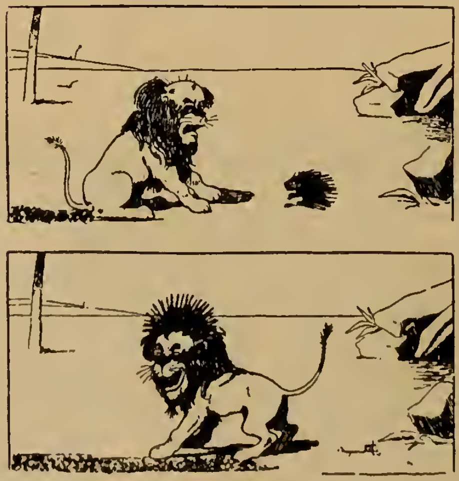
"What is the teacher like?"

"Quite a nice man—and so religious."

"Religious! How could you tell?"

"In the middle of one of my exercises he put his head in his hands and said: "Oh, heavens! Oh, heavens!" very reverently."

THE LION AND THE PORCUPINE.



An old lion, having grown bald, was very happy to meet a porcupine who graciously offered to become his wig.

Moral: One often needs somebody smaller than oneself.—Almanach des Missions.

Probably."

"I say, father," exclaimed little Tommy, staying at the seaside, "hasn't there been crowds on the beach this week?

"Yes," sadly replied dad, "and there'll be crowds on the rocks next week."

Causa Belli.

Clerk: "There's a letter from Hick the dairy farmer, sir. Threatens to bring a lawsuit against us over his cows—"

Railroad Manager: "Has one of our trains run 'em down?"

Clerk: "No, sir, it's not that. He says the passengers lean out and milk them as the trains go by."

Couldn't Bear That Diet.

They had advertised for a cook. One of the applicants had excellent recommendations, but looked slovenly.

"Don't engage her," whispered the husband to his wife. "I'd hate to see her in our kitchen."

"But," remonstrated his wife, "think of the reputation for cooking she bears—"

"Heck, who wants she-bears cooked anyhow?" he said irritably. "We're going to keep to plain food, aren't we?"

Why?

The curate of a large and fashionable church was endeavoring to teach the significance of white to a Sunday School class.

"Why," said he, "does a bride invariably desire to be clothed in white at her marriage?"

As no one answered, he explained. "White," said he, "stands for joy, and the wedding-day is the most joyous occasion of a woman's life."

A small boy queried, "Why do the men all wear black?"—McLeans.

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN"

(Continued from page 11)

baby—singing to himself, clapping his tiny hands in glee.

For a moment,, road and child and horseman faded — became blurred. Then I saw them again and thought—"The man will see him—he must see him, and stop the horse!"

But even as I thought this, he came nearer, and then I saw that he was trying might and main to stop the horse, but could not—the animal had the bit between its teeth and was running away. I could not move at that moment—a moment that seemed an Eternity. I tried to run forward, but my legs made no effort to obey my will: I tried then to close my eyes—not to see my baby dashed to death—but neither could I do that. My dear—may you never know the agony which I endured at that moment. How long it takes to tell—how quickly it happened!

There was a sudden glimpse of something white going past me like a streak of lightning and then I saw my child swung to the side of the road out of harm's way, just as the frantic horse dashed past with thundering hoofs, hoofs which tramped the white figure into the dust as they passed.

* * * *

So when my husband came soon after, Baby Tony was safe and sound, but I was kneeling beside the bed of Li Wang, where he lay dying. We had sent for a doctor but knew he could not do any good, nor could he arrive in time. Luckily Anthony had been near, and now did all he could—which was little enough—to ease the dying man. I never say my husband so moved, he took the yellow hand in his, and stooping, spoke to Li Wang in his own tongue, and the words he spoke brought an expression of content and happiness to the dying face. Li Wang turned to me and gasped painfully:

"Me velly much like—if Missee let—Baby Tonee come"—

Hurriedly I fetched the boy and lifted him gently beside Li Wang. "We! Wa!—me love 'oo!" shrilled the baby voice, and tiny hands patted the yellow face. Painfully, gropingly, Li Wang's hand found the little curly golden head, and touched it gently. "Him velly pletty—me love him plenty much" he whispered. And so died.

So there's the story, Mrs. Weston—that is what made me change my opinion about Chinese. I reasoned very sensibly that they could not all be bad, when their race could show heroes like Li Wang. And later came the thought—if only they were Christians.

Now, my dear, at this time, neither my husband nor myself was a Catholic, it was therefore a great surprise to me when my husband said on my speaking about this matter to him: "Well, if you are going to try and convert these people—let it be to the Catholic Church—no other religion ever really converts them—and I know what I'm talking about! Father Paul will be passing through these parts in a short time, and we will have a talk with him."

We had, with the result that we were both received into the Church a few months later.

And now, Mrs. Weston, can you wonder that I can never forget—never cease working and praying—for the country, which was the native land of Li Wang—he who gave his life for my son, and who was also, under God, the means of bringing my husband and myself into the fold of Christ?

"And your son, Mrs. Gray?"

"My dear, I thought you knew. He is Father Anthony of the Chinese Mission. And now I must go—what a long time I have stayed!"

"Stay yet another moment, please, Mrs. Gray," said Mrs. Weston, whose pretty eyes were wet,—"just till I fill in a cheque for my first subscription towards the Foreign Mission!"

THE MEDICINE MAN.

(Continued from page 9)

been visited by several doctors, each of whom had ordered a prescription and pocketed a fee. In China a doctor gets only one chance. His prescription is supposed to cure immediately. If this result follows he is not needed again; much less is he needed if the contrary follows. During the week that this little fellow was sick, he was visited by eight doctors in succession, each of whom, declaring his predecessor an incompetent, prescribed a long list of herbs, roots, barks, etc., which had to be procured at the "drug store," boiled, mixed, and administered in two large doses to the sick boy. The total amount of these concoctions—vile-looking, nauseating, and black as ink—was several quarts. All of this, eighty different extractions, was swallowed by the child in one week! And all without obtaining the least relief. In vain did the father advise some simple cathartic—the learned medical men of Chuchow ruled his ideas aside, pocketed their fees, and went their way. Then was tried the painful treatment which I have described in a former letter, that of pinching the poor sufferer's body black and blue. No good result yet. And now an old hag came along with her "sure cure." Here it is. We give it gratis. Long needles were run under the nails of the boy's fingers and toes. Then the old woman squeezed and sucked out the blood. This performance finished, she placed perforated Chinese coins on various parts of the body, and to the portion which showed through the hole in the centre of the coin she applied a burning wick!

"If the boy cries," she solemnly declared, "then he shall be cured." Poor little patient victim! He had no strength to cry. He only winced under this inhuman torture.

Another "sure cure" now presented itself. Along came a man with a live pigeon, which he split and applied hot to the boy's stomach; the living heat was supposed to enter the pores of the skin, and stimulate the intestines to action. Again failure. Poultices of boiled onions were next applied. Nil. Various other 'efficacious remedies' were tried, but all were useless experiments. A graduate of a medical school was then summoned—the only doctor here with any pretence as to foreign treatment. He rather timidly suggested a cathartic, but when he learned that his wise predecessors would not agree to this, he did not press the point, but instead administered an injection into each of the boy's arms; then, like the others, he took his exorbitant fee and his departure.

The list of remedies applied in this poor child's case would fill a volume, and would make amusing reading if considered apart from the pitiful little tragedy which ac-

(Continued on page 16)

ATTENTION!

Our readers will probably have noticed that the expiry date of the subscription to CHINA is not printed on the wrapper or the paper. Some have told us that they do not know at times just how they stand in regard to their subscription. We prefer to notify our readers privately as to how their subscription stands, and in the course of the next few weeks YOU will be notified if your subscription has already expired or will expire soon. We would deem it a favor if you would attend to your renewal to CHINA promptly upon receipt of this notice. The subscription price of the paper—50 CENTS A YEAR—scarcely pays the cost of publication, and we feel that we are not asking too much in requesting you to kindly keep your subscription up to date.

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THE MEDICINE MAN.

(Continued from page 13)

companied it. The last twenty-four hours of the boy's life were hours of intensest agony, but at last was reached the limit of the small sufferer's endurance. The trial was over of this little innocent victim of age-old superstition and ignorance. In the unstained white robe of his baptism, additionally glorified by the graces of Confirmation, the soul of our little friend winged its way to the Angels in heaven, where there will be no more pain nor sorrow, nor tears, and where he will be safe from the clutches of the arch-fiend who regards the children of China as his own.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

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Estate of late Katherine May, $326; Rt. Rev. Monsignor Mooney, $100; St. Joseph's Parish Extension Society, Jersey City, $100; Harrison Social Circle, $57; Mite-Boxes, St. Anthony's School, Toronto, $51.50; Very Rev. Dean Whibbs, $50; Convent of Jesus and Mary,. Sillery, P.Q., $50; St. Joseph's Convent Crusade Unit, Toronto, $50; "Placentia," $50; Miss Emily Wood, $40; Mite-Boxes, St. Peter's School, Peterboro, $35; St. Clare's Confraternity of Christian Mothers, Toronto, $27; Miss Frances Watts, $26; Mt. St. Vincent Academy, Halifax, $25.15; Rev. F. P. White, $25; "Elizabeth," $25; Mrs. Margaret Egan, $25; Mr. B. Hayes, $20; Rev. J. Kimpton, $20; Rev. A. P. McLellan, $20; St. Stanislaus School, Hamilton, $17.75; Miss Mary Herringer, $15; St. Peter's School, Toronto, $13; Students of Maryvale Abbey, Glen Nevis, $12.50; Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Theriault, $10.50; First Year "A," Cathedral High School, Hamilton, $11.

The Following Gave $10 Each.

"In Honor of the Little Flower," $10; Mrs. F. Koughan; Rev. A. T. Coughlan; Mr. F. C. Foy; Miss Irene Barrett; Miss Louisa Lydon; Crusaders, St. David's School, Toronto; St. Aloysius School, Sudbury; A. R. Plimsoll; Rt. Rev. Monsignor Donnelly; Hon. Chas. McRae; Rev. F. J. Sullivan; Mrs. P. A. Kelly; Rev. T. J. Crowley; J. J. Carolan; Crusade Unit, St. Cecilia's School, Toronto; The Misses Garney.

Miscellaneous:

Mrs. Jacob Bergman, $7; Daniel Wm. Crowley, $5.25; Mrs. M. A. Scarrone, $6; W. F. Dobell, $8.25; Junior Mission Society, Pakenham, $8; Mrs. Robert Davies, $5.50; Alex. I. MacDonald, $8.60; Wm. A. Fawcett, $5.65; Miss Mary E. McKinnon, $6.

The Following Gave $5 Each:

J. M. Bennett; Sisters of Charity; Hamilton Hospital, North Sydney; E. E. Wilson; Miss Bridget Hileen; M. M. L. H.; Elizabeth McNamara; Mrs. Rahal and Family; Mrs. M. O. Southwood; N. McDonald; Miss Margery Martin; Miss Edith Ferguson; Miss Betty Vale; J. M. Kerby; Hugh C. Donnelly; John Kavanagh; John McGowan; Miss Mary McDonald; Peter Kavanagh; Mrs. John Wall; Cornelius Lahey; Miss Aileen Riordan; Miss Lillian Ryan; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan; Jas. Outhwaite; Mrs. M. Donnelly; Mr. W. H. McNabb; Winnifred Higgins; Miss Bertha Cunningham; Mrs. Isabella McMahon; Miss Magdalena Bauer; Sisters of St. Martha, Ross Memorial Hospital; J. T. Burke; Rev. John O'Brien; Mrs. E. McEnaney; Friend, Ottawa; C. D. Toronto; Michael Ryan; Mrs. M. J. Streeter; A. McKinnon; Julian A. Hogan; Rev. M. O'Brien; Miss Margaret Cassidy; J. M. Speechly; Mrs. Margaret C. MacDonald; Ed. H. Lehman; Miss Margaret Reisterer; Loretto Sisters, Toronto; Rev. J. P. O'Riordan; J. P. Lyons; G. Iredale; Miss Margaret Thompson; Jas. Curran; Mrs. Neill J. McNeill; Mr. and Mrs. J. Leahy; Miss Ina Larkin; Friend, North Sydney.

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Catherine Morgan, $2.75; Miss Marguerite Guerin, $3; The Misses Scott, $3; A. Wareham, $2.37; Mrs. Fairley, $2.78; Miss Mary Kohner, $2.50; St. Patrick's School, Kinkora, $3; Peter Azzopardi, $3; A. M. Crough, Mrs. M. J. McCabe, Mrs. Clifford Coffey, $2.50; J. Lucier, $2.60; Miss Sadie McDonald, $3; Mrs. Jas. M. Cullen, $4; Mrs. Chas. LeScelleur, Mrs. Jas. V. McCarten, $2.50.

The Following Gave $2.00 each:

Hugh Ferguson; H. Anderson; E. McNally; Patrick Koughan; Miss Agnes Hisschafft; Miss Gena Hebson; Miss Barnett; Adam Pataski: Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Fortune; In Honor of the Holy Souls; Miss Lenore Delanty; John Daly; Miss Lottie Fuller; Mrs. J. E. Reynolds; John J. Manley; Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Keeley; E. C. Bianco; Miss Katie M. O'Leary; Mrs. J. W, Klepfer; Mrs. Jos. Lindsay; Mrs. Geo. Long; Maurice O'Connor; E. F. Kelly; Wm. J. Culhane; H. McGarrigle; Jas. E. Fleming; J. F. Gillis; Mrs. M. Donnelly; Miss Nellie O'Neill; Miss Mary Callaghan; Miss Sarah Devine; Mrs. Lucy McNeill; Junior Fourth Class, St. Mary's Girls' School, Hamilton; Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Halifax; W. J. Shea; Miss E. Kennedy; Mrs. M. E. Lynch; Rev. P. J. Hearn; Alex MacDougall; Angus D. McDonald; Friend, Toronto; J. Morris; V. Martin; Mrs. Annie McCabe; F. H. Consitt; Grades 1 and 2, Stella Maris Convent, Pictou; J. J. Manley; Miss Agnes Boylan; Mrs. C. Fitzgerald; J. W. Cahill; Miss Hanna Sinnott; Miss Bride Murray; Wm. J. Wood; Miss Sarah McDermott; Friend, Barrie; Mary Flynn; Pauline Doyle, for School Section No. 5, Raleigh; "J,", Halifax; Veronica O'Reilly; Mrs. Jos. T. Carter; Mrs. A. McKay; Simon Gillis; Mrs. Alex White.

Miscellaneous:

Margaret Carey, $1.50; Annie Finn, $1.50; Third Grade, St. Joseph's School, Reserve Mines, $1.83; Peggie MacInnis, Miss Ruth Allen, C. W. Thomson, Mrs. Teresa Diemer, Sister M. of St. Philomena, $1.60; Mite-Box, Stanley LaPierre, $1.50; James Kenney, $1.50; Mrs. Alex Shalla, $1.50; Katherine McDonald, $1.20; Miss Mary Columbus, $1.50; Mrs. Bridget Guiney, $1.50; Mrs. Stephen Arsenault, $1.50; Mrs. John A. Ferguson, $1.50.

The Following Gave One Dollar each:

Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Brussard; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Landry; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Landry; Mrs. P. J. Walsh; Mrs. Holly; Miss Mary Best; Mary LeBreck; Miss A. Kelly; Miss Mary Tasse; Mrs. J. D. McGillis; Mrs. H. McFee; Ed. Arthurs; Mrs. M. Schmorleiz; Mrs. Patrick Slaney; Miss Mary E. Deane; Mrs. Elizabeth Berberick; Annie Tracey; Mrs. Jos. Canning; Miss Mary O'Connor; Isabella Jones; Angus J. McDougall; J. Nevins; C. O. Curley; Kathleen Nevins; Miss M. McGarrigle; Mrs. John McDonald; St. Joseph's Convent, Barrie; Vincent Kelly; Hugh McGreevy; Mrs. Bolger; Miss Telford; Margaret A. Burke; Stella Masterson; James Bains; John Lyons; L. Leahy; Mrs. H. Higgins; Mrs. P. Doody; Mrs. P. O'Drowsky; Mrs. Thos. Rowland; Mrs. Wm. Fortune; Mrs. Susan Finn; Miss Eileen Gibson; Margaret Harrison; Miss Kate Moore; Mrs. Mabel McDonnell; Mrs. Mary Connor; Mary McDonald; Jessie Campbell ; Francis Cameron; Annie Beaton; Mrs. Jos. Connors; Duncan Lawson; Willie Cleary; Mrs. Alex Lawson; Mrs. Geo. D. McDonald; Alex J. McLellan; A. R. McGillis; Tom McAvoy; Ed. Maloney; Jos. Cleary; Donald John McIntosh; A. A. McGillis; Vincent McDonald; Aloysius McDonald; John Duncan McPhail; Duncan McDonald; Jim Beatty; Sandy McMillan; Bernard McDonald; Don McMillan; Duncan McGillis; Len Fraser; Willie Chisholm; Gerald Cleary; John Dan J. McDonald; Bernard Clancy; John P. Quail; Annabel McKinnon; Leo McLellan; Archie Valade; D. C. McDonnell; Wilfred Rousseau; Clint McLaughlin; Archie McIntosh; Mrs. Archie McIntosh; Wm. H. McGillis; Wilfred McPhail; Matt. Maloney; Jos. Chisholm; Mrs. Michael Maloney; Mrs. John Lawless; Mrs. L. Stevens; Mrs. A. J. Allan; Jas. J. McGarry; Isabel O'Brien; Mary Farrell; Friend, Paris; Sisters of Charity, Winnipeg; Mrs. C. King; Miss Rita Blainey; Friend, Niagara Falls; Mrs. H. McFee; H. Lyden; Miss Bride Butler; Friend, Pembroke; M. P. Coderre; Mrs. Bridget Pope; M. J. Doyle; Alph Tessier; C.C.S.M.C., Sudbury, per Doris Paul; C. O. Curley; M. J. Duggan; Miss Magdalen Keefe; Mrs. J. Lev; Mrs. W. B. Handrahan; Margaret O'Brien; Winnifred O'Connor; Friend, Winnipeg; Mrs. J. B. LaCroix; Miss Bella McIntosh; Columbus Boucher; Mrs. Brown; Mrs. Margaret Sullivan; Peter Kearns; Louisa Power.

Others gave smaller amounts.

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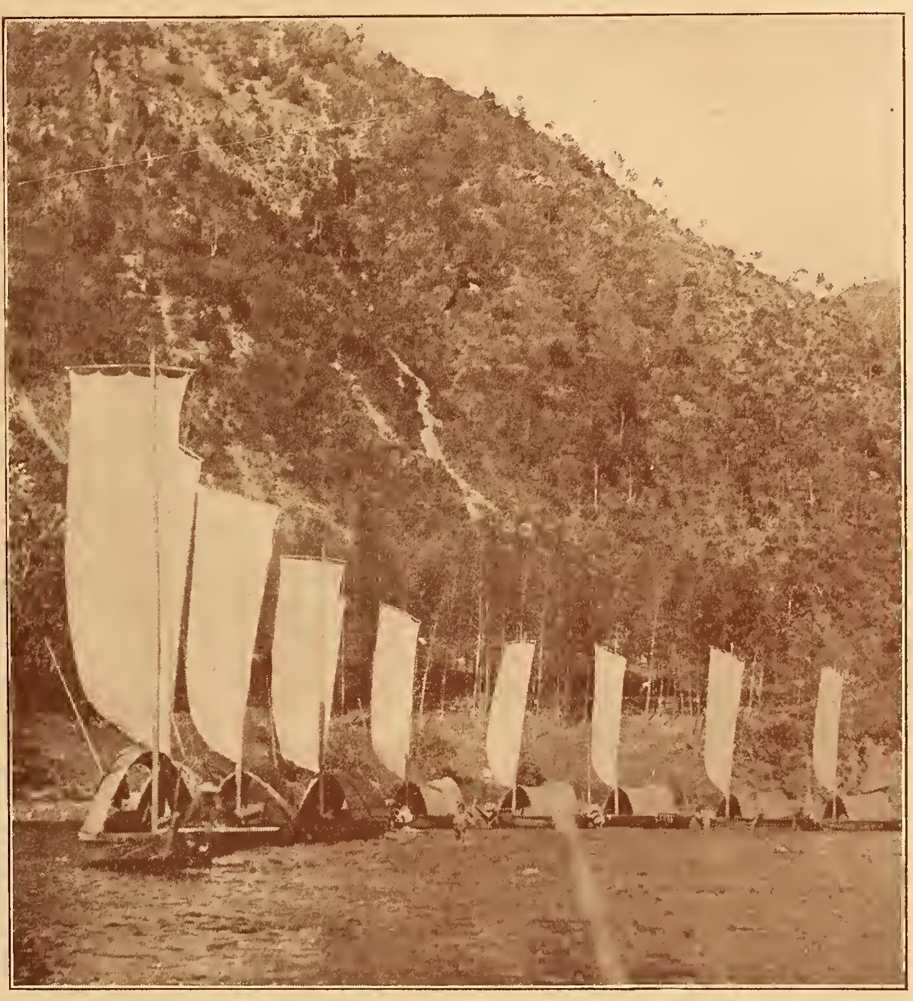
CHINA



CLIMBING THE RAPIDS

On the Wenchow River, between Wenchow and Chuchow, there are many fast rushing rapids where boatmen are obliged to wade waistdeep in water and push with might and main. Our mission boat, the Xavier, was in the van of this fleet of "sampans," and it was from her "deck" that this picture was taken. At the rapids the boats crowded together to facilitate passage upstream.

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EDITORIAL PAGE
CHINA
Published Monthly by
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SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.
Editor - Rev. Wm. C. McGrath

What's Doing in Chuchow

"With the advent of Fathers Carey and Venini," writes Father Fraser, "religion has been brought nearer to our scattered flock. Wednesday, Nov. 17th, Father Serra, accompanied by the seminarian, Haitsong, set out for Lung Chuan, the most westerly part of our district. On Saturday, Nov. 20th, Father Carey went to Tsingtien to take charge of that subprefecture, and Father Morrison to Yunhwo. So you see things are moving fast in Chuchow. Naturally, expenses will increase, but God will provide."

Readers of "CHINA" will recall that but a very short time ago, conditions in our district were such that in many remote parts even the Christians were unable to receive the last sacraments when dying. Up to the time of our taking over the territory there were but two priests in the whole Prefecture of Chuchow and these were stationed at the headquarters. In spite of most heroic efforts on the part of these two zealous men it was absolutely impossible to keep in touch with all parts of the vast and mountainous territory of Chuchow. It is little more than a year since Father Fraser and his pioneer band arrived on the scene and his letter will give our readers some idea of what has already been accomplished. Truly things are "moving fast" in Chuchow. Here is where our men are located:

IN CHUCHOW CITY.

Fathers Fraser, Venini and Kam. Father Kam arrived nearly two months after the other priests of this year's band, having been delayed in Canada owing to illness. As yet we have not heard of his having been assigned to any mission. Father Venini is engaged in the study of the language and besides assisting Father Fraser at Mission Headquarters he attends to two Missions on Sundays, the one eight and the other (Piwu Ka, see map) eleven miles from Chuchow City. Father Joe walks the eleven miles on Saturday afternoon and returns by boat on Sunday.

TSINGTIEN.

Tsingtien City, under Father Carey's charge, is the mission of next importance to that of our headquarters at Chuchow. It is situated on the Wenchow River about thirty miles above the ocean port of Wenchow, and sixty miles below headquarters. As yet there is no Church in Tsingtien, a poor and small oratory being used for the present, but there is a fairly good house belonging to the mission and also a catechist. In future it will be Father Carey's privilege to play host to our newly-arriving missionaries and we have his word for it that all men passing through Tsingtien will receive "one real Irish welcome."

SUNGYANG.

Father Wm. Fraser is stationed at Sungyang, where he is at present supervising the erection of the first of our churches in China. This church, as our readers will recall, is the gift of Mrs. Small, of Toronto. Father Fraser, who has had previous experience in China, is already able to hear the confessions and minister to the spiritual needs of the people.

LUNGCHUAN.

A year's experience in China has enabled Father Serra to assume the care of the district of Lungchuan. His is the mission at present farthest removed from the mission headquarters of Chuchow, five days' journey, for the most part by water. At Lungchuan there is a site for a future church which is the property of the Mission. Let us hope that soon another church will rear its saving cross high above the pagan temples of Lungchuan.

YUNHWO.

Father Morrison has plenty of uphill work ahead of him. At the present time his residence consists of one room, without any windows and with a mud floor and his "chapel" is but one of the long-abandoned and by this time almost dilapidated oratories of the district. He tells us, however, with characteristic good humor, that there is light enough from the cracks of the walls to enable him to read comfortably in the day time. We must come to the assistance of the pastor of Yunhwo and provide him with something better as soon as possible.

SATISFACTORY PROGRESS.

On the whole remarkable progress has been made during the short time our missionaries have been in Chuchow. Difficulties there have been and there will be. This our men expect and are prepared for as part of the lot of the missionary. The present anti-foreign feeling which is rapidly spreading in China may in time extend to our so far peaceful little haven of Chuchow. But even so! It is God's work, not ours, this work for the salvation of souls in China. Opposition, hatred, even persecution—these are not new things in the life of God's Church. Great publicity has been given to the activity of agitators in parts of China but meanwhile the number of Catholics keeps growing apace and a great stream of missionaries, growing greater year by year has been flowing quietly to the shores of China. The recent consecration of six Chinese Bishops will show the Chinese people whether or not the Catholic Church is "foreign" to their best interests.

Providence has great designs in regard to China. Is it because our Western civilization has been tried and found wanting? The very difficulties that arise to-day only confirm us in our conviction that God's designs will prevail and that in spite of Bolshevism and the powers of Hell, China will one day be a bright and glorious gem in the resplendent crown of the Church of Christ.

HOW TO PUT CHINA IN YOUR WILL

Form of Bequest

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY THE SUM OF $........................."

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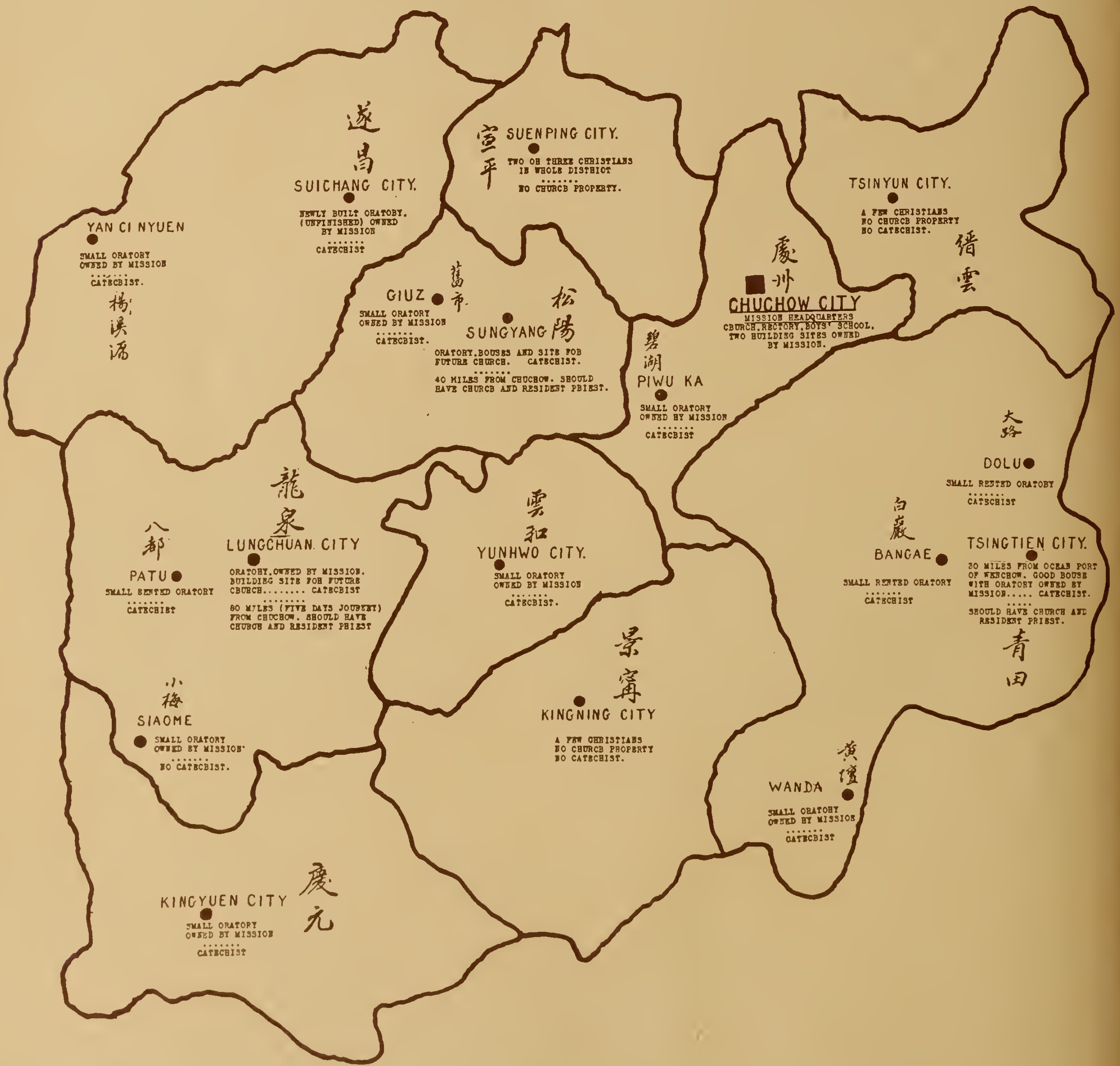
$5,000 will found a PERPETUAL BURSE on which, not one, but a chain of students will be educated for China—the MONUMENT of MONUMENTS to leave to your own or your dear ones' memory.


遂昌
SUICHANG CITY.
NEWLY BUILT ORATORY. (UNFINISHED) OWNED BY MISSION
....
CATECHIST
宣平
SUENPING CITY.
TWO OR THREE CHRISTIANS IN WHOLE DISTRICT
....
NO CHURCH PROPERTY.
YAN CI NYUEN
SMALL ORATORY OWNED BY MISSION
....
CATECHIST.
楊溪源
GIUZ
舊市
SMALL ORATORY OWNED BY MISSION
....
CATECHIST.
松陽
SUNGYANG
ORATORY, HOUSES AND SITE FOR FUTURE CHURCH. CATECHIST.
....
40 MILES FROM CHUCHOW. SHOULD HAVE CHURCH AND RESIDENT PRIEST.
TSINYUN CITY.
A FEW CHRISTIANS NO CHURCH PROPERTY NO CATECHIST.
縉雲
處州
CHUCHOW CITY
MISSION HEADQUARTERS
CHURCH, RECTORY, BOYS' SCHOOL. TWO BUILDING SITES OWNED BY MISSION.
碧湖
PIWU KA
SMALL ORATORY OWNED BY MISSION
....
CATECHIST
大路
DOLU
SMALL RENTED ORATORY
....
CATECHIST
白巖
BANGAE
SMALL RENTED ORATORY
....
CATECHIST
TSINGTIEN CITY.
30 MILES FROM OCEAN PORT OF WENCHOW. GOOD HOUSE WITH ORATORY OWNED BY MISSION..... CATECHIST.
.....
SHOULD HAVE CHURCH AND RESIDENT PRIEST.
青田
龍泉
LUNGCHUAN CITY
ORATORY, OWNED BY MISSION. BUILDING SITE FOR FUTURE CHURCH........ CATECHIST
....
80 MILES (FIVE DAYS JOURNEY) FROM CHUCHOW. SHOULD HAVE CHURCH AND RESIDENT PRIEST
八都
PATU
SMALL RENTED ORATORY
....
CATECHIST
雲和
YUNHWO CITY.
SMALL ORATORY OWNED BY MISSION
....
CATECHIST.
景寧
KINGNING CITY
A FEW CHRISTIANS NO CHURCH PROPERTY NO CATECHIST.
小梅
SIAOME
SMALL ORATORY OWNED BY MISSION
....
NO CATECHIST.
黃壇
WANDA
SMALL ORATORY OWNED BY MISSION
....
CATECHIST
慶元
KINGYUEN CITY
SMALL ORATORY OWNED BY MISSION
....
CATECHIST

The above map will show at a glance the location of our priests in their new missions in China. At CHUCHOW are Fathers Fraser (J. M.), Venini and Kam; at TSINGTIEN, Father Carey; at SUNGYANG, Father Wm. Fraser; at LUNGHUAN, Father Serra, and at YUNHWO, Father Morrison. Just about one year ago there were, and had been for years, only two priests in the whole territory.

Little San Li

OF SUNGYANG

A True Story

Little San Li had lingered longer than the rest, his head bent in earnest prayer, his hands tightly clasped as if to enforce his entreaty.

It was Sunday in Sungyang. The Christians—few but faithful—who had gathered for the Rosary and Catechism in the wretched mud hovel which was their only church, were now dispersing to their homes. As there was no Catholic priest in Sungyang, there had, of course, been no Mass and no Sacraments. Still they could pray, and had faith in the strength of prayer in unison; and so, led by their good catechist, they often met in this, their only meeting-place, to worship God as best they could.

Little San Li had lingered longer than the rest, his head bent in earnest prayer, his hands tightly clasped as if to enforce his entreaty. When the last worshipper had departed, San Li arose from his knees, and timidly, and respectfully approached the catechist. His eyes were filled with tears as he made this statement:

"I have lost my sing-ba (medal). My father gave it to me. Long ago he got it from a missionary. He loved it, and I have lost it. Oh, please give me another sing-ba!"

But the catechist had no medal of Our Lady for the small pleader. And little San Li—he was only eight years old—was inconsolable. The catechist tried to cheer him.

"I will speak to your father," he said, "and he will not be angry with you."

"It is not that," sobbed San Li, "I have already told my father and he was sorrowful, but said nothing."

"What then is the trouble?" asked the catechist. "Why do you weep so?"

"It is that I have promised Our Lady never to take off her sing-ba until we had a church, and a good Father in Sungyang. And now, how can I keep that promise?"

The catechist comforted little San Li as best he could, reminding him that the Christians were even now planning to go to distant Chuchow to beg the missionaries there for the very favor for which San Li was so earnestly praying. Before leaving the little lad knelt to say another prayer, and he ended it in this fashion:

"Dear Jesus, if I were a big rich man I would build for You a beautiful church; and the Christian priest would come to my people, and many, many would believe in You. You would be so near us in a real church. But I am only a poor little boy, and I am helpless. I have nothing to give You but myself, and that is very little. I would give You myself, though, if this would bring You to Sungyang."

And little San Li went out, thinking deep, deep thoughts for one so frail and young.

There was great joy in the home of San Li when his father, with the other pilgrims, had returned with the good news from Chuchow. It had been a long, hot, weary journey, but in the success of their mission, all their toil and hardship were forgotten. They had interviewed the missionaries in Chuchow—the good Fathers who had but recently come from a far-away land called Canada. On bended knees they had begged for a church and a priest for Sungyang. Oh, how they had pleaded!

"God cannot but heed such prayers," one of the Fathers had said. "Return to your homes, faithful Christians. You will soon have a priest and a church in Sungyang! I cannot see the way as yet, for we are but newly arrived in Chuchow, and we are straitened on all sides with the many and urgent demands put upon us, but Divine Providence will provide! You have come to us upon the Feast of the great patron of China, Saint Joseph, and this is surely a happy augury that your prayer will soon be heard. Redouble your prayers, and you will surely have what your hearts desire—a Priest and a Church in Sungyang!"

Oh, how eagerly did little San Li drink in every word of his father's recital! When he had heard all the wonderful story, he slipped out, his heart beating high with hope and joy, and made his way to the poor hut which served the Christians as a church. The crazy door was ajar, and in slipped San Li to thank God for the good tidings which had come to cheer Sungyang. His grateful prayer ended, he passed out, and as he was making his way between dilapidated ruins of houses which had been destroyed by fire, old standing mud walls, and numerous pig-sties with their grunting occupants, he was hailed by a passing group of young pagan lads.

"Hi-yi!" shouted one, "See, here comes San Li from the noble Hall of the Lord of Heaven!"

"A poor miserable God is the God of the Christians," said another, "if he cannot get Himself a better dwelling-place than that."

"Who cares for a God who lives with the pigs!" cried a third. "Come with us, San Li! We are on our way to the temple of the water-snake to beg of him to spare us from drought and from flood. Come, we shall share with you our joss-sticks, and our paper money!"

But San Li only smiled and shook his head.

"I am going home," he said, "my mother needs me. And you well know that I would not go with you to the temple of any god but the one true God." The boys jeered at him till he was out of sight, but little San Li heeded them not, for his heart was filled with a joy which all their taunts and insults could not take from him. His God was coming to Sungyang!

* * * * * *

And now let one of our own Canadian Missionaries finish the story of little San Li. Let us see how this child's prayer had sped like a swift white-winged dove straight to the Heart of God, and how He in His wondrous way, had whispered an inspiration to a generous Christian lady in far-off Canada, making known to her that she was to build a church in Sungyang. Did God also accept little San Li's proffered sacrifice? Let us listen to the Missionary, and we shall see. As you may have read before of the journey to Sungyang, of the arrival there of "the pretty blue mission-boat," THE XAVIER, of the warm welcome given to the Fathers by the rejoicing Christians of Sungyang, of the clearing away of all the ruins and other debris which had littered the church property, and of the other preliminaries to the building of the new church, we need not here repeat all this. We shall just quote from the Missionary's letter the portion which concerns our little San-Li:

"Every day we had been visited by an earnest-looking lad of eight years. As the workman cleared off the premises preparatory to the laying of the foundation, he followed them around, and watched them with a sort of wistful eagerness. He would look at Father John and myself in the same way. I could not help noticing him. There seemed an unspoken longing in his young face. I always had a smile and a kind pat for the little lad, and at last one day, emboldened by this, I suppose, he begged me for a "sing-ba." When I gave him a medal of our blessed Mother, he was overjoyed, kissed it reverently, and went home happy. I looked for him the next day, and the next, but he did not return. I wondered what had become of my gentle, grave-faced little friend, and I was soon to learn. One day his father came to us, and overcome by grief sobbed out the news that his little son had just breathed his last. He had been ill only two days, and the end had come unexpectedly. Father John set out immediately with the holy oils, and finding the small body still warm, he administered conditional Extreme Unction. A happy smile rested on the little dead face, and upon his breast lay his cherished "sing-ba" of our Blessed Lady. The bereaved parents, between their sobs, told the story of their boy as I have tried to tell it to you. They were somewhat cheered when they learned that the body would be given public burial service—the first in Sungyang—in the chapel. Father John had taken up our abode in a mud hut nearby, and next morning before daylight we heard voices calling to us from outside the high wall which surrounds the premises. The funeral had arrived. We were soon up and stirring, and Father John opened the gate to let the mourners in. The poor little coffin—a rough pine box, covered with a white cloth—was borne on a pole which rested upon the stout shoulders of two coffin bearers. Some nearby bricks were arranged in piles and the simple casket was laid upon them. The preliminary prayers were recited, and then the coffin was brought into the chapel and placed on two stools on the mud floor. I had the honor of celebrating the first funeral Mass of Sungyang, and of performing the burial rites of Holy Church for the first time here. The ceremony was indeed simple but touching. A number of the devout Christians assisted at the Mass, and in plaintive tones chanted their prayers over the little white bier. All being ended, the poor, bereaved father came to thank us humbly and sincerely for what we had done for his little

(Continued on page 25.)

A group of Christians at Piwu Ka, 14 miles west of Chuchow. The oratory is upstairs. Recently the whole end wall of this building collapsed.

TWO MEN AND A BOAT

In Which (the Story, Not the Boat) Father Carey Describes the Last Lap of an Eventful Journey from Toronto to Chuchow.

Chuchow,
November 16, '26.

Fathers Morrison, Venini and I arrived here a few days ago. We were welcomed by Fathers John, Fraser and Serra. The former had just come down from Sungyang where he had left Father William to superintend the building of the church. We were pleased to learn that Father William has made splendid progress in the study of the language; already he is hearing confessions!

Parting of the Ways.

All six of us are in the best of health, thank God. Father Serra leaves us tomorrow for his Mission in Lungchuan and district, five days' journey upstream from here. Father Morrison will leave in the near future for Yunhwo City, three days distant from Chuchow. I myself have been assigned the city and subprefecture of Tsingtien. As the language of this district is quite different from that spoken here, it is better that I leave as soon as possible and get down to work in my own Mission.

"Greenland" in China.

The name "Tsingtien" literally means "Greenland." Is it not, then, a very fitting field of labor for a Soggarth from the little Green Isle! I have with me a very precious relic and a splendid picture of Saint Patrick himself. Surely he will help me to make of "Greenland" another little holy Ireland! One thing sure, each and every one of our own missionaries passing through Tsingtien—and all must pass through en route to Chuchow—will get from me one good, hearty Irish welcome. Whatever be their nationality, Chinese, Canadian, French, American, all will be treated here as brothers of mine. I expect to be in Tsingtien next Sunday, November 21. In the October and November issues of "CHINA," you and all our good friends in Canada and elsewhere read, I am sure, with great interest, Father Fraser's graphic description of his tour and of religious conditions in this new Mission of mine. So you can see it's going to be good, hard, uphill work. I'll need your prayers.

Journey to Chuchow.

You will like to have some account of our journey up from Wenchow to Chuchow. To begin with, the distance is ninety, not sixty miles. Tsingtien City is thirty miles up, and Chuchow sixty more. We left Wenchow on Wednesday morning at ten o'clock and reached here at one o'clock Saturday afternoon. Our boats, two, one for the baggage, were rowed, polled, pushed and pulled by five men and a boy through thirty-two hours of actual travel. Because of little or no rainfall during the past month, the waters were low. Consequently we did not make good time. The trip is usually made easily inside of three days.

"All Aboard" the "Xavier."

A half-hour's rickshaw ride across Wenchow from the Catholic Mission brought us to where the "Xavier" lay, stuck high up in the mud on the sloping bank of the river. The tide had not yet come in. After a certain amount of persuasion, our boatmen succeeded in getting the boat into the water by the simple process of pushing and sliding it down carefully. Stepping over two or three other craft, we finally landed in our own, and, almost immediately, the boatmen got busy with their oars.

A Tight Fit.

You have seen in "CHINA" a picture of the "Xavier." Judge for yourself how much room there is in her windowed cabin. Father Morrison was once a small boy; but that's long years ago! As for Father Joe and myself, well, neither of us would fit easily in a chicken coop or a cradle! I don't mean to say that the "Xavier's" cabin is as small as either of these articles. Yet it is small; and three of us with our hand bags and other impedimenta easily filled it.

Kind Friends.

The Sisters of Charity at Wenchow had provided us with good food for the trip, bread, meat, eggs and a bottle of white wine for each. Father Morrison, too, had some side dishes that were extremely welcome. Father knows a good thing or two! Hence, in this respect, our trip was quite enjoyable. Our boatmen, pagans, were cheery, hard-working, nimble and willing.

Varied Sights.

The river runs its course through high hills and mountains, many of which were covered with pines or heather good to look upon in all their beautiful autumnal hues. In one place, we came on a small fleet of fishing smacks. The fishermen were hauling in their net but the catch was small. On one boat we saw a flock of cormorants "off duty." These, as you know, are trained to catch the smaller fish. Rings are fastened around their necks to prevent them from swallowing what they have caught. Wild duck, too, we saw overhead. Pity Father Joe didn't have a gun. Wild duck tastes good!

Crossing the Rapids.

Nearing Tsingtien we cross the first rapids or cascades on our way up. There must be at least thirty of them between here and Chuchow. Some are barely thirty feet long; others thirty yards or more. The boatmen get into the water and pull and push for all they are worth. One of them remains on board to steer the boat by means of a long bamboo pole. Oftentime it is necessary for one of the men to go ashore with a fairly stout bamboo cable attached to his body, attached at the other end to the mast, and pull and stretch and strain until the rapids are crossed. The endurance and strength of some of these boatmen is really extraordinary. How they can manage it on a few bowls of rice and some vegetables passes me altogether! The iron-like muscles of their bronzed, weather-beaten bodies are oftentimes strained taut in their struggles with the elements. And still they laugh and joke! With gods propitious and wind favorable, they'll sit and smoke and enjoy the cool, fanning breeze, enjoying to the limit the gifts of the gods!

Some sailor-lad from Newfoundland will yet work wonders amongst these stout fisherfolk and boatmen of the Wenchow River! Christ lived and worked among men such as these. May He now live and work among these!

We Lose Out Way.

Sometimes, cramped up in the cabin, it became for us tedious and uncomfortable. Half-way up the river from Wenchow, Father Joe and I went ashore for a good brisk walk, just to stretch our legs. We walked and walked. My, but it was good! We passed through several little villages along the river bank, exciting no comment from the good villagers who were quite content with a long, open-mouthed stare at our strange attire. Father Joe sported a cap and a fine, black "fascisti" shirt. I myself looked perhaps a little more decorous in my short coat, clerical collar and a pair of sun-goggles. After a while, we discovered we were getting away from the river, but we held right on. Finally, we decided to get back to the river and the boat. After a mile or so of difficult meandering, we got to the river, but not to the boat. What to do? Twilight was upon us. Father Joe figured that the "Xavier" must have gone on ahead while we two were wandering through the country. So, on we trudged along the path following the river; up and down hills, in the direction of Tsingtien. It became darker and darker. Down went the sun. Soon appeared the moon and stars. Thank God for the moon, anyway! No possibility now of getting back to our boat to-night. Better hike it on to Tsingtien. And on we went. Of every stray traveler coming in our direction I politely demanded in my best Chinese how far more we had to travel before getting to our destination. Information was always forthcoming.

Tsingtien At Last.

Say, weren't we glad when, on our onward march, we found the distance lessening perceptibly, from eight miles to five, to three! At long last, weary and hungry, we saw through the moonlight the walls of Tsingtien. We soon entered the city, and after some further enquiries finally reached the Tienchutang or Catholic Mission, situated quite near to the gate through which we had entered the city. And thus it happened that we two arrived in our Mission-field! Saint Patrick himself must have smiled down on us from heaven! Fortunately, we found the catechist at home. He was awaiting us, true; but not in this fashion. After much talking and explaining, the good man got down to business and brought us refreshments and food. Joe and I drank cup after cup of tea, put sugar in it, put Chinese wine in it, did everything to assuage our devouring thirst. Then food appeared, all kinds of Chinese dishes which we chopsticked with indifferent success. Finally we retired to bed to attempt to sleep under heavy Chinese quilts on good hard planks. I don't know if Father Joe found a soft spot on the planks, I know I did not! Early next morning, we went down to the river to await the arrival of our boats. We waited until nearly ten o'clock, and nothing happened. Back to the Mission for breakfast. About eleven o'clock—oh, joy of joys!—a huge figure darkened the Mission gate. Father Morrison himself, all beautiful in the morning sunlight, umbrella, cap, bathrobe, slippers, with a four or five days' growth of beard on his beaming, perspiring countenance! More explanations, more tea, more food. At one o'clock we were back on the "Xavier" safe and sound. "home" again. Thank God for the "Xavier!" On reaching Chuchow, the brethren enjoyed this tale immensely.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
D. J. Carey.

Our work depends for its very existence upon the donations we receive from day to day, for the most part by mail.

Can you send something—to help us send more Missionaries to the assistance of our pioneers in Chuchow?

TSINGTIEN, OR "GREEN-LAND IN CHINA"

Here you see Father Carey's new home. All our Missionaries will pass through Tsingtien on their way to Chuchow, and we have Father Carey's word for it that they will receive "one real hearty Irish welcome." "It is a strange world," wrote Father Carey in a recent letter to Father Fraser. "A few months ago I was reading to the students at Scarboro the account of your mission tour in these parts and now here I am preparing to follow the trail you blazed."

LITTLE SAN LI.

(Continued from page 22)

boy. The body was then carried to the mountains that overlook the city, where it will rest in peace till the great day of the Resurrection."

And this is the story of little San-Li. Does it not remind you somewhat of tales we read of the Roman boys who lived in the times of the Christian persecutions. Of course, our little friend was not a martyr exactly, but do you not think he would be one if the opportunity came to him? No, he is not in the group on this page, at least he is not there visibly, but these were his little companions. He died a few days before this picture was taken. I fancy his spirit hovers near his beloved Sungyang and that he watches from heaven the building of the church which he would gladly have paid for with his life.

THE SUNGYANG CHURCH.

"The new church," writes Fr. Wm. Fraser, "is now towering high in the air. The raising of the frame work was done on Tuesday without the slightest hitch. Everything fitted like a glove, and the work was done so perfectly that you would almost think the angels had a hand in the elevation. The carpenter's construction is in exact lines with the masonry. I paid the carpenter in full and gave him a tip, which he certainly deserved. I did not think there was a mechanic of his class in China. Every detail of his work was in his mind from the start. I paid Liuh to-day in full for the dressed stones. Those they cut for the facade are admirable. The carpenters are now at work on the door and window frames. They are going to be excellent. The tiles for the roof are coming to-morrow and I shall soon hear the clinking of the bricks.

"I am getting ready my sermon for Sunday. I told Mr. Ng about speaking to the pagans of the existence of God. They have been flocking here for the last three days.

Father Sammon Receives Interesting Letter

Dear Father, Editor:

I have always been a firm believer in the cultivation of children above all other classes of society. Sometimes I have even carried this idea to the point of enthusiasm. Children are the best that this world holds; particularly when one considers their potentialities, combined with their innocence and large generosity. This truth has especial importance for Missions; for, children are often the most enthusiastic of our missionaries. The truth which is so often and much withheld from the wise and great, God is frequently pleased to reveal to His little ones.

My letter in CHINA produced an illustration of this. You will find it, I think, in some respects remarkable and a beautiful tribute to the generosity and tenacity of purpose, the worth and fertility of soul, which is the peculiar possession of thousands of children. The following extract from the letter will be recognized by its writer, who lives at Sherbourne St., Toronto. I received it to-day. My father, whose health was undermined by his knowledge of what I suffered in China, died two years ago, and I hope the prayers mentioned in this letter may have benefited his soul some, seeing I was not in Eternity myself.

This child from Sherbourne St. (presumably now grown up), writes: "Please forgive the liberty I take in writing to you. I had the pleasure of hearing you speak a few years ago (seven years) at the Ursuline Convent in Chatham, where I was at school. At the time I promised to say a decade of the beads each day for you and I have.

Nearly two years ago we heard that you had died in China, and ever since our little Club (there are only six of us) have had a mass said each month for you. You can imagine how surprised we were to see your letter in "China" asking for prayers.

We meet once a week and make the Holy Hour together, and the girls wish me to tell you that for the next few months at least we will offer up for your intentions.

May our Dearest Lord load you with His grace as we beseech Him."

If this illustration serves to embellish "the mission idea," you are at liberty to publish it.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
John J. Sammon.

One of our churches in China is nearing completion, thanks to the generosity of a kind benefactor.

Many others must come. Your help is greatly needed at the present time.

Father Fraser lays the corner-stone of Sungyang Church, October 17th, 1926.
On the right: Rev. Wm. Fraser.

OUR LITTLE MISSIONARIES

A Poor Man Who Built a Great Church

There was in one of the missions of China an old man who had to labor from morning till night to obtain his livelihood. He was poor in the eyes of the world, but rich in God's eyes, because he was most attentive to his religious duties.

One day he went to the priest and said: "Father, will you build a church in our village. For our chapel is only a poor hut, and is not good enough for the worship of God."

The Father answered: "It has long been my most earnest desire to raise up a church which would be more worthy of God; but as I have no money, I am obliged to be content with the humble church which we built long ago."

"But, Father, I will build you a church." The priest, who had known him for many years, and knew that he was a poor man, said: "I know, my child, your great piety and your zeal, and when it is possible for me to begin this great work I am sure you will contribute a little out of your poverty."

"But, Father," he continued, "I want to pay for the whole myself." The priest looked into the good man's face, and replied: "I do not for an instant doubt your wishes to give all you have in the world to help in this holy work, but do you know that it would take more than two thousand crowns to build a church large enough for all our people?"

"I know that," he answered, "and I would not have come here to trouble you if I had not already that sum in hand. Here it is." And he laid down the money on the table before the priest.

The surprise of the good Father was indeed great when he saw the poor man count out the money, but it was greater still when he told him how he had been able to amass such a large sum.

"It is now forty years ago," he said, "since I first thought of this, and I said to myself, 'What a great joy it would be to me in my old age if I could raise up to the glory of God's holy Name a splendid church in my native village!' So I laid aside every farthing I could spare, and I lived with the greatest frugality and used only the poorest clothing, that I might have this happiness before I died."

The missionary accepted the generous gift, and the church was built. The old man had the happiness of seeing it completed, and then God took him to Himself in Heaven, to reward him there for the glory he had given His Holy Name on earth.

BOYS AND GIRLS!

Could you use a watch?

Would a Fountain Pen (with 14K. gold nib and iridium point) be acceptable?

For a limited time "CHINA" is able to offer those two splendid premiums for securing subscriptions.

If you are interested in the watch, see page 14.

The Fountain Pen may be had for obtaining only five new subscriptions for "CHINA" at 50 cents a year.

Send us the names and addresses of your new subscribers together with postal or money order for the amount, made payable to CHINA MISSION SEMINARY. The watch or pen will be forwarded immediately.

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Two of Our Little Schoolboys in Chuchow Send Greetings to Their Little Missionary Friends in Canada.

WHY I CONSIDER THE WORK OF THE CRUSADE IMPORTANT.

Prize Essay by Miss Gertrude Wilson, Toronto.

Why am I a Crusader? What is a Crusade Unit for? What good does it do? These are all questions which have often occurred to me. Seeking an answer to them has impressed upon me the great importance of prayers and missionaries in the world, both at home and abroad.

Some would say, "What good can I do? I am "not rich," or "I cannot be a missionary." If these people would stop to think for a few minutes, they would find the answer. By frequent prayers and little acts of self-denial one gains a great deal more merit than by large sums of money, even. Of course, money is needed, but prayer is infinitely more powerful where the salvation of a soul is at stake. It is in this way we can help. We can all pray, and by the coppers that are set aside, now and then, that we shall never miss, we can offer a little of the money that is urgently needed for the maintenance of a mission.

From a personal standpoint, we can see the merit we gain for ourselves by working for others. When we realize that by our efforts many souls are being brought back to their God, we are filled with happiness. It is a wonderful consolation to think that at our deathbeds, these souls will be praying for us, and will, perhaps, help us to see God much sooner. I am a Crusader, because, in being one, I can save souls for God and at the same time make more secure my own hope of salvation.

What is a Crusade Unit for? The one purpose of these organized bodies of zealous workers is one most dear to the Heart of Christ, the salvation of souls. The chief means employed for the carrying out of their design are prayer and sacrifice. Prayer will show us the way to save souls. An earnest prayer will always be heard, for Christ has said, "Ask, and you shall receive; seek and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you." For every one that asketh, receiveth, and he that seeketh, findeth, and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened." Christ also said, "As long as you give to one of these, My least brethren, you give to Me." How much more meritorious must our sacrifice be in the sight of God, when it costs us something.

And what good is effected by the Crusade? A unit, when it is well established, draws many people to it. Its good example spreads, and hundreds of others take up the same work and follow in the footsteps of its enthusiastic members. The work alone bring untold blessings on the school or parish in which it is fostered, because our Lord has said, "Wherever two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them."

When we think of the many pagans and unbelievers in the world, we can readily understand the need of Crusaders. Crusades have been in existence from the time of our Lord down to the present day. He told His Apostles and their successors, "Go forth and preach the Gospel to every creature, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." Did He not include us in that command? We do not necessarily have to go out and preach; our prayers do the work for us. In the olden days, valiant knights fought and gave their lives for the restoration of the Holy Land. To-day we fight for the salvation of immortal souls.

We do not need to belong to a certain unit to obtain the necessary results. If we are Crusaders in spirit, we can work alone with the same result, although the fruits of our labor may not be so great. The saving of one soul is enough to win merit in Heaven. Did not our Lord die on the cross to save our souls? Should we not thank Him by trying to save others?

When we see what great merit we receive as working as Crusaders, should we not double our efforts? There are countless pagans, infidels, unbelievers and fallen Catholics in the world. Even here in Canada there are many people who should be Catholics, but who through lack of instruction and a guiding hand to lead them are forgetting God and His commandments. If we were to pray earnestly for these souls every day, could we not lessen their number? Let us pray, then, for these poor unfortunate souls that they receive the light of Faith before they die. Pray, also, that the blessing of God may always attend the efforts of those who are laboring here for His Glory.

TEASERS

What remedy would cure insomnia?
A gentle dose (doze).

Why are ladies' eyes like persons remote from each other?
Because although they correspond they will never meet.

Why is O the only vowel sounded?
Because all the rest are in audible.

When is a boxer's eye like a barrel?
When it's bunged up.

What is it that you can keep after giving it to somebody else?
A promise.

What does the buffalo on the nickel stand for?
Because there is no room to sit down.

What magazine gives the best report of a fire?
A powder magazine.

Where is the surest place to look for pleasure and happiness?
In the dictionary.

What has neither flesh nor bone yet has four fingers and a thumb?
A glove.

What is the difference between a chatterbox and a mirror?
One speaks without reflecting and the other reflects without speaking.

LITTLE MISSIONARIES FROM SAULT STE. MARIE.

They are well acquainted with Johnnie Mite-Box and like to help their little friends in far-away China. They are from Holy Angels' School, Blessed Sacrament Parish. 1. Junior 3rd Class. 2. "Ready to play on the snow". 3. Junior 4th.

Nonsense

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"

And Not Paid for It.

A prominent European writer came over to the United States to embark on a lecturing tour. He had a rough voyage.

At New York he was met with a request to contribute to the Atlantic Monthly.

"No, thanks," he said gravely to the representative. "I have already contributed to the Atlantic daily."

No Chance.

Professor—"I believe that you might speak a little more intelligently if you had a little more sleep before coming to this class."

Bradley—"Yes sir, but you see I had only one class before this one."—Red and White.

First Hand Information.

A negro went into a fish store, picked up a rather decayed looking fish and began to smell it. The proprietor, fearing that the negro's action would influence other customers, called out, "Hey, there, you rascal, what do you mean, smelling my fish?" "I'm not smelling the fish," the negro replied. "I'm only talking to him." "Oh, you are," sarcastically rejoined the proprietor, "and what do you say to the fish?" "Why, I just ask him about news of the sea; that's all." "And what does he say to you?" "He says he don't know. He ain't been there for two weeks."

She Wins.

My wife and I were out driving the other day and I had occasion to pass a farmer's wagon being drawn by a team of mules. Just as we passed the wagon the mules, slightly frightened, turned their heads toward us and bawled out in a rather friendly greeting.

I said to the wife, "Relatives of yours, no doubt."

She replied, "Yes, by marriage."

Winter Geography.

Teacher (in geography class): "Can anyone tell me where Pittsburgh is?"

Small Voice (in rear): "Please ma'am, they're playing in Chicago."

Had Taken No Inventory.

An aged Negro, taken ill, called a physician of his own race. But the doctor's treatment did no good and the old man grew weaker and weaker until a white physician was called.

"Did the other doctor take your temperature?" asked the new M.D.

"Ah don't know, sah," answered the patient feebly. "Ah ain't missed nothing yit 'ceptin' mah watch an' a paih o' shoes."

Strained Capacity.

Billy had done full justice to the "eats" at a Saturday afternoon party. Coming home he entered the house with a sigh, and somewhat doleful expression on his face.

"What's the matter, Billy?" asked his mother. "You look so mournful."

"That's just it, ma. I am more'n full."

All in the Same Boat.

Club Waiter: "There is a lady outside who says that her husband promised to be home early tonight."

All (rising): "Excuse me, gentlemen."

Needed a Penny.

Customer: "Give me change for a dime, please."

Druggist: "Sure. And I hope you enjoy the sermon."

Don't Mention It!

The Bore: "I passed by your place yesterday."

The Bored: "Thanks, awfully!"

Observant Bobby.

The teacher was explaining the mysteries of subtraction to her class of wigglers.

"In order to subtract, things have to be of the same denomination. You couldn't take three pears from four peaches or eight horses from ten cats, could you?"

Up shot a small hand.

"All right, Bobby, what is it?"

"Couldn't ya take three quarts of milk from two cows, teacher?"

Over the Fence.

A boy was standing in a cornfield when a stranger came up to the fence and spoke to him.

"Your corn looks yellow," he said.

"That's the kind we planted," answered the boy.

"It don't look like you will get more than half a crop," said the stranger.

"We don't expect to," said the boy. "The landlord gets the other half."

"Boy," said the stranger angrily, "there ain't much difference between you and a fool."

"No sir, only a fence," replied the youth.

In the Wrong House.

"Justice! I demand justice!" cried the defendant.

The Judge—Hush. Don't forget that you are in a Court of Law!"—Der Knueppel (Berlin).

Retort Acid.

Genial Milkman: "Looks like rain."

Lady of the house: "Yes, it does, but it has a faint flavor of milk."—Vancouver Province.

My Mission in Yunhwo

By Father Morrison.

Yunhwo,

Saturday, November 20th was the parting of the ways for us, as Fathers Serra, Carey and myself set out for our new missions in China. Father Carey started out early in the morning, as he had to be at Tsching De by nightfall. I got a start about nine o'clock with two boats to carry us and the necessary things for the voyage and the mission. In the evening we arrived at Piwu Ka, where we stopped for the night, and in the morning had Mass, at which the Christians of the village assisted. Then after breakfast we packed up again, and made the next stop at Nue Tschi where there is a chapel, but no catechist. In the morning we had Mass again. The chapel is in a miserable condition, but after much cleaning and sweeping we made it fit for the Sacred Mysteries. Then very early we started for the last lap of the journey, which was about fifteen miles, and we made this by nightfall. As the boats do not go up to Yunhwo we had to sleep in the boat, and in the morning call rafts to transport all our baggage while we made the distance (five miles) on foot. We arrived at the mission on Tuesday afternoon, and proceeded to size up our new quarters. There is only one room habitable, and this serves me as a sleeping room, dining room and office. The catechist and the sacristan sleep in the chapel. There are no windows in the house, and the floor is of mud. So you see our quarters are not very inviting. The next day I called the carpenter and the bricklayer to do some repairing, so that this house and chapel will do until we get something better, which I hope will be very soon.

Good Wishes from Wenchow

In a recent letter to Father Fraser, Father Aroud, parish priest of Wenchow, has this to say of the advent of our new missionaries:

"You are already rich in missionaries, young men who have everything in their favor, health and strength and, above all, zeal for the salvation of souls. Chuchow will see the work of the apostolate grow and prosper. Success to yourself and your brave fellow-workers."

China has given much to civilization, including the wooden plow and silk culture as far back as 2800 B.C., a calendar in 2300 B.C., the earliest bronzes and forms of writings in 1300 B.C., lyric poetry in 1200 B.C., and a definite philosophy from Loatze, Confucius, Meti and Mencius from 100 to 200 B.C. Tea, paper, block printing, moveable type, the compass and paper mache followed.

From a Priest-Friend, Montreal

"'China' in the class room is a success. All the boys of fourth grade, —— School, Montreal, are eager readers and are gradually becoming interested in the conversion of the little Chinese. The short stories that smack of missionary spirit, such as 'Sonny,' in a previous issue, are especially relished.

"The class has already adopted a missioner in pagan China and several letters have already been exchanged to the evident delight of both boys and missioner. Several boys have enlisted their little sisters in the movement and instead of taking one 'treasure leaflet' (such as the one enclosed), asked two or three extra!" (The enclosed was a very generous spiritual bouquet).

"Waterfalls contain enormous quantities of latent energy that can be transformed into material force, light and prosperity, but they must be directed in proper channels. The generosity of our boys and girls is yet unfathomed; they can produce the light of faith, the power that converts, spread religious prosperity in pagan lands—but they must be directed."

(The generosity of our boys and girls **IS** truly unfathomed. The Students' Mission Crusade is accomplishing a great deal in directing towards mission channels the zeal of their generous young souls and already our missionaries in China have received innumerable benefits from the spiritual assistance of our little missionaries. God bless them all. Ed.).

Chinese Weddings a la Mode

Resplendent Motor Car Now to be Used to Take Bride Home Instead of Chair

No longer can the story of a Chinese bride be written with the classic strokes of the Chinese writing brush. Only the ultra-modern caligraphy of a fountain pen or perhaps a typewriter is now the suitable implement in vogue to depict the changes which have attacked ancient ceremonial. For the Chinese bride is on the verge of stepping out of her classic conveyance of sedan chair that starts her on her way to the second of the "three obediences," and

(Continued on page 32)

THE BRIDGE AT SUICHANG.

How would you like to be carried in a Sedan Chair across this flimsy, rickety bridge? The picture was taken just before Father Fraser made the crossing.

ATTENTION!

Our readers will probably have noticed that the expiry date of the subscription to CHINA is not printed on the wrapper or the paper. Some have told us that they do not know at times just how they stand in regard to their subscription. We prefer to notify our readers privately as to how their subscription stands, and in the course of the next few weeks YOU will be notified if your subscription has already expired or will expire soon. We would deem it a favor if you would attend to your renewal to CHINA promptly upon receipt of this notice. The subscription price of the paper—50 CENTS A YEAR—scarcely pays the cost of publication, and we feel that we are not asking too much in requesting you to kindly keep your subscription up to date.

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CHINESE WEDDINGS.

(Continued)

to step into a red upholstered wedding chariot on tyred wheels.

To those persons who make the daily journey from the western district to their offices down-town the idea is not a novel one insofar as they have noticed, in all probability, the georgeous trappings of an automobile bride's conveyance in plain view at the Foh Sin Garage, 23 Avenue Joffre.

It is a massive structure heavily encrusted with all the ceremonial red and gold necessary to make a Chinese wedding a complete success. The outlines of the regular sedan chair have been faithfully adhered to, and the swooping lines of roof bear the traditional pom-pom whiskered dragons as additional protection to the bride who will seek the car's red upholstered confines. These follow the inexorable rules for absolute seclusion of the bride-elect. Through electrical wiring her stay in the cubicle with its symbolical tapestry panelling and painted glass is made quite comfortable; one might almost say, picturesque. This same electrical wiring makes possible a display of painted allegory on the outside panes of the car, which is a mass of heavy gold and red carving.

Goddess With Tassels.

The top of the car has a temple of heaven arrangement supporting a handsome goddess whose chief function is to bring affluence and felicity to the inmate of the car and her prospective matrimonial enterprise. Thick clusters and rows of multi-colored tassels make the car in motion coquettish beyond description and there are sufficient stories told in exterior carving to cause much speculation on the part of even the average Chinese himself who approves of the whole but is almost as vague about detail as is his foreign questioner.

On each side of the wind-shield in front of the driver's red-leather seat, are painted lanterns on which the names of the linking families can be brushed in when the car is hired. The hood of the car, an old model of the Buick, is painted the same bright red as the carved back.

Mr. Chang Kwei-ling, manager of the garage, is the designer and owner. Six months were required in the construction, and already bookings have been made by Chinese who approve of this innovation in traditional custom. The price for using the car throughout the marriage ceremonial is $140 and it is presumed that the comfort of rolling around luxuriantly in a motor car compensates the bride for any pangs which she may entertain as to departure from accepted Chinese etiquette.—North China Herald.

It was the Ford Which Died

Head on Collision With a Studebaker in Bubbling Well Road, Shanghai.

A Studebaker motor car and a Ford which collided last Friday during the tiffin hour in front of the new China United Assurance Building, in Bubbling Well Road, blocked traffic for some considerable time. The larger machine was practically undamaged excepting for the front right wheel and fender, while the Ford was well broken up.

Three Chinese ladies riding in the Studebaker were considerably shaken up and sustained injuries. They were taken to the Paulun Hospital immediately. The chauffeur of the smaller car, although the front axle buckled, as did his steering gear, was not seriously injured, but he did have a sprained wrist and a few cuts. His passenger, a Chinese man, who seemed none the worse for the accident, went off in a rickshaw and has not been seen officially since that time.

China is becoming up-to-date.

Says Chinese Smile Masks Fury

Within the last few years, both China and the Chinese have been very much in the public eye. Always the Chinaman has appeared to the Occidental a curious being, compound of listlessness and suavity—with a hint of demoniac wickedness thrown in for good measure. Business men who have had dealings with the Celestial report that he is scrupulously honest, a man of honor and principle; those of us who have confided our garments to his loving care have found him calmly, blankly stupid, when it paid him to be so! Few have ever accused him of being highly emotional.

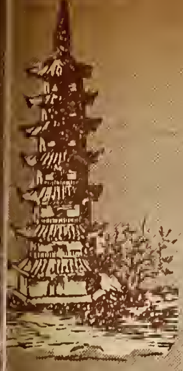
Pearl S. Buck, writing in the Nation, assures us that underneath his passive exterior the Chinaman conceals a very volcano of passion. She gives arresting instances:

One might, of course, give any amount of evidence that the Chinese is by nature an emotional person. Take for instance, the ancient and not infrequent custom of killing oneself after an insult, preferably on the door step of the individual by whom one has been insulted. Several explanations of this have been made; among others, the superstition that the ghost would haunt the enemy, that the Chinese do not value human life and die easily, that there is little sense of individualism, and so on. There is, undoubtedly, some truth in all of these. But the essence of the thing is that when one is a Chinese gentleman and has been insulted, tradition denied the possibility of revenge by laying hold of the offender, and so, like a child rending its clothes and biting its own flesh in futile anger, emotion turns upon the man himself.

And anger in the Chinese has a wildness of which the people of the West know little. I have seen an angry American; I have seen him curse and snort and swear. I have never seen him capable of the pitiless, inhuman madness of the Chinese, whose anger seizes him and makes him as helpless as a branch tossed in the wind—unless he is a gentleman and then you may see it all in his eyes for one terrible moment; then his lids are dropped and his hands shake a little, his voice comes with controlled softness and he bows. He bides his time and he never forgets.

Only, it is becoming the fashion not to drop the lids over angry eyes, not to restrain clenched hands and not to bow where friendship is not meant. All the years of enforced restraint are behind that anger now.

I have heard an angry woman on a Chinese street scream out her fury from dawn to dark, until her face is the face of an insane person and her voice is utterly gone. They have an affection of the throat, a constriction of the muscles, which they call the "anger disease," and it comes from nothing but unbridled rage. True, it is nearly always found in the lower classes. Until now, the upper classes have restrained themselves according to custom.



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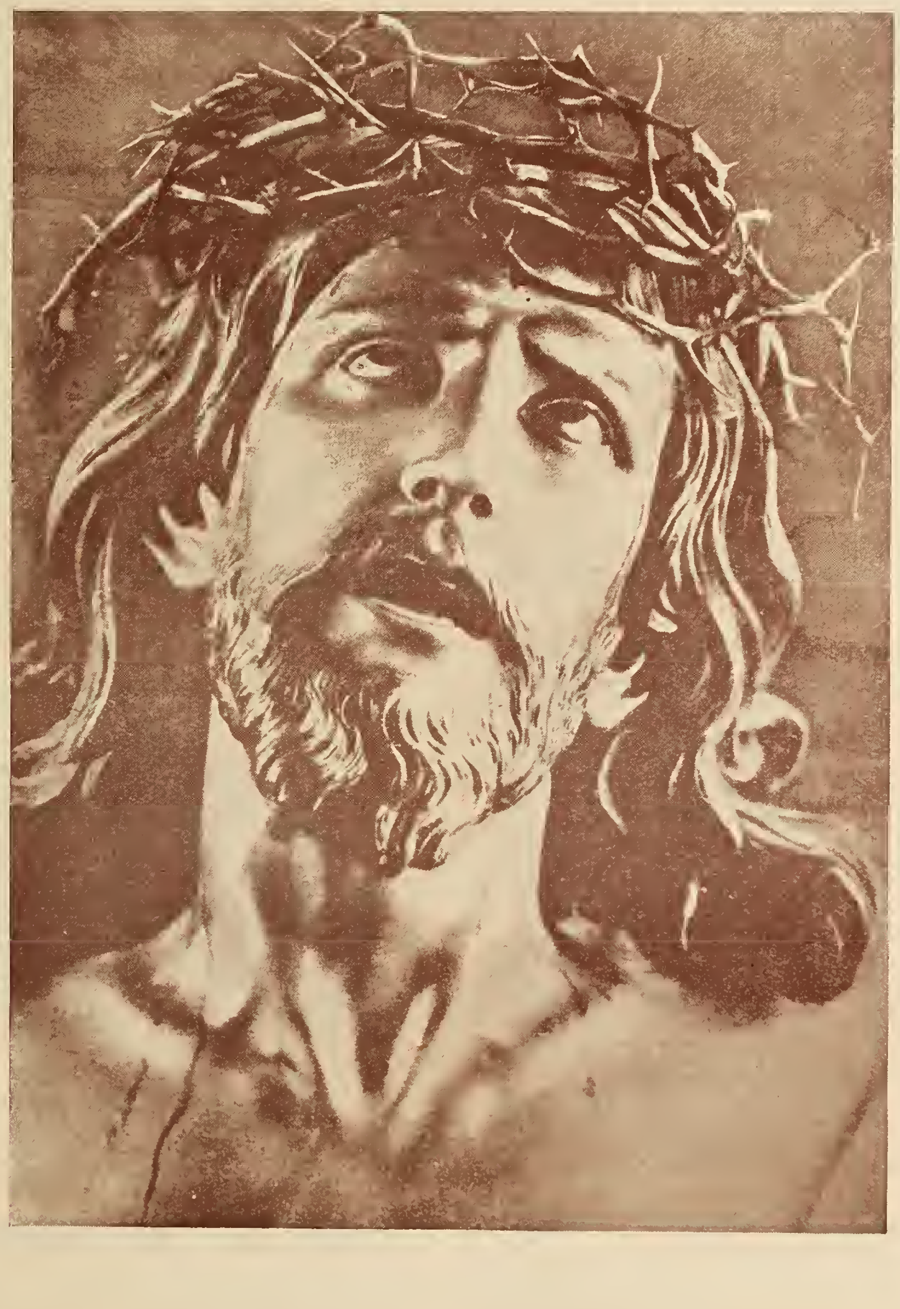
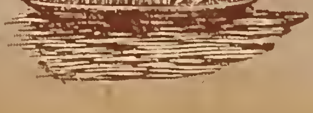


MARCH 1927



Where Help is Sorely Needed

Our Mission at Yunhwo is greatly in need of your assistance

From a spiritual point of view the letters from Father Morrison, pastor of Yunhwo, are most encouraging. There is a great movement towards the Church in this newly-opened parish in our district in China but the Church buildings are in a deplorable condition.

There is No Mission Residence

The Small Mission Oratory is in Ruins

Up to the present Father Morrison has been living in one room, with no windows, with a damp mud floor, and with cracked walls almost ready to tumble down at any moment.

"If I had $2,000.00," he writes, "I would be able to make a great start here. It would build a Church, residence and school. We will have to buy the adjoining property, which can be had very cheap."

$500.00 WILL BUILD A MISSION CHAPEL.
$500.00 WILL BUILD A MISSION RESIDENCE.
$500.00 WILL PURCHASE THE NEW PROPERTY REQUIRED.
$500.00 WILL BUILD A CATECHUMENATE AND SCHOOL.

Can you afford any one of these four? If not, please send whatever you can afford. Your assistance just now will mean a great deal for souls in China.

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EDITORIAL PAGE
CHINA
A KEBLOR

Published Monthly by
CHINA MISSION SEMINARY
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Editor - Rev. Wm. C. McGrath

The Situation in Chuchow

The clouds of war have passed over our hitherto peaceful district of Chuchow. For the past month the city and adjoining territory have been the scene of successive battles between the Northern and Southern forces and from the latest dispatches we learn that the Cantonese, or Southerners, have been driven from the territory. Apart from the general political aspect of the situation, this news is good news as far as our mission is concerned. The soldiers of Sun Chuan Fang, ally in the province of Chekiang of the Northern forces are not unfriendly to either Christians or foreigners as such. But the march of the Cantonese has been characterized by cruelty and outrages towards missionaries and it is with relief we hear that their successes in this part of the province was not of long duration.

WARNING FROM CHINESE PRIEST.

On Dec. 26th, a letter was received by Father Fraser at Chuchow from Father Wang, a Chinese priest stationed at Kinhwa, about fifty miles northwest of Chuchow. He warned our missionaries of the approach of the Cantonese and advised that they leave the territory before the city fell into their hands. There would be no particular danger to the Christians or to the Mission property, he thought, if there were no foreigners in Chuchow, but if they remained their presence would probably provoke the Cantonese to fresh outrages against the missions. He advised Father Fraser to have the missionaries remain at Wenchow for a short time until the trouble abated. "In our residence here at Kinhwa," Father Wang wrote, "there are more than 500 'Red' soldiers. In the whole city there are about 7,000 of them. We two Chinese priests are able to get along fairly well with them, but the Europeans are suffering greatly at their hands. It is their avowed intention to drive every foreigner from China. As soon as they arrived, Fathers Bouillet and Heroul were forced to fly. Fathers Lamboy and Lamers are kept prisoners in an upper storey of the house. Daily the soldiers are crying out, 'Kill the Europeans'."

CANTONESE ANTI-CHRISTIAN.

Other letters were received, from Monsignor Ciceri at Kian and from one of the Sisters at Nanchang, telling of the outrages perpetrated by the Cantonese. "Six or seven of our European priests," writes the Sister, "are now on their way by boat to Kiukiang, being unable to remain at their missions without compromising the Christians." And Monsignor Ciceri paints a very gloomy picture of the conditions in his vicariate.

"For the six months that our territory has been under 'Red' domination," he writes, "we have been living in a veritable Hell. Mission property has been pillaged and burned, missionaries hunted and put to flight. We have suffered great material losses and live in constant fear. Entire Christian villages have been obliged to tear down their sacred images and the people forced to apostatize. What is going to happen? God alone knows and we are in his hands. We have no human support. Even the mandarins have turned against us. Our seminary has been disbanded. All our pupils have left the schools. Many of them have enrolled in the ranks of the Bolshevists and are carrying on a rabid campaign against us, their benefactors. Truly the devil has been unchained against our poor Kiangsi."

MISSIONARIES LEAVE FOR WENCHOW.

Upon receipt of these letters, Father Fraser deemed it prudent to have our missionaries leave for Wenchow until the trouble had abated. Messages were sent at once to the priests in the outlying districts and Father Fraser and Father Venini left on Dec. 29th. They arrived in the city on New Year's Day and a few days later were joined by Fathers Morrison, Father Wm. Fraser and Father Carey.

RETURN TO CHUCHOW.

One week later word came that the Cantonese had been driven out by the troops of Sun Chuan Fang and on Jan. 10th our missionaries returned to Chushow. Things were evidently quiet for the next few weeks for on Jan. 26th we received a cable from Father Fraser announcing the receipt of Mass Intentions that had been sent to Chuchow. Since then there has been severe fighting in the district and we have received no further word, but as the Cantonese have been definitely routed and driven back towards the province of Kiangsi we have every reason to believe that conditions at Chuchow are back to normal.

We request the prayers of our readers for the Church in China at this most critical time. Not since the Boxer rebellion have conditions been so desperate as they are in many parts of China to-day. The unimportance of Chuchow from a military point of view may account for its long continued immunity from the ravages of civil war that is sweeping over China and for the fact that war, when it did come, was of short duration. We have much to be thankful for to Divine Providence but we ask our readers to join with us during the Holy Season of Lent in a special crusade of prayer and penance for the welfare of the Church in the more afflicted districts of unhappy China.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

At first it may seem that the situation is discouraging, but such is by no means the case. The very ferocity of the enemies of the Church is but an indication of the success that has attended her efforts for souls. Of late, missionaries have been going in hundreds to the shores of China and the Catholic population of the country has doubled during the past twenty years. The devil is making a desperate stand—if we all play our part it will be a last stand—to halt the onward march of Christianity, but of the final outcome there cannot be the shadow of a doubt.

NEED THE HELP OF PRAYER.

Dear readers, now more than ever we need your assistance, especially the assistance of your prayers. No mere human effort will avail against the powers of the evil one in China, but you can ask and obtain for missionaries a spiritual power that will be irresistible. Right in your own home or in the quiet of your own little church or chapel, especially when you receive Our Dear Lord into your souls, you can render to brave heroic souls in China the assistance that will enable them to carry on for Christ. If the work grow harder and difficulties increase, then must we only redouble our efforts lest through fault of ours God's work be impeded and immortal souls be lost for whom Christ has suffered and died.

HOW TO PUT CHINA IN YOUR WILL

Form of Bequest

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY THE SUM OF $...................."

$250 will support a student in China Mission Seminary for a year.

$1,000 will pay for a student's entire course at China Mission Seminary.

$5,000 will found a PERPETUAL BURSE ON which, not one, but a chain of students will be educated for China—the MONUMENT of MONUMENTS to leave to your own or your dear ones' memory.

ANOTHER PRIEST FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

In the Blessed Sacrament Church, Ottawa, on the morning of Sunday, Feb. 6th, Rev. Wm. K. Amyot, son of Dr. and Mrs. Amyot, of Linden Terrace, Ottawa, was ordained to the Priesthood by His Grace Archbishop Sinnott of Winnipeg. Dr. Amyot, C.M.G., is Deputy Minister of Health for the Dominion of Canada and was recently made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, as a recognition by the French Government of his outstanding service to the allied armies during the world war. And his missionary son is now a member of a "Legion," illustrious in another sphere, the Foreign Legion of the Church of Christ.

Assisting His Grace in the Pontifical Mass of Ordination were the following:

Assistant priest, Rev. John J. O'Gormon, D.C.L., P.P., Blessed Sacrament Church; deacons of honor, Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, China Mission Seminary, and Rev. L. Curtin, St. Mary's, Ottawa; master of ceremonies, Rev. E. F. Bambrick, Blessed Sacrament; assisting Father Amyot, Rev. R. Beausejour, O.M.I., Ottawa Seminary; deacon of the Mass, Rev. E. A. Maloney; subdeacon, Rev. Martin Mooney. The following seminarians from St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, vested in copes, served as chaplains of mitre, crozier, book and candle: Messrs. J. Mulligan, W. Nevins, W. O'Neill, and D. Stringer, of China Mission Seminary; other seminarians serving at the Mass were Messrs. R. Neary, C. Foran, L. Williams, L. Reynolds and T. Kiggins.

Father Amyot is one of our "old guard," having been a student of both the college at Almonte and the seminary at Scarboro Bluffs. He will be a valuable acquisition to our seminary and will probably be engaged in campaign work until such time as the next band of missionaries is ready for China. To Dr. and Mrs. Amyot as well as to our young missionary, "CHINA" extends sincere congratulations.

REV. WM. K. AMYOT,

who was ordained to the Priesthood by His Grace Archbishop Sinnott, at Blessed Sacrament Church, Ottawa, February 6th.

A MEDICAL MISSION FOR CHUCHOW.

"CHINA" has just received the following letter which we commend to the attention of our readers.

Rev. Mr. Editor:

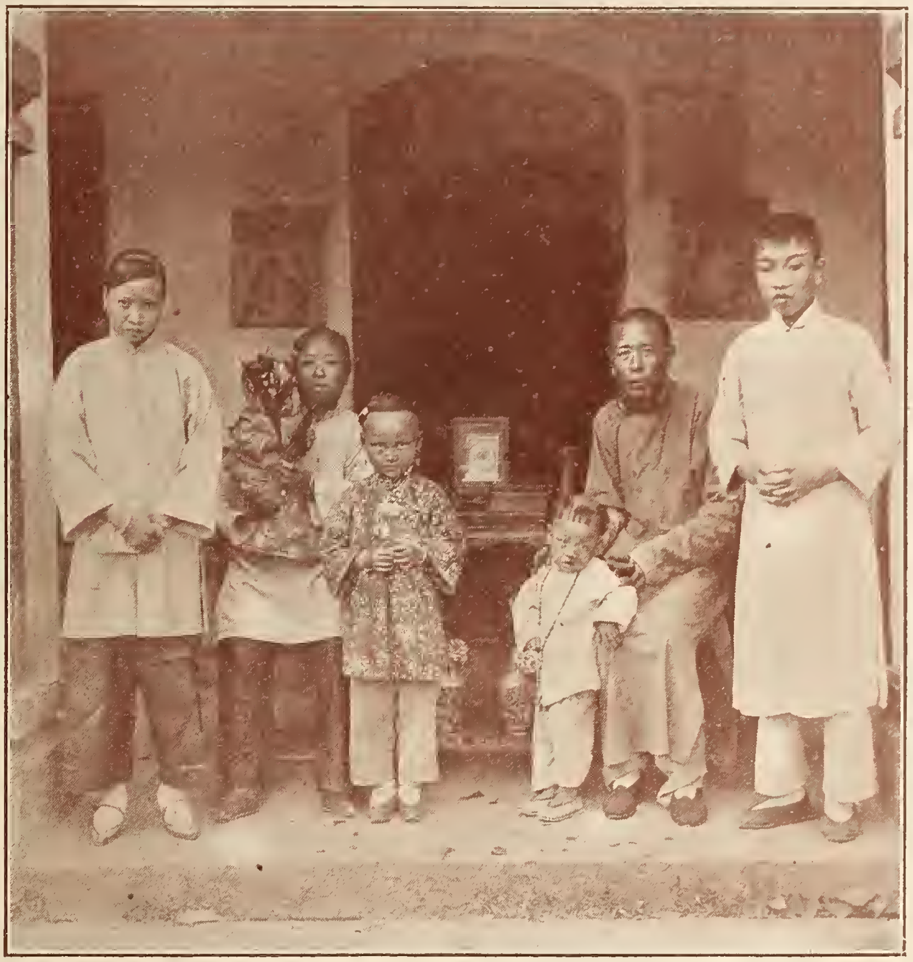
"I have five thousand dollars placed at my disposal for some good work in the Foreign Mission field. My first desire is to make this money the nucleus of a fund wherewith to found a small hospital in China. An additional twenty thousand would be needed. Possibly there are readers of your periodical who have a wish to co-operate in the founding of such an institution.

When the founder of Maryknoll on the Hudson first visited China, he was one day travelling in the interior and noticed a large building which was evidently not Chinese in style and had no indication of being Catholic. His curiosity led him to ring the bell at the front door and inquire what the institution was. He was invited, in English, to come in and see for himself. He found it to be a well-equipped hospital. After visiting the wards, he was invited to have a cup of tea in the parlor. Then it was that he asked the natural question: "Where are you people from?" The reply was: "We are from Toronto." The doctor and the nurses had gone from Toronto to give a few years of their lives to the service of the missions.

The newspapers tell us that a national feeling is growing rapidly in China. There was always racial feeling, and no doubt there was local or provincial patriotism; but the cry of "China for the Chinese" did not appeal very strongly to them. They did not think habitually of the nation as a whole and as something to fight for. Now their patriotism is becoming strictly national and an incidental effect will be a stronger antagonism to foreigners. In the interest of the Church we should now more than ever seek to benefit the Chinese in their natural needs of health, education, etc., as a means of making the appeal of faith more acceptable. This is what our Lord did, "going about doing good," healing the sick, restoring sight to the blind, etc. We cannot do this by miracle; at least, our missionaries cannot count on miracles often; but we can do it by generosity, placing at the disposal of missions the natural means of restoring health."

Amicus.

We do not know of a more opportune time to take steps for the eventual establishing of a hospital in our territory in Chuchow. Contributions to the fund will be gratefully received. Already our missionaries have writen of the necessity of such an institution in Chuchow.



A Christian family at Piwu Ka, in our district in China. The young woman was baptized by Father Fraser in September. Her husband (right) is blind, and if he had been born in a pagan family would not have been allowed to live.

THE STORY OF AN ALTAR CLOTH.

Some years ago, when Father Serra, away off in Spain, prepared for the Great Day of his Ordination, his mother purchased a fine piece of linen. From this she would fashion an alb, the finest that a mother's loving skill could produce, and on his "Great Day," not far distant, her son would sanctify it, by wearing it in the celebration of his first Mass. This was her loving plan, but "God's ways are not our ways," and He called her to Himself before her desire was fulfilled.

Father Serra said his First Mass robed in another alb ;nevertheless, the piece of linen had been strangely sanctified in his eyes. He claimed it as his own, and when he departed to join the Foreign Missions, singular as it may appear, he found room in his luggage for that hallowed treasure. It travelled with him across the Atlantic, the rolling plains of Canada, and the broad Pacific; up and down the hazardous peaks and valleys of the Orient, and was still with him after a five-day tramp into his first Mission parish of Lung-Chuan.

In arranging the chapel for Mass robed in another alb ; nevermay that the small altar cloth carried in his mission-box was too small. Then—oh, happy inspiration! His mother's treasured piece of linen was produced. To it, a piece of lace was added, and it covered the altar for his First Mass in his mission of Lung-Chuan.

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OUR
REPRESENTATIVE
WILL CALL

Very shortly you will receive a visit from Mr. Mite Box. May we ask in his behalf:

1—A Welcome?
2—A Place on the Mantel-piece?
3—The Odd Nickel or Dime?

THANK YOU!

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Father Serra's Arrival in Lungchuan

A Day of Joy for the Faithful Christians

REV. R. SERRA

There was great excitement among the Christians at Lung-Chuan. Word had come from Catholic headquarters in Chuchow that one of the missionary Fathers was coming to live permanently with them. Old and young; men, women, and tiny tots, took up the glad tidings and repeated and enlarged upon it. God had heard their prayers! The foreign priest would bring to them the Presence of that Great Guest Who would comfort all their sorrows and make bright their difficult and oft-times dismal lives. A special preparation must be made for the priest's coming, for this was an historical event. They knew it would take him five days to make the trip on foot and this time must be sufficient for their plans.

At last the eventful November day arrived. From early dawn the Christians were despatched towards the West at intervals, to intercept the missionary and escort him to the house wherein the reception was to be given. Each of them returned with a downcast countenance! Was the story of his coming a false alarm? Pious women pleaded silently with the good God not to disappoint them.

Meanwhile, Father Serra, the new parish priest, accompanied by a Seminarian "who is my interpreter, secretary, and Sacristan," entered the city on the east side and were puzzled because none of the people whom they met could direct them to the Catholic Church.

"At last," writes Father Serra, "we met a very kindly-looking man. He came forward eagerly when he heard our question, and to our delight we learned he was a Christian and to his delight he learned I was the missionary. With a quiet pride in manner, he escorted us to one of the grandest houses on the other side of the city. Such a welcome as we received! it would be hard to forget it! The house was gaily decorated with beautiful red silk drapings and many Chinese lanterns; every room was brightly trimmed and even the outside walls were specially whitened.

"After the reception and celebration we were shown the chapel and missionary headquarters. These were small and needed repairs, but we got busy and with the aid of a carpenter soon made our abode nice and comfortable.

"Then the 120 Christians crowded into my room eager to receive some spiritual comforts and implored me to hear their confessions. The dialect is slightly different from that in Chuchow, so I asked them to have patience for a few days until I made myself a little familiar with it, promising, however, if there were any urgent cases in danger of death, I would do my best to hear those confessions. These earnest Christians were not to be put off so easily. They had been deprived for such a long time of the consolations of our Holy Religion that they wanted to receive Our Dear Lord and to thank Him for bringing them the missionary."

To satisfy their longings, Father Serra was obliged to use an interpreter. The interpreter repeats the ten commandments and as each sin is mentioned, the penitent by pressure on the priest's hand tells whether the sin has been committed or not, and the number of times. "It was a great consolation for me to have one family who had not attended Church for three years among the first to approach Confession and Communion."

"Thanks to the prayers of our good friends in other parts, I am able to do something for these poor souls. I am now preparing two boys of 13 and 14 years of age, to serve Mass, and one of the Christians has petitioned me to have the enthronement of the Sacred Heart in his house. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be Our King and Our Guide."

WHAT PRICE HOCKEY!

Plows, shovels and willing workers enabled us to keep the rink in order for a record hockey season from December 2nd to March the ?

CHINA and THINGS CHINESE

In which are described many of the Chinese customs which strike us as unusual, as well as the difficulties of a newly-arrived missionary searching for "Home, Sweet Home" in China.

(By Rev. J. E. Venini).

"After our arrival in Wenchow," writes Father Venini, "we went to visit the hospital which, while not to be compared with St. Michael's, is a godsend for us. There is a French doctor in attendance and they have a fine little operating room.

Nearly all the Sisters speak English. Sister Mary is English and she told us a number of her experiences in visiting the villages, prisons, etc. She, like myself, has lost all faith in germs, at least here in China. She told us of one case of a man in prison afflicted with black smallpox. None of the other inmates caught the disease and the afflicted man himself recovered; and in a Chinese prison which is a place horrible beyond description!

Native Cures.

Sister Mary has quite a lot of faith in the Chinese custom of puncturing sick people with needles to cure them. She told us of one case in particular, a person stricken with cholera and whom she pronounced beyond all hope of recovery. The native doctor was called. He passed his dirty needle under his tongue and pierced each finger and toe of the sick person for the distance of about an inch, under the nails. When the blood which the needle drew was black and thick it was a bad sign, but when it came red the person was saved. Sometimes they pierce the forehead also and behind the ears, the doctor(?) passing the needle under his tongue after each incision. Some sterilization!

The Chinese are very anxious to take lots of medicine. One doctor will prescribe several glasses of some dope. If the patient does not feel better he will call another doc. who will prescribe several glasses of some other concoction, and so on.

A Family Affair.

She also gave us an idea of the local view of justice. A man living near the convent murdered another man. Was he hanged? Certainly not. He simply paid the sum required by the murdered man's relatives and all was O.K. Another day she was visiting the prison. She spoke to the guards about a miserable looking wretch lying in the filth in his chains. She asked them to do something for him but they told her he was alright. He was a murderer but had only murdered two of his brothers and would be set free in a couple of months. A sort of little family affair!

Well Provided For.

We could have listened to Sister for a long time, but time was precious so we had to say good-bye. They fixed up our lunch baskets for us: roast duck and pork, head cheese, bread, cocoa, condensed milk, fruit, etc., enough to last us for our long three-day journey to Chuchow. Our two-wheeled limousines (rickshaws) called for us at about nine o'clock.

Farming Under Difficulties.

The streets (?) here are public in the full sense of the word. A great number of the people had their grain out to dry. It was spread on large straw mats which covered the whole roadway, and they didn't have to be very large to do that. The rickshaws simply plowed their way through and over everything. Each one carries a bell. You can imagine the din and confusion with the clanging of the bells and the shouting and yelling of the sweating coolies. Some picnic! Henry Ford should manufacture a two-wheeled flivver for Chinese cities.

All Aboard.

We finally reached out boat, whole and entire, at least externally. The "Xavier" lay high and dry in the mud about twelve feet above the watermark. True to Chinese custom, the boatman had to go and buy something just as we arrived, though he had been lying idle here for nearly two days. He came back after the best part of an hour and we managed to persuade him to push the boat down the mud into the water rather than wait two perfectly good hours for the tide to reach the boat. What a relief to get out into the middle of the river, dirty as it was, and to feel that at least we had a certain amount of privacy and quiet.

The river narrows considerably after leaving Wenchow and at times the mountains come to the very edge of the water. The mountains are very bare, with only a few tiny long needle pines struggling for an existence. About three, it was a little cooler, so Father Carey and I decided to get out and stretch our legs. The natives have every available foot of ground divided out into rice fields though at present every one seemed to have beans planted. It is terrible soil, washed practically every year by the floods which rise to a fearful height in those narrow gorges.

Astray.

We got along famously as long as we kept in sight of the river, but the road zig-zags all over the place. We passed through many villages, each one an exact replica of the last. Finally we began to wonder where the river was. Father Carey questioned many of the natives in his best Chinese, and we succeeded in getting back after much detouring. It was getting dark by this time and there is practically no twilight here, at least at this time of the year. Once the sun drops behind the mountains the night is not long in coming. We didn't know what to do. On only one thing were we decided and that was that we were not going to pass the night in a Chinese inn. Anywhere but there! Luckily it wasn't very cold, for Father Carey had a bad cold and I was travelling light, a pair of shoes, trousers and my Facisti shirt. They might have taken me for Mussolini himself.

On to Ching-di.

We finally came to the conclusion that the only thing to do was to push on to Ching-di, the first residence in our mission, as it was now already dusk and all the boats had pulled to the shore for the night. We gathered from the natives that Ching-di was about fifteen li or five miles away. Up hill and down, along the edge of the precipice, through lovely bamboo groves, across the bare fields that crazy path led us and we thought that it would never end. We were stepping right out, too, because we didn't want to arrive too late at the city gate and perhaps be shot for bandits.

An Unexpected Arrival.

However, all roads come to an end, and with a sigh of relief we passed under the city gate of Ching-di. We were soon at the residence where we found the catechist and a number of his friends. Father Carey gave him a card and introduced us. He was not expecting us till the following day, but he got his better half busy and soon had the table covered with many steaming dishes of things unnameable.

"Some Hae Meat."

In spite of a ravenous hunger, I couldn't go them. My stomach had been turning somersaults since we left Ningpo. I thought of the many books I had read of how the missionaries here had lived just like the Chinese. Well, I don't know whether they did it on their first night out here, but if they did, well, they were certainly more mortified than I am. Of course, chop sticks were the only weapons available. We made an attempt to eat if only to show our appreciation of the catechist's kindness. Our first supper a la Chinese over but not down, we were presented with the customary towel to bathe our sweating brows.

No "Bed of Roses."

There are several rooms in this house, but rooms only. It will take quite a lot of fixing. There happened to be a couple of bedsteads and we spent the night looking for the soft spots in the boards. The bottom of the bed is of boards on which is spread a straw mat. On this you put one part of your comforter and cover yourself with the other. We are used to it now, though I thought I had lumbago for the first few days. It is quite a process wearing the corners off your bones.

The "Xavier" Arrives.

Next Day:

No Mass this morning as all our kits are in the boat which hasn't arrived yet. We went down to the beach in the hope that they might have arrived and walked down stream a couple of miles, but no sign of them. We returned to the residence and managed to break our fast. They procured some duck eggs for us. They were quite fishy but at least were untouched, on the inside anyway. About ten o'clock Father Morrison came strolling up to the house. The catechist brought out the same viands for the third time and Father M. made quite a dint in them. He is quite acclimatized by now.

Pagan Boatmen.

Breakfast over we soon had the "Xavier" again under way and favored by a strong breeze we made pretty good time. The boatmen were all pagans with the exception of one. It was curious to hear their queer calls to the god of the winds to send them favorable breeze. Father Morrison spoke to them about Christianity. One fellow replied that he didn't know anything about God but that he liked the devil because he had helped him several times in answer to his prayers.

Camping Out.

We arrived at a lovely sandy beach just at dusk and the men pulled in for the night together with a number of other boats. They soon had their little pots of rice steaming and they scooped it up with gusto. Rice and a few vegetables—this is their only food. We took a stroll on the beach before returning to our cabins. There were a number of empty boats alongside ours, so I pitched my tent in one of them." Father Venini then describes the remainder of the journey upsteam. We shall resume the narrative where he left the "Xavier" to "foot it" to Chuchow.

(Continued on page 43)

Encouraging Letter From Father Morrison

Catholic Mission,
Yunhwo, Dec. 29, 1926.

I am sending you some news of our Yunhwo mission. If the other missions are anything like mine, from a material standpoint, the work that lies ahead of our future missionaries will not be easy. But, after all, that is what we want and our work will be a happy one in spite of hardships. We have nothing to fear. The people of Canada always respond nobly to our appeals and the Lord is with our work.

There is a great movement towards the Church here and we must be prepared to meet it. I have a splendid catechist and the people are coming here every day, taking instructions. The number of catechumens also has increased so that in a year from now our present quarters will be inadequate. So we must hope for the best from our friends in Canada.

It is very cold here and I can write only between eleven and three, when we have the sun.

Best wishes to all,
Vincent Morrison.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found an appeal for Yunhwo Mission. It is the poorest of our districts and up to the present Father Morrison's only place of abode is one windowless room, with damp mud floor. We feel that our readers will come to the rescue of the genial pastor of Yunhwo.

My First Christmas in China

By Rev. Vincent Morrison, Yunhwo

> **"It was Christmas afternoon and I was in a reflective mood. I wandered among the tombs in a Chinese graveyard and sat down by one of them to rest. I said to myself . . . "**
> **Well—what would you say to yourself?**

A week before Christmas a delegation of the Christians came to me and requested permission to decorate the chapel and the parlor for the Christmas Mass celebration. I readily consented as they were to do the decorating themselves and buy all the necessary articles. So for the week preceding Christmas there was great work going on in the chapel and parlor.

Like to Bethlehem.

It is truly wonderful what they can do with a few rolls of paper. They make beautiful scrolls, cut the paper in the form of a rose and paint it whatever color they want. Then their lanterns and candles shining through the paper make a beautiful effect. The poor little shack of a Chapel which comes the closest to the Stable of Bethlehem I have ever seen, was transformed into a glow of brilliant light, which resembled the glory which shone around our Blessed Lord at Bethlehem, on the night of his Nativity. The Catechumens who were attending instruction also assisted the Christians in the work of decorating the Chapel.

Hearing Confessions.

On the afternoon of Christmas Eve, the Christians, with their bags and bedding, began arriving at the chapel. Then began the work of hearing all their confessions. This was the second time I heard confession, the first being at the boys of the school in Chu Chow. It took me three hours straight, and I was nearly frozen stiff, as it was very cold and there was no fire in the place. At eight o'clock they began the prayers and these, together with an instruction from the Catechist, and the singing of the hymns, occupied them until ten o'clock, at which hour I administered the Holy Sacrament of Baptism to thirteen catechumens. All but one took the name of the apostles, and he a venerable old man of sixty winters, took the name of St. Aloysius for his patron.

I reminded them afterwards that they should be real apostles, like those of old, spreading the faith, and bringing their countrymen into the true Church. They were very happy and on this blessed night they adored the true God as Christians for the first time.

Pagans Present.

At twelve o'clock, I began the mass, and the choir which was assisted by an organ borrowed for the occasion from the High School, sang and prayed during the mass. Thirty-four received Holy Communion, including the newly baptized Christians. After communion I, for the first time, preached in Chinese. Needless to say I received close attention. All eyes were fixed on the preacher. I wished them all a happy Christmas. I congratulated the new Christians and praised the old ones for their zeal in decorating the chapel. A great number of pagans were looking on and, pointing my finger at them, I told them that now was the time of their redemption, to come to the Catholic Church, and learn about the important business of saving their immortal souls. After mass I distributed leaflets to them setting forth the true doctrine, and let us hope and pray that some day they all will be in the true fold.

The second mass of Thanksgiving followed, after which all repaired to the parlor, where rice was served in Chinese fashion. When all had eaten, they unpacked their bedding, spread it out on the floor, and soon were fast asleep.

Christmas Morning.

On Xmas morning, I read the mass at eight o'clock with the little chapel again full of Christians. After mass, I sang the Adeste Fidelis, which was heard for the first time in this part of China. The Christians got together again and the newly baptized gave a banquet to their godfathers, and they presented me with a chicken which tasted up to the mark.

A Walk in the Mountains.

To-day, Christmas, was a beautiful sunny day, and I took advantage of it for a long walk in the morning and the afternoon. Outside of our little chapel, there is nothing here to remind one of the season of Christmas. No decorations, no friendly greetings nor Merry Christmas, but instead, everybody going about his daily business.

In the morning, I climbed the highest peak of the mountains surrounding Yunhwo and the view was simply enchanting. I could see the well-laid-out fields with the farmers busily engaged in plowing and sowing their seed. They were wondering what the foreigner wanted on top of that

(Continued on page 43)

OUR LITTLE MISSIONARIES

FROM HALIFAX—A WELCOME MESSAGE.

College Street School,
Halifax, Jan. 11, 1927.

Dear Reverend Father:—

Excitement ran high during the weeks preceding Christmas, while preparations were being made for our "Mammoth Fair" in aid of the Chinese Missions. Every minute was spent soliciting donations and stocking up for the great event of Christmas week. Never did vacation fly so quickly. We rose bright and early Thursday and spent the morning decorating and arranging the booths. From two to eight we eagerly served those who came to patronize our good work and spent the intervals calling up and reminding our friends of the great event. We went to bed very tired but very happy at the result of our efforts.

We beg to offer, with our fifty-five dollars, our best wishes that this New Year may be a very fruitful one for the Missions. We are only little boys of Grade VII, but we love to help in the good cause, and we pray that some of our number will one day hear and answer the call, "Come ye also into my vineyard." Perhaps, dear Reverend Father, you will keep us in mind while at the Altar. We hope that your New Year may be made a little bit brighter by the offering of

Your enthusiastic helpers,
Grade VII Boys,
College Street School.

Alban Murphy, Sec.

LENT AND THE MITE-BOX.

China Mission Mite Box

A LENTEN VISITOR

Johnny Mite Box is packing up. Don't be surprised if he drops in to see you one of these fine days. And just between ourselves he does like a place beneath the clock.

Boys of Grade 7, College St. School, Halifax, N.S., who organized a "mammoth Fair" in aid of the missions. Upper picture (left to right)—W. Redmond, Alban Murphy, T. Murphy, Francis McDonald, Gregory Murphy.

BOYS AND GIRLS!

Could you use a watch?

Would a Fountain Pen (with 14K. gold nib and iridium point) be acceptable?

For a limited time "CHINA" is able to offer these two splendid premiums for securing subscriptions.

If you are interested in the watch, see page 46.

The Fountain Pen may be had for obtaining only five new subscriptions for "CHINA" at 50 cents a year.

Send us the names and addresses of your new subscribers together with postal or money order for the amount, made payable to CHINA MISSION SEMINARY. The watch or pen will be forwarded immediately.

Sample copies of CHINA sent upon request.

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TEASERS.

Why are cowardly soldiers like tallow candles?
Because when they are exposed to fire they run.

What coat is finished without buttons and is put on wet?
A coat of paint.

What is it the less we make the more we save?
Steps.

What has four eyes and can't see?
Mississippi.

What is a put-up job?
Wall paper.

How would you express in one word that you had met a doctor of medicine?
Metaphysician.

Why is a person who never lays a wager as bad as a regular gambler?
Because he is no better.

What makes time fly?
The spur of the moment, of course.

Watch out for Johnny Mite-Box.

CHINA AND THINGS CHINESE.

(Continued from page 40)

"About ten o'clock I deserted the ship to try my luck ashore. After about an hour's useless scrambling along the rocks in a vain attempt to find the road, I waited for the Xavier" to come up and crossed to the other side. Here I had better luck and after ending up several times in a cross word puzzle of Chinese yards, I found myself back at the river again only a few minutes above where I had left the boat. The Chuchow road crosses the river here and it was just my luck to leave the boat a few minutes too soon. A little lad of about six years acts as ferryman. The Xavier passed me as I was being ferried across, but once on the right path I soon left it behind. The land is a little more arable here and there are large tracts along the river.

Variety of Fruits.

I saw cotton growing for the first time in my life. I noticed cherry, peach, pear and chestnut trees. There is also a curious tree bearing a nut resembling very much our hickory nut. Inside the husk there are two or three white kernels covered with a waxy substance which the natives use to make candles. I passed under the shadow of a large pagoda built on a high rock and at the foot of which is a large pagan monastery now falling to ruins and deserted. It must have been an important place when occupied.

In Difficulties.

I began to wander after I had gone a considerable distance and questioned the natives, simply repeating Chu-Chow. I followed their directions and finally one old fellow who was building some kind of shack in the fields turned me at right angles. I took his word for it and shortly after struck a pretty big road of cobble stones about two feet wide. I almost imagined I was back at Delebio again. I followed this "highway" and finally with a sigh of relief reached the city walls and gate. It was Chuchow right enough but where was our compound? I espied an armories nearby so I entered and asked the guard in perfectly good English where the Catholic Mission was. A blank stare was the only reply. He called some officials and soon I was surrounded by about ten of them. 'Do you speak English?' 'Parlate Italiano?' 'Parlez-vous Francais?' Nothing doing, and they all started to laugh heartily. I resorted to the figure language and sketched on a cigarette box what I intended for a Church with a high steeple. It was only when I drew a cross on the steeple that they understood what I wanted and pointed the direction for me to follow.

"Home" at Last.

I had only walked a few moments when I caught the welcome view of the cross-topped steeple and I was not long in reaching the compound. Deo Gratias! Father Fraser and Father Serra were there and after a little prayer of thanksgiving I sat down to a hearty supper. Believe me, it was great to get one's feet under a table again. The others arrived shortly afterwards and it was a most enjoyable reunion that took place in far-away Chuchow."

MY FIRST CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 41)

mountain. They thought I was looking for gold, but I said, "No." Then I told them that I was looking for a place to make a grave.

"Oh, no," they said. "We will not allow a foreigner to be buried on our mountains."

"All right," I replied. "I will not trouble you," and I went away, leaving them wondering.

In the afternoon, I was in a reflective mood. I wandered among the tombs in a Chinese graveyard and sat down by one of them to rest. I said to myself:

"Here is the grave of a Chinaman who must have died before any of us were born!" The stones were moss grown, the tombstone fallen and the inscription illegible. Who he was or what his "honorable business," I cannot tell. And a hundred years from now someone will come to my grave and, perhaps, find it in a similar condition. They may ask, "Who was the man and what was his honorable business?" Who will be able to give an answer?

Gloomy reflections! you will say, for the joyous season of Christmas. Perhaps they are. I could not but give way to them as I thought of myself all alone in Yunhwo, surrounded by pagans steeped in idolatry and devil worship. To me, through Divine Providence, is entrusted the staggering task of converting them to the true faith. A feeling almost of panic came over me as I thought of my own littleness and helplessness against the power of the Evil One in China. "But the weak things God hath chosen to confound the strong." I took courage in the realization that Divine Omnipotence itself is the succor of the faithful missionary. And as I finished my musings, the cawing of the crows and the shrill shriek of the mountain eagle brought me back to earth.

On the way home, I sang the "Adeste Fidelis" and felt very happy. And just as the sun was setting behind the mountains I had climbed in the morning, I entered the premises of the mission. I had spent my first Christmas in China, far from home and kindred, but ever knowing that those at home will often breathe a prayer both for myself and those entrusted to my care. Little did I think one year ago, while celebrating Christmas with Father Forget, of St. Patrick's, Vancouver, that a year hence I would be here in Yunhwo, preaching to the Christians and baptizing. How little we know, after all, of what the future has in store.

Don't Say "Chinaman"

When you are speaking of having your laundry done, don't say "I'll send it to the Chinaman." Whenever you have anything to say regarding a subject of the one-time celestial empire remember that he is not a "Chinaman" but a "Chinese." Did you ever hear anybody speak of an "Africaman" or an "Englandman" or a "Franceman"?

A Barbarous Compound.

"It is a matter of surprise, and even more of regret," writes Arthur H. Smith, in his "Chinese Characteristics," that this barbarous compound seems to have rooted itself in the English language to the exclusion of the proper word Chinese. We do not know of a foreign periodical in China in which natives of that country are not constantly called "Chinamen," nor of a single writer in the Empire who consistently avoids the use of the term."

Nonsense

"*A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men*"

Wrong.

Tom: "Hello, George. Why, I see you've been to Chicago."

George: "Oh, no. That's just a moth hole."

And Uncle Changed His Will.

"Uncle Robert, when does your football team play?"

"Football team? What do you mean, my boy?"

"Why, I heard father say that when you kicked off we'd be able to afford a big automobile."

Carried No Spare.

Brown, apologetically: "Well, my dear, there's one thing. You can't accuse me of being two-faced."

Mrs. Brown: "Certainly not. If you were you wouldn't be wearing the face you have."

Didn't Matter.

"I met Tom to-day, Nellie," said Jean. Tom was the man Nellie had refused.

"Did you tell him I was married?" asked Nellie eventually.

"Yes."

"And did he seem sorry?"

"Yes." He said he was sorry, although he didn't know the man personally."

Disastrous.

Agent: "Why don't you advertise?"

Village Grocer: "No, I did once and it pretty near ruined me."

"How was that?"

"People came in and bought near all the stuff I had."

Perfectly Safe.

The Daughter: Marry that rich old fool? Why, I'd die first!

Her Modern Mother: Nonsense, my dear! He's not as strong as he looks.

No Wonder.

The captain and his chief engineer, tired of endlessly debating which the ship could the more easily dispense with, decided to change places for a day.

The chief engineer ascended to the bridge and the skipper dived into the engine-room.

After a couple of hours the captain appeared on deck covered with oil.

"Chief," he called, "you'll have to come down here at once. I can't make her go."

"Of course you can't," said the chief. "She's ashore."

Hope for the Best.

At the grave of the departed, an old darky pastor stood hat in hand. Looking into the abyss he delivered himself of the funeral oration:

"Samuel Johnson," he said, sorrowfully, "you is gone. An' we hopes you is gone where we 'spects you ain't."

Would Like to Know.

Weary diner in a Toronto restaurant to manager:

"I don't wish to appear too curious, but as a matter of general interest, sir, could you tell me if the waiter who took my order left a very large family?"

About Time.

A stranger entered a church in the middle of the sermon and seated himself in the back row. After a while he began to fidget. Leaning over to the white-haired man at his side, he whispered:

"How long has he been preaching?"

"Thirty or forty years, I think," the old man answered. "I don't know exactly."

"I'll stay, then," decided the stranger. "He must be nearly done."

A Stranger.

Two Ulsterme nattended a concert at which a vocalist rendered "The Bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee." When the singer came to the line, "Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can," one of them turned to the other and said, "I know Philip McCann all right, but who the deuce is this Philip McCupp?"

By Far.

Chemistry Professor: "What can you tell me about nitrates?" Student: "Well—er—they are a lot cheaper than day rates."

A Veteran.

Mrs. Baggs: "I hear your son is going to get married; I do hope he will be lucky."

Mrs. Jaggs: "Bless yer kind 'eart, he'll be all right, he came through the Great War without a scratch.."

Very Old.

He sat in his chair at the end of a busy day.

"Are there any fashions in that paper, Jack?" asked his wife, anxious to borrow his newspaper.

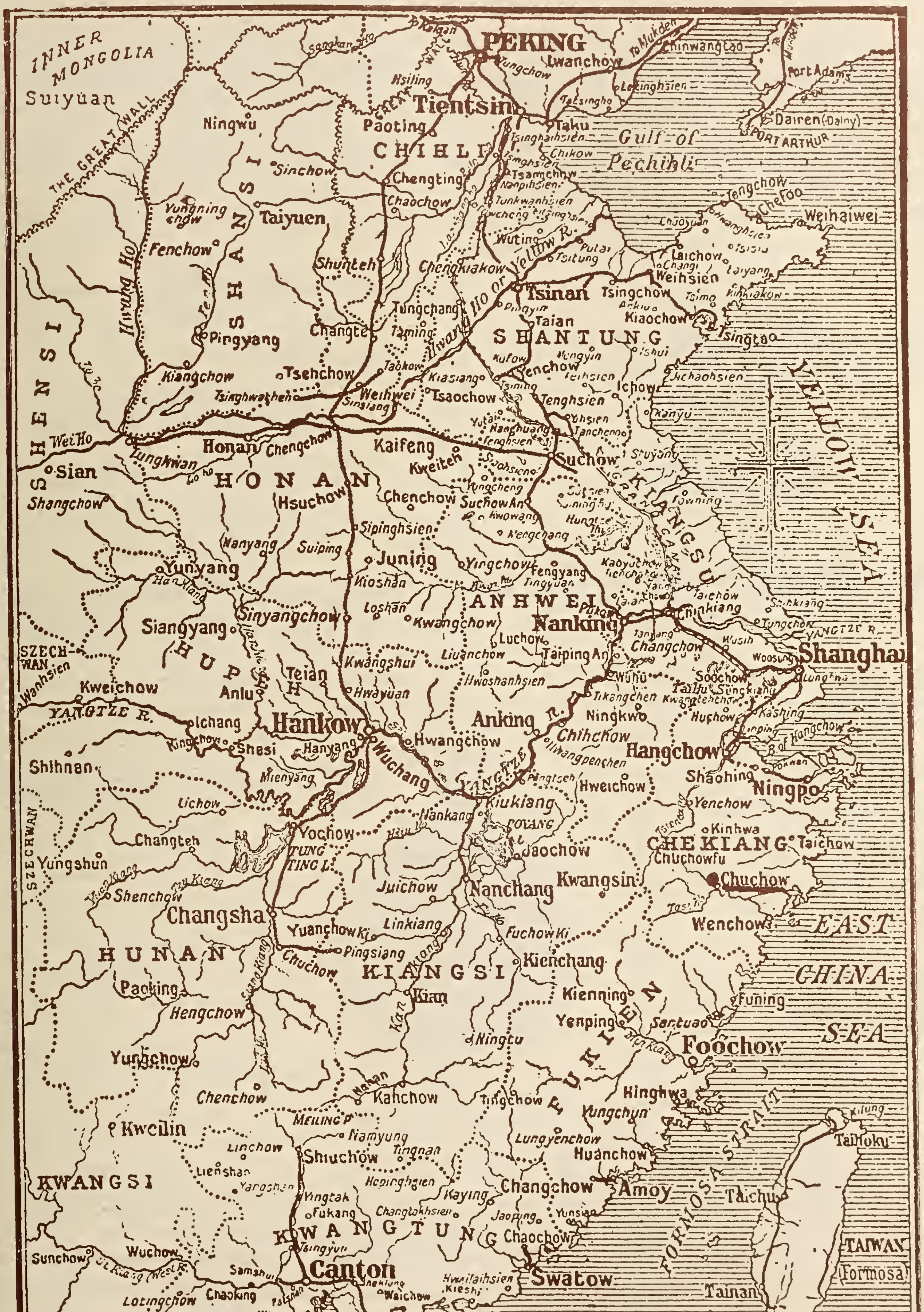
"Yes, but they're quite out of date, dear. It's this morning's paper."

The Real Thing.

Hostess: "Mr. Macpherson, would you like something Scotch—the real thing?" Macpherson: "Well, that's awfully good of you—" Hostess: "Of course, you would. Mary, bring out that pot of Dundee marmalade."

Sure Remedy.

"How can I keep my mince pies free from juvenile raids?" asks the mother of a large family. "Lock the pantry door and place the key under the soap in the boys' bedroom," is my advice.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Reference to the above map, which we publish through the courtesy of the Montreal Daily Star, will enable our readers to judge the proximity of our mission district to the troubled areas in China. Our district is the Chuchow, situated between Wenchow and Ningpo.

ATTENTION!

Our readers will probably have noticed that the expiry date of the subscription to CHINA is not printed on the wrapper or the paper. Some have told us that they do not know at times just how they stand in regard to their subscription. We prefer to notify our readers privately as to how their subscription stands, and in the course of the next few weeks YOU will be notified if your subscription has already expired or will expire soon. We would deem it a favor if you would attend to your renewal to CHINA promptly upon receipt of this notice. The subscription price of the paper—50 CENTS A YEAR—scarcely pays the cost of publication, and we feel that we are not asking too much in requesting you to kindly keep your subscription up to date.

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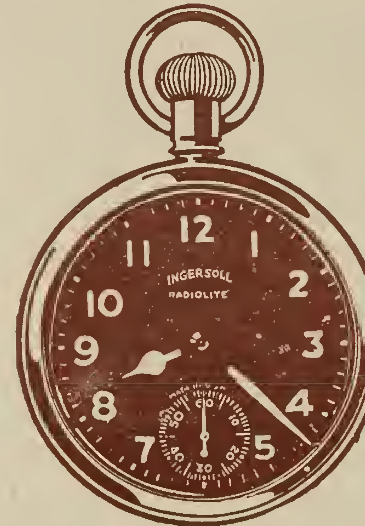

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HORRORS UNKNOWN.

Outside World Knows Nothing of Ghastly Horrors of Famine in China.

From the letters of American and English missionaries who shared with the Chinese the horrors of siege and starvation, we learn something of the story of conditions in Sianfu during its seven months' siege last year. Nowhere else in the world could such an appalling disaster take place and receive such little attention and sympathy from the rest of the world. Here are some of the facts that have recently been brought to the notice of an uninterested Western world.

The city's food began to run low in September, and during the last six weeks from 500 to 700 dead were found on the streets every morning—people who had succumbed to starvation. There were no coffins, all of the wood having been used for fuel, so the burial squad, weak themselves from hunger, tottered about and wrapped the dead in matting before burial.

Oil bean cakes, weighing about twenty pounds, which in normal times are considered fit only for fertilizing, and then sell for the equivalent of 22 cents each, American money, were selling as high as $50, American money, before the city was relieved. Wheat, which even the rich bought only in ounces, sold for $1,000 gold per 100-pound measure. Meat, except human flesh, had been unprocurable for the last six weeks. Dried weeds sold for $40 per 20 pounds, and were cooked and eaten.

During the seven months' siege some 20,000 people perished of starvation, one of the most appalling death tolls on record. It finds a parallel only in the great earthquake that occurred a few years ago in inland China when, according to the Chinese, "the mountains walked," wiping out some hundreds of thousands of lives. Was ever such a land of sorrow and disaster!

PRAY FOR CHINA!

CONTRIBUTIONS.

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations, received from Dec. 15th to Feb. 15th:

College St. School, Halifax, towards St. Madeline Sophie Burse, $105; St. Joseph's Church, Toronto, $100; Miss Elizabeth Keenan, $100; Mr. John P. Lyons, $100; Friend, Charlottetown, $100; Mr. David Farr, $67.50; Proceeds of Party, St. Andrew's West, Ont., $56; Friend, St. John, N.B., $50; Mr. W. H. McNabb, $50; Mission Box, St. Joseph's Parish, Kentville, per Rev. A. R. Donohoe, $40; Sacred Heart School, Sturgeon Falls, Ont., per Rev. J. Thecuyer, P.P., $32; Rev. M. Meagher, $27; St. Anthony's School, Junior Unit, C.C.S.M.C., Toronto, $25.56; Mr. Thos. Britt, $25; Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax, for St. Madeline Sophie Barat Burse, $25; Friend, Renfrew, $25; M. L., Renfrew, Ont., $25; Mite Box and proceeds of concert, St. Edward's School, Westport, $25; Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. C. McLean, $25; Mr. J. M. Dooley, In Thanksgiving, $25; Separate School, Renfrew, Ont., $22.30; Joseph Winkelried, $21; Sacred Heart School, Sault Ste. Marie, $21; D. Cherrier, $20; Miss Minnie Byrne, $17; Children of Bay Roberts Parish, Nfld., $16.90; Mite-Box, St. Joseph's Convent, Charlottetown, $16.50; Rev. J. J. Garvey, $15; Senior Division, Commercial School, Hamilton, $15; Boys of St. Mary's School, Hamilton, $16; Friend, Sault Ste. Marie, $12.97; Sister M. of St. Irma, St. Raphael's West, $12.15; St. Rita's School, Toronto, $12; Mt. Carmel Convent, New Waterford, $12; Mr. W. Scott, $11; St. Enda's Circle, Toronto, $11; Rev. Chas. J. McLaughlin, $10.65; Mite-Box, Mrs. R. T. McGrath, $10.20.

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Proceeds of Concert, Junior Sodality, Sacred Heart Church, Peterboro, $6.25; Sisters of Charity, Glace Bay, $6.50; St. Martin's School, Toronto, $7.30; Rev. L. P. Theriault, $8; Presentation Convent, St. John's, Nfld., $8; Mr. and Mrs. McGriskin, $5.50; Friends, Nfld., $7; Clement Sutherland, $6; St. Augustine's Parish, Wilcox, Sask., $6.55: Rev. Morgan O'Brien, $6; Pupils of St. Columban's Convent School, Cornwall, $7: Miss Mary Hoskin, $5.50; James A. O'Halloran, $5.50; M. T. and A. C. Musgrave, $5.50; Michael Vice, $6.50; Sister M. Pius, $7.50; Mr. Jos. Benning. $6; Miss Sarah O'Hare and Father, $7; St. Joseph's Convent, Mabou, $5.15; Mrs. Dr. Duffy, $5.50: Miss Frances C. Webb. $6; Martin C. Melanson, $7; Children of St. Joseph's Sunday School, Kemptville, $7.

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Others gave smaller amounts which we are unable to publish this month through lack of space.

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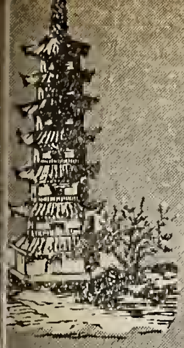

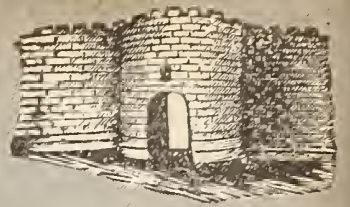

CHINA

BOYS WILL BE BOYS!

APRIL SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. 1927

VOL. VIII CHINA NO. 4

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MRS. OR MISS

Very often we do not know which to put on our stencil, as there is nothing to indicate which it should be. Will our lady friends kindly make this clear.

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Where Help is Sorely Needed

Our Mission at Yunhwo is greatly in need of your assistance

From a spiritual point of view the letters from Father Morrison, pastor of Yunhwo, are most encouraging. There is a great movement towards the Church in this newly-opened parish in our district in China but the Church buildings are in a deplorable condition.

There is No Mission Residence
The Small Mission Oratory is in Ruins

Up to the present Father Morrison has been living in one room, with no windows, with a damp mud floor, and with cracked walls almost ready to tumble down at any moment.

"If I had $2,000.00," he writes, "I would be able to make a great start here. It would build a Church, residence and school. We will have to buy the adjoining property, which can be had very cheap."

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Can you afford any one of these four? If not, please send whatever you can afford. Your assistance just now will mean a great deal for souls in China.

Entered as second-class matter and accepted for mailing at special rate of postage at the post-office, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., July 10th, 1924.

EDITORIAL PAGE
CHINA
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SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.
Editor - Rev. Wm. C. McGrath

The Situation in Chuchow

PERHAPS you have stood, on a stormy day, on a cliff overlooking the ocean and watched the mighty "combers" roll in from the heaving bosom of the angry Atlantic. Nothing, it would seem, can stand before them as on they come, wave after wave hurling its seething, roaring mountain of waters against the grim, unyielding shore. High into the cliffs the foaming masses toss, but with fury spent and effort unavailing baffled they fall into the maelstrom of swirling waters that roar and thunder on the rocks below. And you know, as you watch that the battle can have but one ending. You know that the storm will spend its useless fury as it has so often done before. The morrow will come and the sun will shine and once more rugged cliffs will hurl their sullen, contemptuous defiance at the treacherous dancing waters that fawn and sparkle at their feet. Father Cain has given us the song of the waves in his "Sermon of the Sea." One thing they are crying, he says, as wave after wave rolls on: "We must conquer or we must die." But we know they shall not conquer. Vanquished ever will they die.

STORMS OF PERSECUTION.

Have you ever glanced over the pages of history and brought to mind the pictures of the furious storms of hatred and persecution that in successive ages have launched their feeble attacks against the Church of Christ! Calmly, resignedly, with Christ-like pity for erring, misguided souls, she has stood while waves of persecution rolled madly in from the ocean of human hatred and diabolical despair. At times it would seem they had almost conquered. At times she would seem engulfed in the deadly torrents of persecution, but solid and immovable she has ever withstood their attacks till, like the waters of the angry ocean, helpless and defeated they have fallen at her feet. And conquer they shall not while Christ is with His Church. Vanquished ever will they die.

THEY WILL NOT LEARN.

Where now are her persecutors of ages past? What has become of their power that made strong men tremble and anxious mothers grow pale! What of the Neros and the Diocletians, men whose puny lives were spent in the consuming fury of impotent hatred! The Church still lives. They have not conquered. Defeated they have died. Alas, for the folly of wicked men! Will they never learn their lesson? In Mexico, in Russia, in China to-day there are those who would fain drown out every vestige of Christianity in a deluge of martyrs' blood. Fools! blind, unreasoning fools who will not learn from the tragic lessons of the past! As we look down the pages of the Church's history and think of the helpless fury of the storms that have buffeted her brow, we know, even as when we watched the angry ocean, that the present battle can have but one ending. The morrow will come and the sun will shine and sorrowful even in her victory, the spouse of Christ will pray, even as He Himself prayed from the Cross of Calvary, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

THE CHURCH IN CHINA.

What of the future of the Church in China! In places to-day the demon of persecution is rearing its hideous head. We have much to be thankful for in that our district has been spared the horrors of continued civil war, but in many parts less fortunate, the suffering of priests and sisters has been great. Maddened by the thought of the outrages of the past, courageous in the strength of a newly-awakened nationalism, the Chinese people are rising from their helpless slumber of the ages. Anti-foreign feeling is running high and at times an agitated people will not discriminate between foreigner and foreigner. With the Catholic Church the Chinese people have no quarrel. For the Catholic Church and for the heroic priests and nuns who have done so much, and at such sacrifice for them, the Chinese people as a whole entertain a grateful respect. But a few short months ago, in the war-infested city of Hanyang, a delegation of Chinese people, Christian and pagan, called at the Irish Mission, with tablets engraved to commemorate the heroism of an Irish Christian Brother who had saved the lives of thousands during the terrible siege of Wuchang. But yet, there are those who do not stop to reason, those who are ready to follow the only leaders they know and to whom they look for deliverance from the foreign yoke. And if those leaders and advisers, whose hands are dripping with the blood of the nobility of their own country, spare no pains to stir up against the Church in China some of the diabolical hatred that fills their own hearts, it is they and not the Chinese people who are to blame.

A MISGUIDED PEOPLE.

Let us make no mistake about it! The Chinese are a gentle people, a lovable people, a people trained by centuries of reverence for authority and of a refinement peculiarly their own. They cannot be converted overnight to the mentality of "Red" murderers in whose savage breasts burns hatred for religion and morality and everything that is sacred in our civilization. The Russians are right. They know their real enemy, know that if they are to be successful in tearing down, the world over, the results of centuries of civilization, they must dispose of the Catholic Church. And even the gentlest people, provoked to madness by the realization of cruel abuse and heartless exploitation, may lose themselves for a while and vent their hatred upon the innocent as well as the guilty. But not for long. The Chinese people know who have been their benefactors. They know who have saved them in their hundreds of thousands from the horrors of famine and death by starvation. They know who have built the orphanages and cared for their helpless little ones and devoted their lives without hope of reward, to the welfare of their people. And if their better feelings are subdued for a time by this hideous nightmare which is Red Russia, let us pity a helpless, misguided people and pray for them the more. If there are among them students who hate religion let us remember that this hatred did not come from China. They have come into our midst for education and enlightenment and from atheist professors in our universities they have learned that Christianity is useless and a stumbling block to the welfare of a nation. Can they be blamed? But in spite of all there is hope for the Chinese people and for the new-born Chinese nation.

THEY SHALL NOT CONQUER.

As for the real persecutors of the Church of Christ, whether it be in China or Mexico or Russia, it is a cause for profound consolation and gratitude to Providence to know that failure will be their portion. Failure, irrevocable, eternal, that is the destiny of the Church's persecutors to-day as it was of the more powerful tyrants who have gone before. Suffering there will be, suffering gladly welcomed by those who follow in the footsteps of the Man of Sorrows, but failure, never. We know, even as when we watched the storm tossed billows of the ocean, that the battle can have but one end. In spite of their untiring efforts, in spite of their marvellous world organization and ceaseless propaganda we know, even as we watch them, that the petty tempest will pass and the Church will emerge radiant and triumphant, purged and strengthened by the very assaults that were to have proved her downfall. For we know they shall not conquer. Vanquished they will die.

Dear Lord, let us never be ungrateful! We have reason for concern, yes, but for concern only because of our own infidelity to the loving Master whose Divine assistance is ever our support and against whose Almighty power the gates of Hell shall not prevail.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

There's a Way to Help Us Convert China.

"It is a bad will that has not the name of God among its heirs."—Cardinal Manning.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY THE SUM OF $......................"

Passing of a Veteran

CHINA extends its sincere sympathy to Congregation of Holy Cross on the loss of two valued missionaries in their mission field in Bengal. Father Philip Nanni was called to his reward on Dec. 29th, 1926, and Brother Joachim on Jan. 19th, of this year. The former had been a member of the Congregation for sixty-five years, the whole of which time was spent in the Foreign Mission field.

In the life of this veteran of the missions, there is much to serve as an example and an inspiration to those of us who are endeavoring to follow in his footsteps, even though in another field of apostolic endeavor. Speaking of his arrival, as a young missionary, in Bengal, the "Bengalese" says in part:

"He brought to the land of his adoption a sunny disposition and a flute. Both were needed. He was sent to Gaurnadi, the worst station in the whole diocese, to get his first taste of missionary life. As he spoke neither English nor Bengalee, he was able to converse with absolutely no one. He sat down on the mud floor of his miserable quarters and things seemed mighty blue for the new recruit. As night came on he lighted a candle, pulled out his flute, and drowned his homesickness in the music of melodious Italy."

That was thirty-four years ago. It were impossible to crowd into a passing note of appreciation even an idea of the innumerable crosses, the gigantic labors, the superhuman fidelity of this saintly veteran, faithful unto death, who has gone to receive the reward of his labors. May death find us all as faithful and as well prepared!

After the Game. March 3, 1927.

A Noble Example

A short time ago a Maryknoll was the recipient of a gift of $1,500 from an ordinary workingman. FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS FROM A WORKINGMAN! Some of our wealthier friends could accomplish marvels for the missions if theirs was the spirit that breathes through the letter which accompanied the gift. It said in part:

"Though not sure of the future by any means, I am going to take a chance (many take them for a less worthy cause) and if past experience holds good for the future I need not worry, for I believe it pays even in a material way to give to the foreign missions. I am only an ordinary workingman, getting along in years like yourself. If there are any merits or blessings to come from my offering, I hope God will send them down on my family because it is their spiritual and temporal welfare I had in mind when I decided to go through with this matter."

How refreshing and encouraging to know that such a spirit still lives!

The Moulder of Souls

Richard Wong was returning to the Orient, after having completed his studies on the continent and in America. For years the world had been at his feet, recognizing in this young Chinese a sculptor of the greatest genius. But like many another young pagan, he was returning to China, more pagan than when he had left it—a prey to all the vices of a corrupt civilization.

His intention was to seek some quiet mountain village, where he could uninterruptedly give himself to his work. He would give to the world a statue that would eclipse those of the greatest sculptor—Angelo. And to show how utterly pagan his soul was—he had in his mind a statue of the Goddess of Beauty.

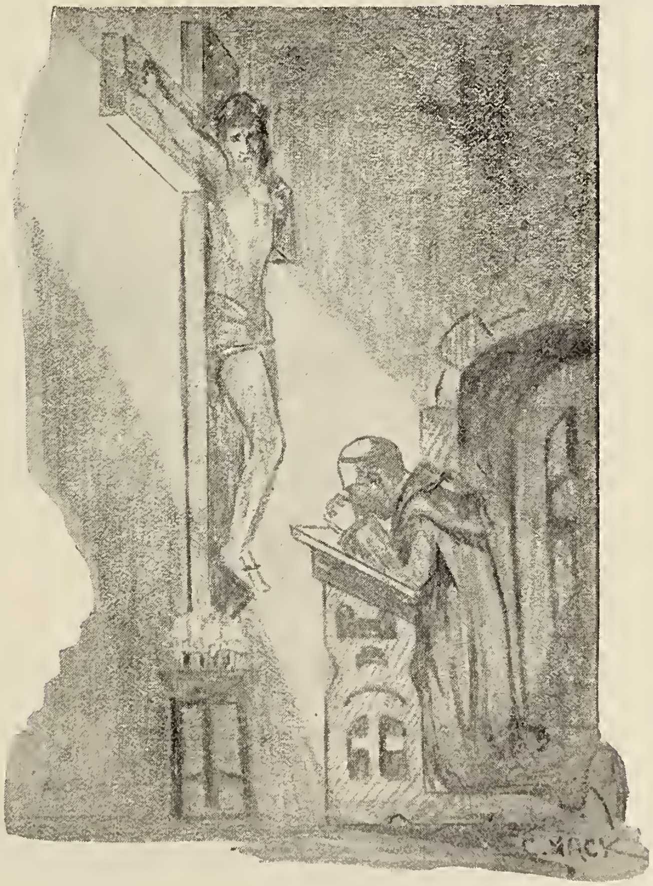
Day after day, he labored unceasingly and from an insensible block of marble, his ideal took form and seemed to live. Truly the hand that grasped the chisel was deft and although the sculpture itself was most unchristian, the sculptor was master of his art.

Then when evening came, the artist was wont to go for a walk through the mountains; out under the stars, breathing in the fresh night air and dreaming always of fame.

It was just such an evening and he had walked on and on through the hills. Then with a suddenness equalled only in the East, came a terrific storm. The lightning flashed across the mountain-side, lighting up glen and chasm; the thunder echoed down the river gorges and the rain fell in torrents. Drenched to the skin he quickly sought for shelter.

A momentary lull in the storm, showed him a number of lights shining through the darkness ahead. It turned out to be a Trappist monastery—a place he would never have entered, except in the present necessity.

Father Leslie it was that welcomed him—the angel of the community; a man as learned as he was holy. "Come in, sir—it is a wild night indeed. I am so glad you found your way here, you are drenched to the skin." Then the good monk went to procure him some dry clothing, leaving him seated comfortably in front of the blazing fire-place.



Richard Wong sat there and waited and his eyes roved around the room, taking in all its strange, quaint garnishings. It reminded him of one of those old, oak-empanelled chambers of some ancient English castle, redolent with the religion and romance of the Middle Ages.

The walls were of beautifully carved oak and the ceiling frescoed while the floor was one magnificent mosaic. Hanging about the room were a few oil paintings, copies of the old masters that drew from him an exclamation of delight—but it was the artist in him alone, that was pleased with De Vinci's "Last Supper" and Murillo's "Immaculate Conception."

It was before these pictures that Father Leslie found him. Knowing, however, that the man was an atheist, the monk made no allusion to them, but his lips moved in silent prayer.

Wrapped in good, warm clothing, the stranger was then taken down to the refectory and after he had eaten, a room was prepared for him and he was left for the night.

As he lay in his bed, the sculptor could not help but feel—"how peaceful was this place." Soon, however, tired out by his long evening walk, he fell asleep. While down below, on the hard stone floor of his cell, Father Leslie knelt and prayed—prayed longer tonight than he had ever prayed before.

With the morning the storm had ceased and the visitor prepared to depart but before leaving, he asked to be shown through the monastery.

At last, they came to the chapel and the man's native curiosity prompted him to enter. The high-altar with the little ruby lamp burning before it, the stations of the cross—everything, was new and interesting to him.

"What a masterpiece." Father Leslie started and turned, to find his friend standing transfixed before a marble statue, that stood in a corner—dusty and neglected.

"Tell me," he cried. "who is the sculptor of this statue?" His hands were clenched, his face white, as he turned in the monk's direction.

"I am Richard Wong and I tell you, it is a masterpiece and the man who chiselled it is a genius. Tell me who he is—speak man—I will make him famous; the world will be at his feet."

The monk seemed stupefied and a shiver passed through his whole frame, as he answered slowly and sadly—"he is dead, fame and worldly honor can never reach him now."

"Dead, dead," the sculptor re-

(Continued on page 61)

"Suffer the Little Children"

By Rev. J. M. O'C.

The cruelty of unnatural parents is often a blessing in disguise for the abandoned little ones of China, many of whom die shortly after being taken into the orphanage. But the saving waters of baptism open the gates of Heaven for those who otherwise may never see salvation.

"Would to God that these divine consolations, which God so graciously gives us in the midst of our labors, might not only be related by me, but also some experience of them be brought home to our European Universities, to be tasted as well as heard of! Then many of those young men given up to study, would turn all their cares and desires to the conversion of infidels, if they could once taste the delight of the heavenly sweetness which comes from such labors."—Words of St. Francis Xavier.

Thus wrote the great St. Francis Xavier during his missions to India and Japan. He found many of those poor, benighted heathens willing and eager to embrace the teachings of Christ, and he tells us that many of his hearers were so affected by the history of the life of Jesus Christ that they could not hear the account of His Passion and death without weeping and tears. But when he saw the multitudes who must die without the saving grace of faith, his soul was filled with sadness because there were so few teachers to instruct them in the mysteries of our religion. And so, in his letters he voiced the complaint that so few of the young men and women of Christian countries were willing to devote themselves to a life which, he assured them, was so sweet and pleasant.

Missionaries Still Few.

To-day, four centuries later, the missionary to China has the selfsame cause for sadness. When he looks over the vast stretches of country which have not yet heard the voice of God's ministers, when he sees the innumerable multitudes who are still imbued with their superstitious beliefs, his heart is sad within him at the lack of vocations to this noble work. "The harvest is great, but the laborers are few." The opportunity of saving souls, in China, is unlimited, but the means to take advantage of this opportunity is very limited indeed.

A Cruel Practice.

A very peculiar practice which is prevalent in most parts of China, very aptly illustrates the opportunity presented to the missionary of saving many souls, had he but the facilities to do so. This is the custom of parents abandoning their children. It is a most unnatural and depraved practice, but it frequently turns out to be a blessing for the children, since in districts where the missionaries are located, these unwanted offspring are rescued, and thus Baptism, and later on, instruction in the Christian Faith, is assured them.

Disregard for Children.

China is the land of children, and the paradox is that they count so little in the life of the Chinese people, and are abandoned with so little regret. Except in cases of extreme poverty, boys are usually welcomed on their arrival into this world. With the girls, it is a different matter; they are unacceptable and not to be mentioned in the enumeration of one's children. If means are ample, they are endured, though not wanted. The ravages of famine, the devastations of floods, straitened circumstances, local customs, all are factors in the determination whether the child

(Continued on page 61

Abandoned babies just received from the streets and certain death, and placed in the care of native nurses.

News *from* Far *and* Near

The annual cost of the upkeep of Catholic Missions in pagan lands is estimated at $20,000,000. If this were divided equally among the Catholics of the world it would amount to about sixteen cents per person. A large part of this amount must be raised on the mission fields.

At Sicawei, a suburb of Shanghai, there is a very large new Church that can accommodate several thousand people. The average for Holy Communions is six hundred on week days and from one thousand to twelve hundred on Sundays.

During the recent trouble at Hankow a comedy, based on the Boxer trouble, was shown at one of the theatres. The massacre of three Catholic priests was depicted as part of the fun and before the piece was staged the "producers" had the insolence to send to the Catholic Mission for the loan of soutanes. The request was refused and the messenger was shown the door. The incident evoked a strong protest from the French Consul.

When the Maryknoll Sisters, on their way to Yeungkong shortly before New Year, were "pirated" on the China Sea, they lost all their belongings and several hundred dollars worth of Chinese silks. The loss of the silk was a heavy one for it was the "wherewithal" that would make possible the establishing of industries to provide occupation for poor Chinese girls and help support the Mission. But the pirates took little account of the loss to the Mission.

During the siege of Wuchang, which lasted some six weeks, nearly four thousand refugees of all degrees, "from senators down to coolies" took refuge in the Christian Brothers' College. The college foodstuffs, chiefly thirty bags of rice, were rationed out daily.

Although the people were dying by thousands in the streets outside there was not a single death among those sheltered in the College.

Shortly after the siege a deputation of the townspeople called at the college to present, on behalf of all the people, Christian and pagan, a testimonial of gratitude to Brother O'Donoghue for his services during the siege. On the tablet presented were engraved the words, "He saved and provided for the people of Wuchang." Mr. Lou Hung Chang, a prominent banker of Hankow, said that "now everybody is talking of the goodness of the Catholic Church." The people who are so quick to offer their criticisms of missionaries in China, one Mr. Hunter, in Toronto, for example, take good care to know nothing of such incidents.

The Mesdames of the Sacred Heart are establishing a school in Shanghai for "high class" Chinese girls. Of the community one, Mother Foy, is an Australian, another Italian, a third French and two lay Sisters, Maltese. This school should appeal to the Chinese to whom "face" means so much. "Face" corresponds to our notion of prestige and there is not a Chinese born to whom the "highbrow" notion, as we would call it, does not appeal. And even this national characteristic, doubtful asset though it be from the point of view of Christianity, can be made use of to further a knowledge of religion.

During the civil war in Chuchow our Mission was placed under the special protection of the Little Flower and a first class relic, a part of her very bone, remained in the Mission. And though the city changed hands several times and the hostile Cantonese occupied it for several weeks, the Church and Mission property were unmolested. In parishes to the north and west of Chuchow the missionaries suffered greatly and many valuable church buildings were destroyed. Our readers will join with us in a prayer of thanksgiving to the little patroness and protectress of missionaries for this signal favor accorded Chuchow.

Patroness of Missionaries, Pray for China.

The Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province, St. Louis, Mo., have been placed in charge of a mission district in China which in time will become an autonomous jurisdiction. Fathers Philip Neri Rittmeier and Emmanuel Behrendt have been laboring there for some years past. Four other priests are going to that mission from the States early in autumn.

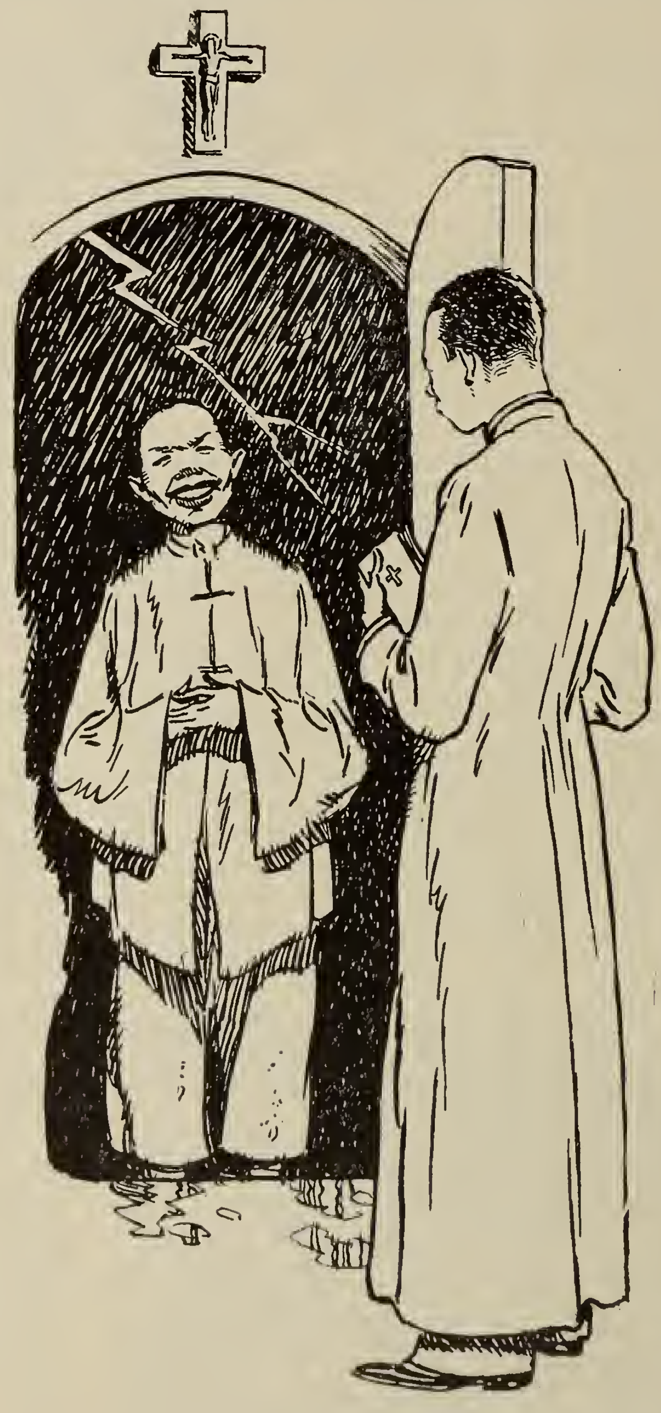
One of the generals of the Northern Chinese army is a brother of a priest and Catholic soldiers of the Cantonese army assist regularly at Sunday Mass in the parish Church of Han Yang. Mr. Eugene Chen, of international fame, who has been conducting negotiations with Owen O'Malley at Hankow, is himself a Catholic. While undoubtedly there has been a great amount of damage done to mission property and a great deal of indignities heaped upon priests and sisters by soldiers of both North and South, it is consoling to know that at least there is another side to the story, a side that it does not pay the newspapers to stress too strongly.

My First Sick Call

By Rev. John B. Tai.

On the Feast of the Nativity of our Blessed Lady, Sept. 8th, and under her protection, I started out on my first mission trip—a sick-call to Kemen on the Island of Newan. I was too late to catch a steamer which would take me to my destination, and, convinced of the necessity of administering the last rites to a soul about to pass into eternity, I decided to go as far as Welinka on foot, and then to hire a junk which would take me directly to Kemen.

Having prepared grip, bedding and mission-box, and taking with me an altar boy, and a servant, I set out on a thirty-mile walk to welinka. It was then eight o'clock in the morning. The weather was fine, and a strong cool wind was blowing. At about eight o'clock in the evening, we arrived at Welinka. On the following morning, after I had said Mass, I sent my man out to hire a junk to take us the rest of the way. It was now raining heavily, and the faithful fellow spent half the day by the river-bank trying to find a boat for me. At last he returned to the chapel, drenched to the skin and shivering from the piercing wind. "Ho, Father!" he announced joyously, "I have found a boat which will take us to Kemen this evening. I told the boatman we would go, no matter what the weather was like." The rain continued to fall in torrents, but, nothing daunted, off we went. The soul of the dying man seemed to call me.



"Ho, Father," he announced joyously, "I have found a boat which will take us to Kemen."

We expected to reach Kemen at dawn. Halfway there, however, it grew so dark that we were obliged to cast anchor, and wait patiently for the break of day. At 5 o'clock we got going once more, and kept on for about an hour. Then we had to wait for the tide. In the meantime things were not going well for us: the wind had risen, and our little craft bobbed up and down alarmingly. It looks as if a typhoon were upon us, and we shouted to the boatman to hurry, but he paid not the slightest attention. Suddenly a wickedly-strong gust of wind seized our boat, capsizing it, and, of course, throwing us out into the angry waters. Thank God, I did not lose my presence of mind. I shouted to the others to follow me, keeping apart one from the other. I then called to the boatman to pull up the anchor and the bamboo covering, but this was impossible, as both had become hopelessly entangled. Then, seeing clearly that, humanely-speaking, we had no chance of saving our lives, I asked my servant if he wished to be baptized, explaining to him as briefly as I could the essentials of our holy Faith. At first he demurred, but seeing the tide rise higher and higher, he at length consented. Out there in the roaring waters, I baptized him. He had all along been invoking Buddha, crying unceasingly, 'O-mi-do-va!' the popular invocation to this pagan deity. But now he called upon our blessed Lady to intercede for us in our peril. Then he turned to me, and cried out with emotion, 'Father, Father, do not let yourself drown! Hold on! Save your life! It is needed much more than mine!" Meanwhile my altar-boy asked absolution. Thus fortified by the strong sacraments of our Holy Church, they both declared they were ready to die. I consoled them as well as I could, telling them that we had encountered these dangers in an effort to save an immortal soul, and that if we died in the attempt, we should be indeed martyrs to heroic charity, but that we must not despair of rescue while life held out. Lo, a steamer passes! Oh, how we cry for help! But, alas, the wind is against us, and no earthly ear hears our piteous cries.

By this time my poor servant could hold on no longer. His strength was fast ebbing. His hold loosened, and he was carried away upon the crest of a huge wave. I called out to him to make an act of contrition, and raised my hand in final absolution. As I did so, he disappeared, swallowed up by the angry waters. Truly, God's ways are unsearchable! I now turned to my little altar-boy. He, too, was by now rapidly losing strength. "Cling for your life!" I cried, "and pray!" Obediently for one long hour more he clung to the wreck; then he was swept into eternity. With the act of contrition on his lips he vanished from my sight, to rejoin his companion in heaven, there to enjoy that happiness which this earth cannot give.

One of our boatmen also had been drowned, and now there remained only the other boatman and myself. I tried to do something for this poor fellow's soul and asked him if he would be baptized. But, hardened in his paganism, he did not even answer me. As for myself, I made an act of resignation to the Divine Will. I was young, and had just been ordained; I had done little yet for the greater glory of God. Our mission was sadly in need of priests. But if God would now call me to Himself —well, better to die than to live. I continued to call for help, and after a long time, I could see a boat coming to my rescue. Thank God! Thus after we had passed more than five hours in the water my boatman and I were rescued from a watery grave. We had lost all our belongings—even our shoes were gone. Grip, bedding, mission-box—all had been swept away by the fierce, hungry current. As soon as we had been taken from the wreck, it immediately sank. How grateful I was to God for His infinite mercy! Will you thank Him with me for His goodness to His poor priest, and will you say one little prayer for the repose of the souls of my altar-boy, and my servant?"

Further News of The Wreck

"Le Petit Messager" of Ningpo, in its issue of Dec., 1926, throws further light upon the shipwreck of Father Tai. It occurred in the Bay of Wenchow, where, according to Monsignor Lepers, Vica-General of Ningpo: "Ninety-five out of every hundred boats are pirates." It seems that the junk on which Father Tai had taken passage was either a pirate boat or was commanded by those who were in league with the pirates and that the latter had been "tipped off" that the priest was on his way.

When Monsignor Lepers received from Father Tai an account of the disaster, it seemed to him that the shipwreck was providential. If the typhoon had not sprung up, without doubt the boat would have been pillaged and Father Tai captured by the pirates. "The boat was wrecked," continues the "Messager." "Another wolf of the sea has received just chastisement."

RT. REV. MSGR. LEPERS
Vicar General of Ningpo.

In a reply to Father Tai's letter, Monsignor Lepers said that the whole thing had occurred because of the young priest's inexperience. "I should have warned you of the dangers," he continued, "but as steamers have been going to the Island of Newan for the past fifteen years, missionaries no longer travel by junk. I could not imagine that you would have risked this journey over the dangerous and pirate-infested bay of Wenchow."

Monsignor Lepers then goes on to tell of some of his own experiences. On one occasion a fleet of pirate boats took up its position outside a little fishing village where the late Bishop Reynaud, whom he was accompanying, was administering confirmation. Some imprudent catechist had noised it abroad that the Bishop's crozier was made of solid gold. His projected journey to the Island of Newan had to be abandoned as at that time the passenger steamers were not on the bay.

A section of the waterfront. Shanghai, showing some of the principal buildings of the foreign concession.

With Our Crusaders

A Review of the Activities of the C.C.S.M.C. Units are requested to send in an account of their Crusade Activities. Pictures, too, are welcome

CRUSADE CONVENTION AT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, HALIFAX.

At St. Mary's College, during the week of March 6th, the Students' Mission Crusade held a four-day conference at which Rev. Dr. Curran presided. A brief account of the programme follows:

First Day:

Rev. L. Murphy and Rev. Wm. Stone gave inspiring addresses on the "Home and Foreign Missions". During the interval between conferences, Gounod's Ave Maria was rendered as a violin solo by Mr. Kenneth Purtil, with piano accompaniment by Mr. Wilfred Dyer.

Second Day:

A debate was held on the Home and Foreign Missions. Messrs. R. Donahoe and C. Frecker spoke for the Foreign Missions, while W. O'Hearn and James McGuire upheld the cause of the Missions at home. The "Intermezzo" as a violin and piano duet was rendered by Messrs. Kenneth Kennedy and Wilfred Dyer. Mr. James Hayes acted as chairman.

Third Day:

A one-act play, "Charity's Reward," was the feature of the third day of the Conference. It depicted the work done for the Foreign Missions by the various home societies and Crusade Units. The following took part: Messrs. A. Daley, R. Donnelly, W. Feetham, H. Neary, O. Coolen, J. Madden and W. O'Hearn. A piano rendition of "The Palms" was given by Colin Corbett.

Fourth Day:

On the last day of the conference the Holy Hour, in union with the Students' Mission Crusade, was conducted by Dr. Curran.

During the conference, pamphlets concerning missionary work were distributed among the students, while the Assembly Hall was daily decorated for the occasion. A feature of the display was a group of pictures forwarded for the conference by St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs.

"China" extends its hearty congratulations to the C.C.S.M.C. of St. Mary's College, to Rev. Dr. Curran, the moving spirit of the Crusade, and to the priests who contributed so zealously to its success.

TORONTO.

OUR representatives recently had the privilege of attending meetings of the Students' Missionary Crusade in three schools of Toronto, conducted by the Ladies of Loretto and their assistant lady teachers.

At St. Anthony's, with Vincent Defoe in the Chair and Winnifred Fletcher, secretary, the meeting was conducted in its regular parliamentary manner. At the conclusion of a varied program of mission plays, hymns, orchestral numbers and choruses, the president tendered to Rev. Dr. McRae the month's contribution—a spiritual bouquet of 73,334 masses and other works of religion and a cheque for $27.78. The president announced that with this donation St. Anthony's unit reached its objective for this year—$100.00, and during the remaining months they will see by how much they can ex-

Some Active Crusaders in St. Cecilia's Unit, Toronto.

ceed this sum. Dr. McRae thanked the students on behalf of the China Mission and appealed for prayers and vocations for the work in China.

ST. DAVID'S.

At St. David's, the junior classes presented a very fine mission program. With Teddy Masterson in the chair and Jack Healey, secretary, the varied program of mission songs, speeches, recitations and Chinese dance numbers was carried out with a precision and grace that would have done honor to Varsity graduates. At the conclusion of the program, President Teddy Murphy asked Treasurer Hugh Barkworth to present to the China Mission their donation for mission work—a large spiritual bouquet and a cheque for $10.00. Rev. Wm. Amyot, on behalf of the China Mission, thanked the students and visualized for them the great numbers of pagans who would be saved through their prayers and self-sacrifice.

ST. CECILIA'S.

The program at St. Cecelia's school was likewise of a very high order. The president, Margaret Ryerson, related the findings of the committee investigating the work of other Crusade units and recommended for adoption certain mission works which have attained popularity and success elsewhere. Eileen O'Donnell gave a very fine resume of the work of the church in China. Mary Trimble presented a very interesting address on school work in China, and James Morgan aroused the mission enthusiasm of all by his glowing account of the life and labors of St. Francis Xavier. The musical portion of the program was supplied by the school choral society, interspersed with selection by the school orchestra and piano solos. The month's donation for mission work was given to the China Mission—a beautiful sheaf of spiritual works accompanied by a cheque for $15. Fr. Amyot, in thanking the students, referred to their repeated kindnesses of past years and pictured for them the souls whom they were helping into heaven by their zeal and self-sacrifice.

Boys and Girls!
There are Three Things about This Fountain Pen.
(1) It is a self-filler
(2) It has a 14 k gold, iridium-pointed nib
(3) It is yours for only five new subscriptions to "CHINA"
CHINA

Subscription 50 Cents a Year.
Sample Copies Sent Upon Request.
Address:
"CHINA," SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

HOLY NAME.

During the first week of February, a storm of missionary zeal broke upon the school of Holy Name, Carlaw Avenue, Toronto. The result was that a branch of the Canadian Student's Mission Crusade was formed in the six upper rooms. Units were set up, meetings were held and the work was begun with a great burst of enthusiasm on the part of teachers and children. Considering the fact that St. Francis Xavier Mission Seminary is a neighbor and that a number of their priests—most of whom are well known to all of us—are in danger at the present time, it was decided that the efforts of the first month would be directed towards China. The result is that the boys and girls in the month of February heard 1,284 Masses, performed 2,622 Good Works, and offered up many Prayers, Rosaries, Stations of the Cross, etc. A candy sale was held in the school on Friday the 25th, and the profits were forty-five dollars. Miss Winnifred Smith of the Senior Fourth Class held a party for her classmates on March 4th and realized the sum of $1.70. These amounts were turned over to China Mission Seminary. The following were elected as officers.

Senior Fourth A—Pres., Mary Coughlin; Treas., Edna Young; Sec., Irene Etherington.

Senior Fourth B—Pres., Ted Kew; Vice-Pres., Armand Dessaulniers; Treas., Andrew Pinfold; Sec., Hilda Gilmore.

Jr. Fourth A—Pres., Wm. Barringer; Sec.-Treas., Kella Caruso.

Jr. Fourth B—Pres., Joseph Smith; Sec., Wallace Horne.

Senior Third—Pres., Gladys Folson; Treas., Jane Murphy; Sec., Frieda Laplante.

Junior Third—Pres., Virginia Kohler; Treas., Eillen Hughes; Sec., Clifford Devine.

It was agreed that the intention for March would be the Canadian Missions.

Little Missionaries, Senior Second Class, St. Francis' School, Toronto, who are well acquainted with Johnny Mite-Box.

Nonsense

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"

The Danger Signal.

Father, mother, and little Tommy were in a tramcar. Mother and Tommy had secured seats, but poor father had to stand.

Mother: "Tommy, doesn't it pain you to see your father reaching for a strap?"

Tommy: "Only at home, ma."

Finds Language Fairly Easy.

Duffy (telling yarns:) "When I was passing through a city in China I saw a woman hanging to a gibbet."

Ronnie: "Shanghai?"

Duffy: "Oh about five feet."

—Red and White.

Stunning Alibi.

Liza was on the witness stand.

"Are you positive," inquired the prosecutor, "that you know where your husband was on the night this crime was committed?"

"Ef Ah didn'," replied the witness firmly, "den Ah busted a good rollin' pin ovah an innercent man's haid, dat's all!"—American Legion Monthly.

His Present.

It was a slovenly but kind-hearted home and the family was gathered about the supper table.

"What shall we give the baby for his birthday present?" asked Ma.

"Well," said Pa, as he balanced some fried potato on his knife, "we might wash the window and let him see the street car go by."

—Atlantic Coast Line News.

"'Oo 'Ooted?"

A Cockney who, in the ordinary course of events, worked as a laborer down at the docks, was having a change of occupation on a Kentish farm.

On the night of his first day's employment he was being escorted back to the farmhouse by a scornful native, a real horny-handed son of the soil, when, as they passed a dense clump of trees, there came a sudden hair-raising hoot.

It had no effect upon the native, but upon the poor little Cockney just the reverse. In a whining voice, full of fear, he cried:

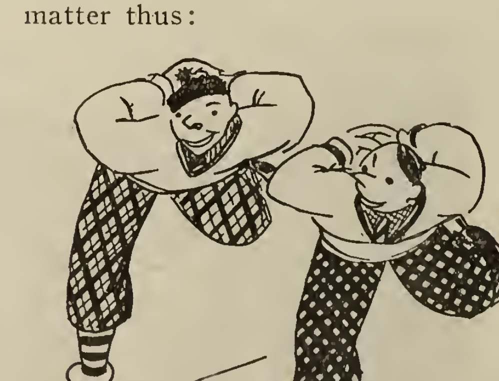
"Wot was thet?"

"An owl, you idiot," came the gruff retort.

"Garn yer mug," retorted the other. "I know it was an 'owl, but who the dickens was it as was 'owling?" —From Answers, London.

Arthur Porritt is an exceptional Non comformist in the sense that he has humor. In his book, "The Best I Remember," he tells the story of a political candidate who took the platform to make his maiden speech to the electors without having taken the precaution of informing himself concerning the prevailing religious sentiment amonst them. Being a man of resource, he tested the matter thus:

"My great-grandfather," he commenced, "was an Episcopalian" (stony silence), "but my great-grandmother belonged to the Presbyterian Church of Scotland" (continued silence). "My grandfather was a Baptist" (more silence), "but my grandmother was a Congregationalist" (still frigid silence). "But I had a great aunt who was a Wesleyan Methodist" (loud applause); "and—I have always followed my great aunt" (loud and prolonged cheering).—The Vincentian.



First Skater: "See that dirty look Brown just gave me?"
Second Skater: "Don't blame it on Brown. You were born with that."

—College Life.

A Question of Brains.

An Aberdonian had a conversation with a Londoner regarding the large number of Scotsmen holding responsible positions in the Metropolis.

"Why is it?" asked the Londoner.

"Well," replied the Aberdonian, "it's a question of brains. Scotsmen have the brains."

"Yes, but why do they have the brains?"

"Oh, that's easily explained. They live on fish, and fish make brains. You could get brains, too, if you lived on fish. Suppose I send you a pound's worth."

"All right," replied the Londoner. "I'll try it." He handed over the pound, and in due course one haddock arrived. Some days after, the friends met again.

"Well," asked the Aberdonian, "and how did the fish work—notice any difference?"

"I can't say that I do."

"You mustn't give up. You must take the whole course. Suppose I send you another pound's worth?"

"But," replied the Londoner, "that's a fearful price for one haddock: surely there's something wrong!"

"Ah!" said the Aberdonian; "the fish are beginning to take effect."

—St. John's Daily News.

THE MOULDER OF SOULS

(Continued from page 53.)

peated and the big tears ran down his cheeks—"What a loss to the world, this man was another Angelo."

Then his eyes turned again towards the statue. It was a great cross, with the life-sized figure of a man upon it—drooping, bleeding and thorn-crowned. He was sure he had never seen a more perfect figure, a sweeter countenance. The artist in him knew that it was mastered, but a stranger feeling swept over him—he forgot the sculptor, forgot even the statue—his soul was mastered by that sad, sweet face.

"Father, what is the story of this statue—what does it represent?"

A thrill of joy came to Father Leslie, as he heard the question. He knew that his prayers were answered, that divine grace had come.

It was a beautiful story the pagan artist listened to—a story he had never heard before. "Then and there, this great man, atheistic and materialistic, who had made many a masterpiece, bowed down at last before the masterpiece of the Divine Sculptor—"The Crucified Christ".

Back in the monastery a few hours later, the moonlight peeping through the painted windows, fell on a cowled figure, kneeling at the foot of that neglected statue.

"Dead, dead—fame and worldly honor can never reach him now. He is dead to the world, because he has given himself all to Thee as Thy priest. Yes, O my God, he has just accomplished his greatest masterpiece—out of an atheist, a pagan, the slime of the earth—he has chiselled a Christlike soul."

O priestly sculptor
Moulder of men's souls
In consecrated hands
The slime of earth
Forms to the likeness
Of a living God.

H. F. X. S.

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN

(Continued from page 54.)

shall stay in this world or only be here a few hours or days. The custom of parents allowing their children, especially the girls, to die, is quite prevalent in some localities of China.

A Grim Reminder.

A terrible witness to this is a stone standing near a pool outside the city of Foochow. On it is the inscription, "Girls may not be drowned here." Indeed, warnings against abandoning children are put up in many places. These, however, mean nothing, since the father has the right of life and death over his wife and family and it is very seldom that he is interfered with in the exercise of what he considers his domestic rights. The natural instinct, however, which a parent bears towards his child, often deters him from actually putting an unwanted offspring to death, consequently, he simply abandons it with the hope that someone may rescue it. Thus, in certain places, baskets are placed, in which anyone bringing an unwanted child may leave it, and anyone who wished to thus easily obtain an addition to the family could rescue it from its impending fate.

Missionaries Rescue Children.

With the coming of the missionaries, the Chinese quickly learned that these holy men and women held in high regard the life of the child, and that they endeavored to save those whom the parents had cruelly left to die. And so the Chinese parents found that they could part with unnecessary children, with not the slightest pang of regret, since they were sure that the missionaries would take care of them.

Much to be Done.

It can well be seen how many little souls may in this way be reclaimed from heathenism and given the opportunity to save their souls. Much is being done but so much more must be left undone. It requires priests and sisters to instruct and care for those little waifs; it requires money to house and feed and clothe them. As St. Francis Xavier, in his time, turned to the Christian countries for aid in converting the heathen, so do the missionaries of to-day look to us for help in bringing the great blessing of Faith to this benighted and superstitious race, and thus bring glory to God in heaven.

SPIRITUAL HELP.

We know of nothing that is more appreciated or of greater help to the missions in China at the present critical time than the generous spiritual assistance rendered by our readers and friends. The following is the spiritual bouquet for February and March:

Rosaries	4,022
Communions	2,811
Masses Heard	3,415
Stations	2,047
Prayers	18,780
Visits to the Blessed Sacrament	4,251
Ejaculations	223,974
Other Good Works	39,806

Our spiritual aid cars afford you an opportunity of helping by your prayers. This is a way in which everybody can help and without the help of prayer our efforts for China would be of little avail.

Sheklung Leper Hospital Closed

A cablegram was received last month from the Superior of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Outremont, asking that permission be granted the nuns of the Sheklung Leper House, situated about fifty miles from Canton, to leave that institution in view of the grave situation there. The permission was cabled.

The Sheklung Lazaretto, founded in 1913, was conducted by some fifteed Sisters of the Immaculate Conception who also care for a Holy Childhood Home in Canton. The Sisters are all Canadians. The Novitiate of the Order is at Pont Viau, near Montreal, and the Mother House is at 314 St. Catherine Road, Outremont.

LARGE BEQUEST MADE TO UNITED CHURCH.

Will of London Man Bequeaths $200,000 for Missionary Work.

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ATTENTION!

Our readers will probably have noticed that the expiry date of the subscription to CHINA is not printed on the wrapper or the paper. Some have told us that they do not know at times just how they stand in regard to their subscription. We prefer to notify our readers privately as to how their subscription stands, and in the course of the next few weeks YOU will be notified if your subscription has already expired or will expire soon. We would deem it a favor if you would attend to your renewal to CHINA promptly upon receipt of this notice. The subscription price of the paper—50 CENTS A YEAR—scarcely pays the cost of publication, and we feel that we are not asking too much in requesting you to kindly keep your subscription up to date.

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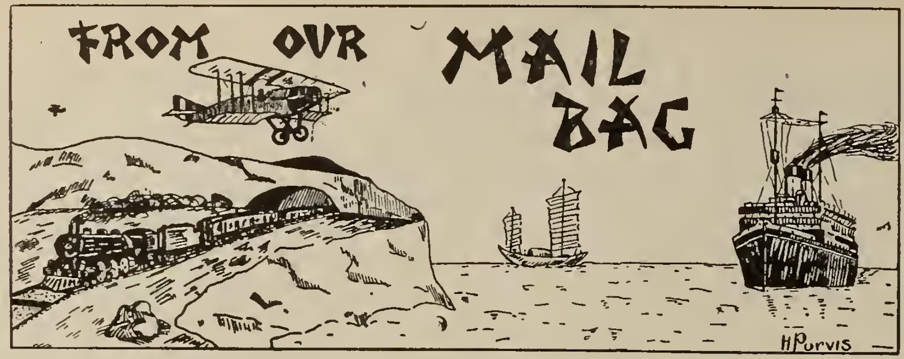


HOW TO HELP THE MISSIONS.

"Would it be possible for you to send me some of your Spiritual Aid cards? I would like to give them to some of the girls in my class and I am sure they would like to fill them out."

(A splendid way to help and one in which all can join. At the present time, more than ever, the help of your prayers is needed for poor China.)

FULL TO OVERFLOWING.

"Enclosed please find cheque for $10.00 which my son has saved in the mite-box and has asked me to send you."

(This mite-box, and it comes from Port Colborne, Ont., bids fair to be the Canadian heavyweight champion. Rarely does Mr. Mite-Box reap such a golden harvest. Many, many thanks.)

A SALUTARY MEANS.

"I am enclosing . . . in aid of China Missions, in honor of St. Francis Xavier to obtain for me and my family the grace we need to save our souls."

(Once we heard a venerable priest remark to a person who claimed that his prayers were long going unanswered, "Have you prayed to St. Francis Xavier and promised to help the missions?" We know of no more efficacious means to obtain his powerful intercession than devotion to the cause for which he died.)

A CORDIAL RECEPTION FOR JOHNNY.

"I am one of a large family, so I rigged the box up on the wall in the kitchen in order that everybody could find it easy to contribute. Just as soon as the necessary and heavy jingle appears in it, I will forward the contents to you."

Many hands make light work. Many pennies and nickels and dimes, coming via the mite-box route from our friends all over the country will lighten considerably the burden of our work for China.

CO-OPERATION.

"I have been successful in getting a neighbor to subscribe to the "China." I have always sent her mine after I was finished and they enjoyed it very much. Now she is going to pay for the paper for a year."

If each subscriber did likewise, our list would just double in no time. When you have read "China," please give it to a friend.

ZEALOUS CRUSADERS, ST. ANTHONY'S SCHOOL, TORONTO.

"One hundred dollars a year, at least, for the China Mission College, has been our slogan and I am happy to note that we have attained it already."

St. Anthony's Crusaders are among the most zealous of our youthful missionaries. Their letter also contained a generous spiritual which is included in the general spiritual bouquet for the month. Bravo!

Some Chinese Cures

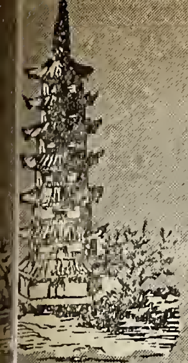
Drastic, to say the least of it, are some of the "cures" prescribed for ills in China. Here are some of them as recorded by The Sign:

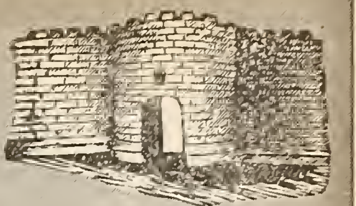
A man suffered from appendicitis, so they pounded his body all over with a heavy iron to drive the evil spirit away. Another who suffered from cholera had sharp needles run under the nails of his fingers and toes. But there are other methods. A child got its skull fractured so the parents smeared the open wound with incense ashes and black mud, over which goose feathers were sprinkled. Another child with fever was wrapped tightly in blankets, then a heavy adult sat on him until he was smothered to death. A dutiful daughter, whose father was dying, cut out a large piece of flesh from her arm just above the wrist, and boiled it up, making a kind of soup. This human bouilon she then gave to her father to drink, and as he happened to recover and live another year, she firmly believed that he had been cured by it. She was obliged to keep the details of the cure secret for a hundred days to prevent it losing its efficacy!

Our Lady of the Fields!

In July no rain had fallen, and we were suffering from the severe drought. Day followed day in intensest heat, and pitilessly blue was the cloudless sky. The rice-crops, China's life-blood, seemed doomed to destruction, and grim starvation stared the people in the face. Pagan deities were loudly and frantically invoked; spectacular parades were held in their honor; incense was burned, sacrifices offered, but all in vain. As of old, Baal was too busy to attend to the supplications of his adherents, and no rain fell in response. Oh, if these poor deluded Chinese had the true faith, how they would storm heaven with their prayers in such times of dire need! And how impossible that God would turn a deaf ear to their earnest piteous pleading. Grief and despair now reigned supreme. Parched earth and wilting crops was the only answer the gods deigned to give to the prayers of the people. It was then that we, touched with pity at the widespread distress, invoked our Lady to come to the rescue. And lo! upon the beautiful Feast of her Assumption, down from heaven came the abundant rain, revivifying and saving the precious rice-crop, and bringing hope again to the hearts of the people.

Pray with us to our Blessed Mother, that she may also obtain for China abundant showers of Divine Grace, that the seed sown by the missionaries may take deep root and may bring forth fruit a hundred-fold.—Father Fraser.





CHINA

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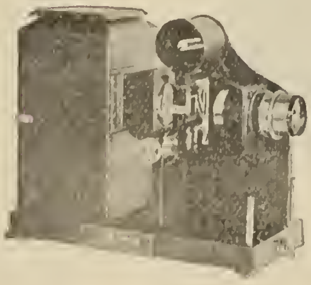

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EDITORIAL PAGE
CHINA

Published Monthly, August excepted, by
CHINA MISSION SEMINARY
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.
Editor - Rev. Wm. C. McGrath

Pray for China

AGAIN we appeal to our readers—please do not weary of our importunity in this regard—for prayers for the Church in China. During this month of May ask the Blessed Mother of God, not that there should not be suffering and hardship in China, but that, come what may, our priests and sisters may receive grace and strength to carry on for Christ and souls in the face of discouragement and difficulty that might well shake the stoutest heart.

* * *

Obliged to Make More Room

OUR Seminary has become too small. We must begin right away to make plans for next year when the number of students will be more than the building, as it now stands, will accommodate. Applications from a number sufficient to overcrowd our present accommodation have already been received.

How shall we solve the problem? It looks just now as if our much-needed lecture hall must go. It is almost indispensable, but it will make five nice students' rooms. One thing is sure. We will provide, at all cost, for those who are preparing to devote their lives to the work of China's conversion. Room will be found for them if it be necessary to begin to build even without a building fund.

After all, it doesn't look as if the "trouble" in China were interfering in any way with vocations. God's work is not dependent for its success upon the goodwill or badwill of men, nor is it to be deterred by the hostility of the enemies of God's Church. If such were the case, Christianity would long since have ceased to exist.

* * *

The Situation in China

Who will say that the Hand of Providence is not discernible in certain phases of the present situation which is such a trying one for the missions. At least it will serve to show the Chinese people—and the vast majority of them are anything but unfriendly—the heroism of Catholic missionaries who are prepared to brave every danger and even death rather than abandon a work which is as dear to them as life itself. When the storm passes, as it will pass, and the "idyllic tranquility" returns for which China is so famed, Catholic missionaries will awake to a new prestige and a new place of respect and honor in the hearts of the millions of Chinese people who never had and who never will have any sympathy with the cause or the tenets of Red Russia.

In the present war in China not one per cent. of the people are directly involved. The masses of people abhor war and are just as much afraid of the soldiers as are any foreigners. The students are professedly anti-Christian, at least the greater number of them, but the students are an insignificant minority who do not control the destinies of China.

Already there has been great suffering among the missionaries and it is true that the end is not yet, but does it make any difference as far as the conversion of China is concerned? Only that it will make Christians more faithful, priests and sisters more Christlike, as they follow more closely in the footsteps of the Man of Sorrows, and the ultimate spread of the faith more certain. Supposing some of them should be killed! Supposing! The blood of martyrs has ever been the seed of Christians. But apart altogether from our little human calculations, one thing is certain. Christ is with His Church and Christ wishes us to strive now more earnestly than ever before for the conversion of China.

During the past ten years missionaries in their hundreds have gone to the shores of China. The world has not heard much about them, but their work and their prayers and their sacrifices have been silently going on. More missionaries are needed. They will come. Next year will see our seminary filled to capacity and the numbers will be greater as the years go by.

And what can we do, you and I and the rest of us who are thousands of miles away from the scene of trouble. What if we pray a little more! What if we take a more serious, a more Christlike view of the difficulties and the dangers with which our missionaries are confronted and endeavor to help them as best we can. The devil never wearies in his efforts to retain in his grasp the souls of millions of unfortunate pagans. The "Reds" are straining every nerve to infuse their hideous doctrines into the life of the newly-awakening China.

WHAT ARE WE DOING, THOSE OF US WHO ENJOY THE PRECIOUS HERITAGE OF THE FAITH WHILE MILLIONS ALL AROUND US ARE DYING STRANGERS TO THE VERY GOD WHO CREATED THEM?

Shall we be less solicitous for the salvation of souls than the powers of evil for their destruction? One thing is certain. Many souls are lost in China and many souls will continue to be lost because there are tens of thousands of Catholics who never think of saying a prayer for the missions. God could save them even if we were never born. BUT GOD WILL NOT SAVE THEM WITHOUT OUR ASSISTANCE. He has so disposed things that even the eternal salvation of others is dependent to a certain extent upon our co-operation. If we fail to do the part that God has appointed for us in the scheme of redemption, then it will be forever undone. And for millions of Catholics in regard to the missions that part is to pray.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

There's a Way to Help Us Convert China.

"It is a bad will that has not the name of God among its heirs."—Cardinal Manning.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY THE SUM OF $....................."

* * *

FATHER VENINI WRITES.

Catholic Mission,
Tsingtien, Che.,
China.

Rev. and Dear Dr. McRae:—

Troublesome times have descended upon us, and have scattered us to the four winds of Chuchow and further. For nearly two months the province of Chekiang has been over run by soldiers if such they may be called, of the northern and southern parties. Personally, however, we of the Chuchow district were in no way molested, until, unfortunately, a few days ago a large horde of the southern demons in human form, reached us on their way north. With the exception of Fr. Kam, we were at Chuchow until February 6 when Fr. Wm. was called to Sunyang on a sick call. The following morning Fr. Jno. and Fr. Serra and myself headed downstream, Frs. Fraser and Serra to Dolu about fifteen miles to the northwest of here where they are at present, hearing the annual confessions, whilst I continued on down to Wenchow. I expected to find Fr. Kam here but as the boats have all been commandeered by the soldiers he has, apparently, not been able to come. I waited for him until February 12, and then came back to Tsingtien.

In the meantime our missions of Lungchan (Fr. Serra's mission) and Sunyang together with Chuchow have been occupied by the soldiers. Fr. Ling from Wenchow, who was left in charge is still living on the premises and has already merited the title of confessor of the faith. I am enclosing one of his letters written, however, before the main body of the Reds arrived. Apparently the soldiers are contenting themselves with occuping the church property and we hope to be able to return in a few days when they will have continued their victorious northward march to? Perhaps, by the time you have received this letter we shall know. In the meantime "In manus tuas Dmne" is all that we can do.

O Lady of the Blessed Sacrament and of the Holy Rosary, help us spread devotion to Thee and to Thy Son in China.

I do not think we are in any personal danger but I do think that the present upheaval in China is bound to be the cause of a great setback for the missions, humanly speaking, of course. Whilst, perhaps, we may not be forced to leave, as our Moscow-Cantonese friends would wish, nevertheless, the masses are being propagandized into a hatred of foreigners. In our particular case the sight of the mission property occupied and desecrated by the "national" soldiers, while in the past the mission compound was looked upon as a haven of refuge, cannot but have a deteriorating effect upon the minds of the pagans. Almighty God, however is permitting the whole turmoil and will in His own good time draw from it greater honor and glory.

Meanwhile we recommend ourselves to the prayers of the members of China Mission College and of our many generous friends throughout the fair land of the Maple Leaf.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
J. E. VENINI.

Campaigning for Christ

in far off China

h. Hove

The present are difficult times for our missionaries in China. But in spite of wars and rumors of wars the work goes on and we are fortunate in that our district has been spared the horrors of persecution that have been visited upon other parts of the country. The latest letters we have received from China tell of the advent to Chuchow and to most of the missions of our district of the soldiers of both the Northern and Southern armies.

"I am writing," says Father Fraser in a recent letter, "from Dolu where Father Serra and I have been since Monday last. The people have never been so happy in their lives. For six days we have both been with them and the manner in which they flock to the Church is most inspiring. They never had so much religion in their lives before. This afternoon I heard twenty-six confessions and to-morrow we shall have a good attendance at Mass, besides the baptism of many infants. There are still five more stations to be visited in this part of the district."

Father Wm. Fraser at Sungyang.

"Father William has been in Sungyang since February 8th. He went from Chuchow on a sick call and to continue the work of building the Church, but found the premises full of people waiting for the Southerners. These came in the afternoon and spread straw on the floor for bedding. As they are occupying the whole house Father William is staying at a Christian's home."

Between seasons there are—

Sungyang Chapel Occupied.

"The first chapel of our district to be occupied was that of Lungchuan, Father Serra's parish. Fortunately Father Serra was absent at the time." (We have since learned, in a letter from Father Ling from Chuchow, that many things in the chapel were destroyed by a crowd who invaded it after the soldiers had taken their departure. The seats were broken, the vestments stolen, the crucifix over the altar torn down and thrown in the street with the stations and pictures.)

Chuchow Also Occupied.

"Chuchow's turn" Father Fraser continues, came shortly after. Father Ling obtained permission from the Southerners that he and the catechist should remain and occupy one of the rooms of the residence, also that the other rooms be occupied only by officers. There are three of the latter in my room. They promised, however, not to touch anything. They prepared the Church for occupation by the soldiers by piling up all the pews in the sanctuary. It will be a nice sight when they move out. The school and other buildings are already full of soldiers, four of whom are billetted in the sacristy. Father Ling is obliged to take his food outside as the kitchen is being occupied by the military. So far we consider that we are getting off easy. I do not know how long the place will be occupied but hope it will be free of soldiers by the time I get through these visitations. How fortunate that we had Father Ling, a native, with us. If a foreigner had been present at the time of their arrival there would have been very unpleasant scenes of eviction and violence. Little did I think when I fostered his vocation to the priesthood, when he was my little altar boy in Taichow, that he would be rendering us this service some day."

Consolations Amid Trials.

"At siao Nyuen, I stayed at the home of one of our little seminarians. Yesterday I went to visit the home of another where I was treated with great kindness and hospitality. Going and coming we crossed a high mountain, several miles from the base to the summit, and the whole way was a continued staircase of rough stone steps. On our way back we stopped at the doorstep of a hut perched at the very highest point. An old woman invited me to be seated. She was suffering greatly from asthma and coughed as if she would choke to

Indoor Sports.

death. Suffering as she does from cold and hunger, she cannot last much longer. Her annual portion of a certain farm is 150 pounds of rice. Imagine a person trying to eke out an existence on 150 pounds of rice a year!

A Former Catechumen.

If the poor creature had no joy in this life, I resolved to try and open her mind to that of the next. I began by telling her that it was a good thing to adore the Creator. To this she agreed. Upon instructing her further, I was agreeably surprised to learn that years ago she had been a catechumen in Dolu, but having moved away had never seen a priest or catechist again. She had not, however, returned to idolatry. Seeing that she was not long for this world and unable to ascend or descend the mountain, I resolved to baptise her. She willingly consented, and after the necessary instruction and exciting herself to contrition, she knelt and received the saving waters on her wrinkled brow. In baptism she received the sweet name of Mary.

Last night a pagan sat for a long time listening to our conversation on religion. He was most interested and, no doubt, will be a fervent Christian some day. To-day we received reassuring letters from Father Ling, saying that the soldiers had left. We leave for Chuchow to-morrow."

Letter From Headquarters.

Father Serra and I arrived here last evening and were glad to find the Church and residence free of soldiers and in the same state as when we left it. This we consider a special protection from God. Much praise is due to Father Ling who was loaned to us for the emergency and who handled a delicate situation with consummate skill. Owing to the fact that the Southerners found here only Chinese, they exhibited unwonted civility and consideration and respected all our belongings to a surprising degree.

Accorded Good Treatment.

In consideration of Father Ling's and the Catechist's demand, as Chinese citizens, for good treatment, the first intention of locating a large troop of private soldiers in our premises was changed to that of billetting only the chief officers and a few men (100 in all). In the Protestant compound 500 soldiers were placed and the missionary, a German, who remained, was forced to evacuate his room in spite of protestations.

Would Establish Communism.

The officers told Father Ling that their rule is to occupy the Catholic Missions in every city they take and that if victorious in Chekiang they intend to turn them into colleges in which to teach Communism; which may God forbid! Father William is with us in Chuchow and returns shortly to Sungyang to continue the building of the Church while Father Serra is returning to his parish at Lungchuan. Father Morrison is already on his way to Yunhwo. Father Kam has not yet arrived at Chuchow as the commandeering by the military of all coastal boats between Wenchow and Ningpo makes passenger travel impossible. The soldiers have all gone North from here and before leaving they told Father Ling that it was not their intention to return. It is a good thing to be unimportant sometimes, at least, from a military point of view.

Ask our dear friends in Canada and Newfoundland to offer a special prayer of thanksgiving to the Little Flower for the special protection she has given us during these troubled times. A precious relic, part of her very bone, reposed in our mission even while the soldiers occupied it. So you see she lets her roses fall even in troubled China for the benefit of those who are laboring in a cause for which she would gladly have offered her own life.

Yours sincerely in Christ,
J. M. Fraser.

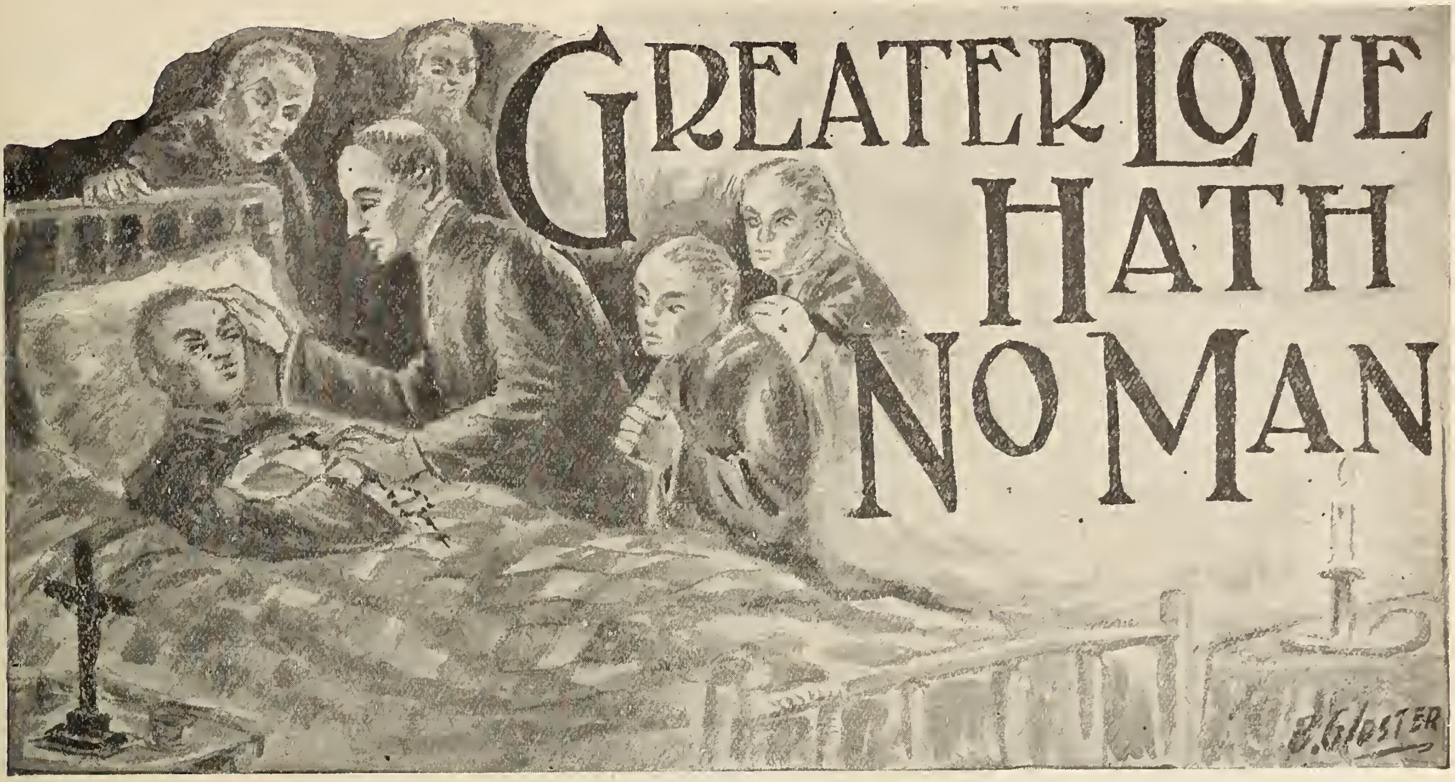
FATHER KAM UNABLE TO REACH CHUCHOW.

The latest news from Father Kam is to the effect that he is "marooned" at Ningpo. He reached that far on his way to Chuchow when the coastal boats were commandeered by the military for the transport of troops and passenger traffic was disrupted. However, as the Cantonese soldiers have left our district and slackened their pressure on the whole province of Chekiang, which is now in their hands, it is most likely that steamship service has been resumed between Ningpo and Wenchow. Father Kam, by this time, has probably rejoined Father Fraser and his companions at headquarters.

SISTERS LEAVE FOR CHINA

Four Sisters of St. Joseph, of Pittsburgh, Pa., have left for China to labor in the mission district under the care of the American Passionist Fathers, in West Hunan, China. The sisters are: Sister Cristina, of St. Joseph Hospital, South Side; Sister Florence, Sister Saint Anne and Sister Louise. All have been connected with schools and hospitals about Pittsburgh. Worthy of note is the fact that Sister Cristina has been at St. Joseph Hospital for over 15 years, and now resigns her office of Superior to devote herself to the work in China. This departure marks the entering of another American community of religious into the foreign mission field.

BELOW THE DAM.
The dam represents some of our engineering efforts to take care of the overflow of surface water in the "valley" where our rink is located. In spring it becomes a roaring torrent. Notice the volume of water in centre picture.



GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN

For the twentieth time in an hour Father O'Neil brought to an abrupt halt his restless pacing backward and forward in the tiny room that served as a combination Chinese post-office and village store. The hurried glance he bestowed on his watch was a trifle more impatient than were the twenty previous glances and it was a much more worried and puzzled one.

For the twentieth time he strode out into the wrangling, bustling crowd of market peddlers and buyers, to the post where two hours before he had hitched his horse. And for the twentieth time he hesitated and slowly walked back into the shop.

"You are sure Ling-Po knows this place is the post-office?" he asked the wondering shop-keeper.

"Certainly, Father, your boy knows this village as well as he knows your mission. He lived here, you see, before he went with you. Don't worry about him; he'll meet you here. Or if he forgot where you told him to meet you he'll come here anyway. This is a holiday for him—to be in the village on market day, to see everything to meet everybody. It must be tiresome sometimes being out in the country where the mission is. He wants a change. He——"

Under any circumstances Father O'Neil would have allowed the talkative dignitary to ramble on. It would have been useless to interrupt. He was more than content, now, to give the old man free rein, for, absorbed in his own thoughts, he was not in the mood for anything more distracting than a one-sided conversation. Having begun again his measured tread over the creaking floorboards, Father O'Neil was startled by the sound of one word splashed out, as it were, from the steady flow of the postmaster's monologue.

WHAT WOULD YOU ADVISE?

Here is the Problem.

Our Seminary has become too small and more students are applying for admission.

Should we just carry on and accept only the few more we have room for or should we enlarge, build, do anything rather than refuse them admission.

See back page.

You may be able to help us.

"What did you say about bandits?" he broke in.

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about them, either. Ching-tse saw some in the village this morning when he was delivering the mail. You might keep an extra eye on your things at the mission but I don't think they would try to rob you. They're too busy robbing themselves."

The old man chuckled at his own joke. "The bandits around here these days aren't what they used to be when I was a boy. Why, I can remember when—but—are you going, Father? Yes, it's about three o'clock; just time to make your mission before dark. I'll probably have more mail for you next week. And if that Ling-Po ever comes I'll tell him you've gone and to hurry after you. Good-bye, Father—good-bye."

Dusk began to fall before the weary missionary had travelled more than three quarters of the distance between the village and his out-lying station. Somehow or other, he was unable to urge his horse to greater speed. And there was, Father O'Neil was by this time convinced, every need of speed.

A wan, yellow moon began to poke its head over the top of the gently swaying trees as if to take a preliminary survey of the scene below before deciding whether to don its shimmering evening gown of silver.

How that observant, introspective moon must have envied her fellow celestial labourer—the sun which so short a time before had risen to gaze upon the blossoming beauties of an April day and a Chinese countryside! There were the same hedges and the trees lining the road but now they wore the forbidding look of one who seeks to conceal something. There too, was the red roof of the Chinese temple, which in early dawn had stood out as a rose amid a wealth of green foliage, but which now lay shrouded in darkness deeper even than that which enveloped the worshippers within.

Father O'Neil gave no heed to the scenery except to wonder how much more lay between him and his destination. His mind was shot through with a multitude of words he had heard, things he had seen, unexplained fancies and strange imaginings.

First, there was the mission station, with its chapel, school and residents. Had it been attacked and plundered by the bandits? Had his work of years been wiped out at one stroke?

Then, there was Ling-Po. Or rather, where was Ling-Po? He had promised faithfully to meet the missionary at the village post-office after he had been granted an hour to himself in the town to which he and Father O'Neil had come earlier in the day for the mail and to buy supplies for the mission.

But the thing that really troubled Father O'Neil as he jogged along over the dark road was a vague rumor that several days before had reached his ears. No! It could not be true, the priest told himself. Ling-Po had proven himself too loyal a helper, too true a friend to the mission. His worth was genuine. An ally of the bandits? No! Envy was at the root of that rumor. Ling-Po—and yet the boy had not kept his appointment. Perhaps—No! No! It couldn't be. Father O'Neil urged his horse to cover more ground.

The tired animal seemed to sense the uneasiness of the missionary and made a valiant effort to go faster. Only a short distance remained. Just as Father O'Neil had allowed himself to lapse back into his torturing train of thought, he was aroused by a peculiar pattering sound. He listened carefully. Someone was coming toward him, running.

Hurriedly, he jerked the horse aside into a thicket and waited. Soon he saw a tall figure emerge from the darkness and stand half-revealed in the pale moonlight. In an agony of suspense he saw the man hesitate, look about him suspiciously and then begin to move forward again.

A twig snapped under the horse's hoof. A pistol shot could not have been more effective. The man stopped short again. Slowly he picked his way to the spot from which the sound had come. When he was less than ten yards away, he stopped again.

"Is that you, Father O'Neil?"

The priest was torn with conflicting emotions. The voice was as unknown to him as was the figure of the speaker. Perhaps, he was one of the bandits who had been sent out in advance to intercept him. Perhaps Ling-Po had proven a traitor!—No! Father O'Neil refused to believe that! At any rate, he reflected, nothing could be gained by keeping silent now, especially since the native certainly must have become aware of his presence in the thicket.

"Yes," Father O'Neil answered, "What do you want?"

"Oh, Father," there was genuine relief in the voice, "we thought you had been captured. The mission was attacked by bandits. But they took nothing. Some of us were ready for them. We captured one ——"

"And Ling-Po?"

"He was hurt, Father. That is why we wanted you, why we have runners out on all the roads tonight to meet you."

"Who are you?" the missionary asked, as he hastily led his horse to the road.

"I am Ching-tse, the postmaster's helper. You do not know me but I know you—everybody does ——"

"Here," Father O'Neil ordered, "mount in back of me and we will ride to the mission as fast as we can. Tell me, how is Ling-Po? Who hurt him? How? Where is he? How did he reach the mission?"

"He is badly hurt—with the Sisters at the mission—he was shot—with the bandits—I don't know ——"

"But did he come with the bandits? Tell me! Did he?"

"I did not see—there—there are

JAMES JOHN LING,
twenty years ago.

THEN AND NOW.

Some twenty years ago in Taichowfu, a devout little Chinese altar boy, James Ling, was encouraged by Father Fraser to study for the priesthood. About two months ago, when the Cantonese were pursuing their victorious march through our territory and were billetted in our Church and Mission Residence, Father James Ling was in charge at the Mission and, in the words of Father Fraser, "handled a delicate situation with consummate skill." Thus was Father Fraser rewarded in a most unexpected and providential manner for his zeal in raising to the Priesthood the little altar boy of Taichowfu.

FATHER LING,
to-day.

the other men. There is the mission. Ling-Po is at the infirmary."

Father O'Neil leaped from his horse, oblivious of the crowd of curious natives that thronged the place, and dashed into the building. There, in the dim candle light on a little cot lay his "boy"—Ling-Po, his skin the color of parchment, his eyes glazed and his slender body still and calm.

When the priest bent over him, a look of joy mingled with relief came into the boy's eyes. With an effort Ling-Po began to speak, almost in a whisper.

"Ah, I am glad you are safe, Father. I was afraid. I left you alone so long. I am sorry—I couldn't come back at the hour—but in the marketplace I—heard some men—talking about your house—and the mission. They were bandits. I told—Ching-tse and we rode—all the way home. I didn't have time—to tell you—to do anything. We just had time to warn the people here to be ready for the attack—the bandits are cowards—they won't fight in the open—one of them shot me—and they all ran——"

The voice was fading fast. The eyes that so often gleamed at the prospect of making a little lighter the cares of the missionary grew dimmer.

"Forgive me, Father, I didn't mean — to leave without telling you."

Father O'Neil choked back a sob and kissed the boy's forehead.

"Ling-Po," he whispered, "You must forgive me—my faithful Ling-Po——"

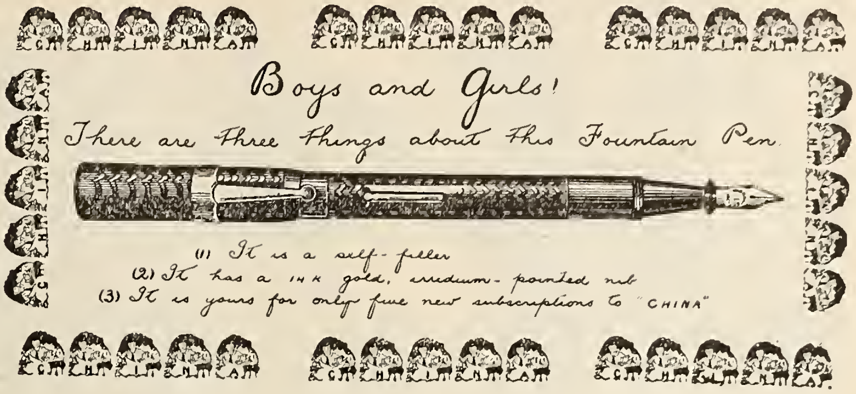
"And Father—" The priest bent low to catch the last words—"Promise you will look after Ching-tse—he is so—brave——."

(Catholic Mission.)

Forestry.

Nature Lover (gazing at tree)—"Ah, wonderful oak, if you could but speak, what word would you say unto me?"

Forest Ranger—"Say, guy, if that tree could talk it'd say, 'I ain't no oak, you sap, I'm a spruce.'"



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There are Three Things about This Fountain Pen.

(1) It is a self-filler

(2) It has a 14 K gold, iridium-pointed nib

(3) It is yours for only five new subscriptions to "CHINA"

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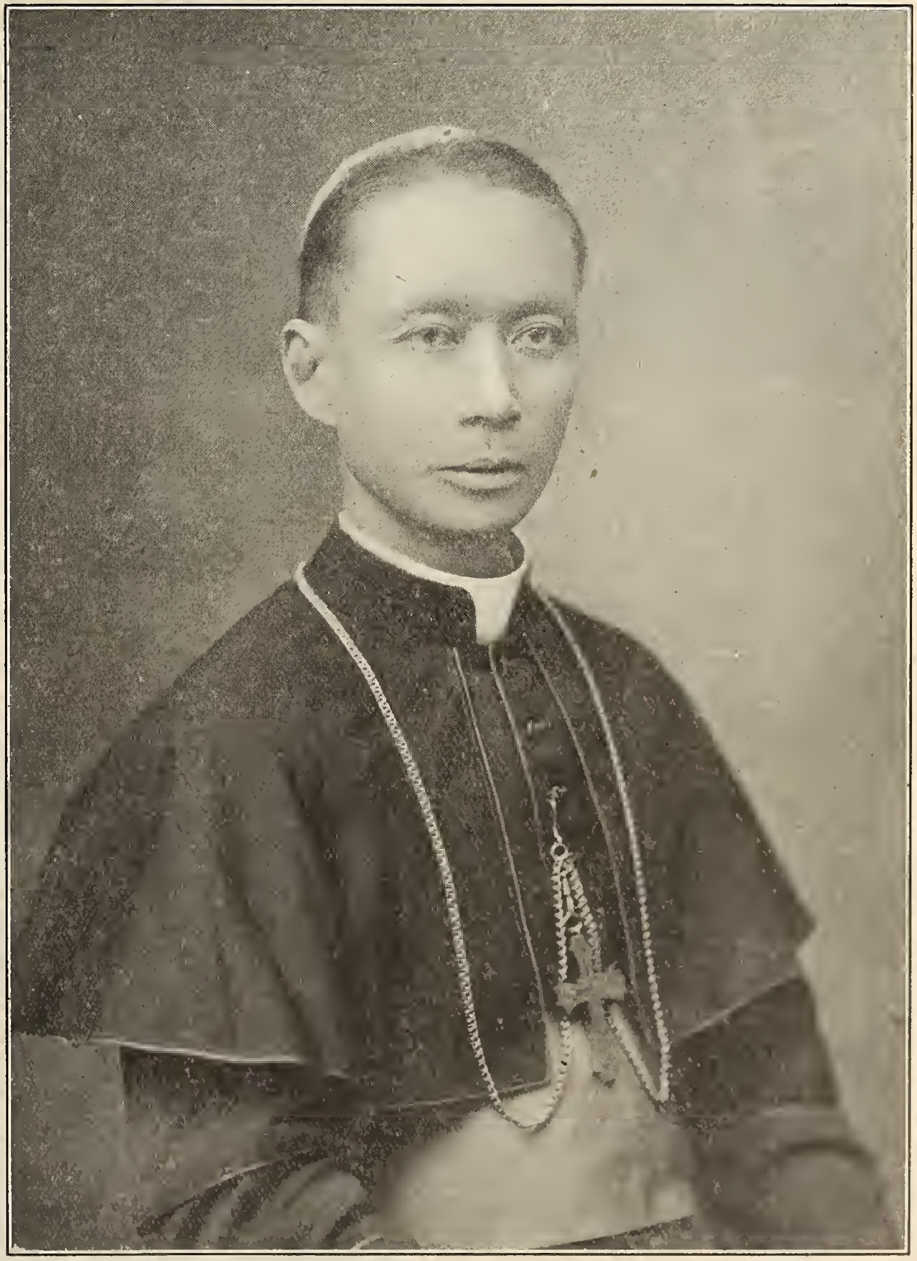
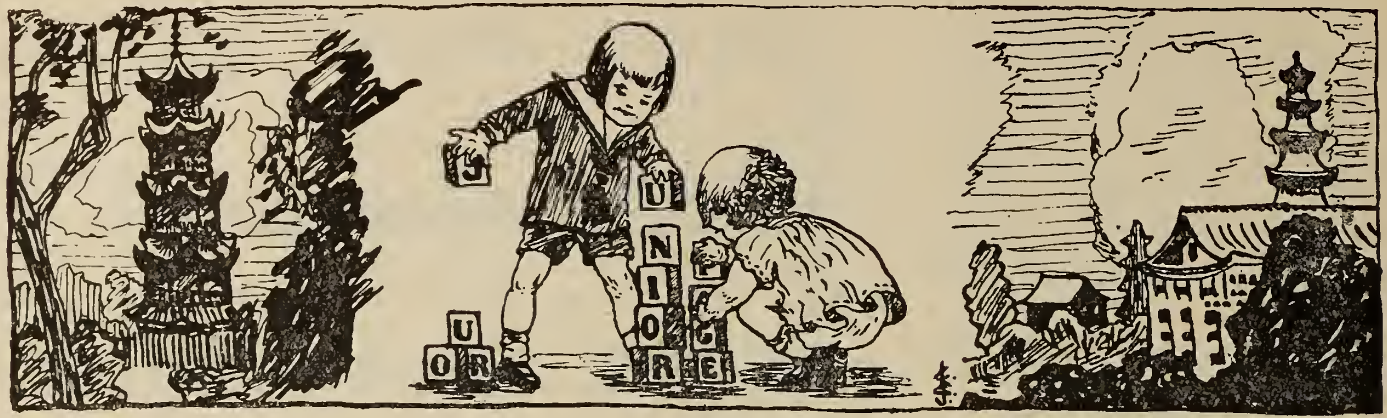
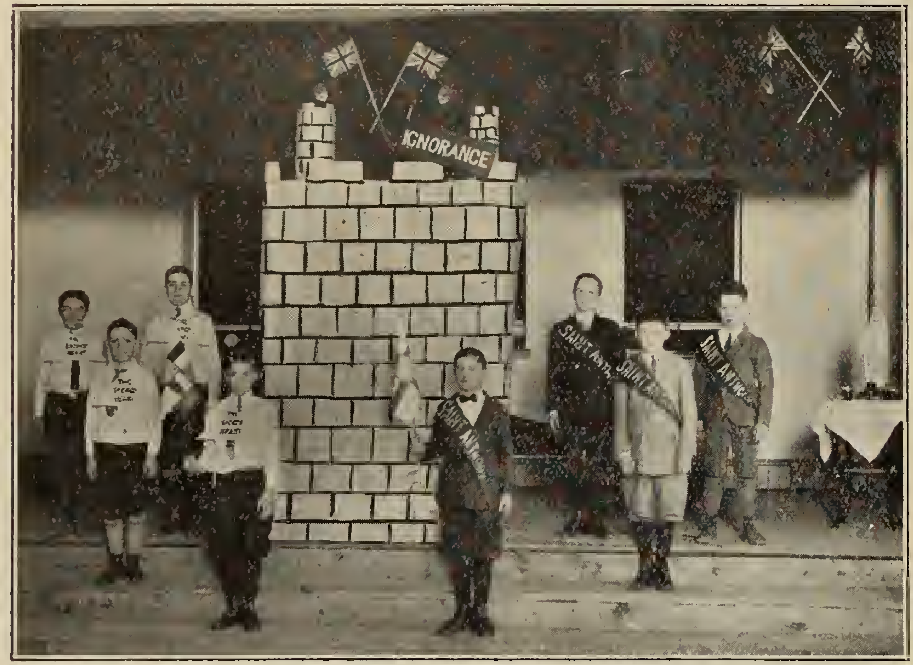


RT. REV. SIMON TSU, S.J., D.D.

Bishop Tsu is one of the six newly consecrated Chinese bishops. He is a member of the Society of Jesus and belongs to a prominent Catholic family of Shanghai.





STORMING THE CASTLE.

The castle stronghold of "Ignorance of the Missions" was recently demolished by the youthful members of C.C.S.M.C., St. Anthony's School, Toronto.

CHINA ENOUGH AT HOME.

There's China enough at home, they
cry,
In their thoughtless, foolish way.
Oh Christ, do they ever understand
The senseless words they say!
For you were a foreign missioner,
And when you left your throne,
The Devil must have whispered too,
"There's China enough at home."

H. F. X. S.

A CORRECTION.

Our apologies! But to whom? Last month we inserted a picture of our little missionary friends from St. David's School. The picture was all right but the title was all wrong, for it said they were pupils of St. Francis School. If we apologize to St. David's for calling them St. Francis' what will St. Francis' think of it? If we tell St. Francis' we're sorry and that it won't happen again, St. David's will retort that St. F. ought to be tickled to death to have their school name attached to such a fine looking group of little missionaries. But, anyway, we mixed things up and St. David's and St. Francis' will fix it among themselves.

TEASERS.

If a man carries a dozen lamp glasses and drops one, what does he become?

A lamplighter.

Why is a mirror like an ungrateful friend?

Because even though you load his back with silver he always reflects on you.

When do sheep become stationery?
When they are turned into pens.

Why would a sixth sense be bothersome?

Because it would be a new sense (nuisance).

Why should a teetotaller not have a wife?
Because he cannot sup-porter.

Why is a poor singer like a counterfeiter?

Because he always gives out bad notes.

When did George Washington first ride in a carriage?

When he took a hack at the cherry tree.

What advantage has a postage stamp over a small boy?
A postage stamp is licked only once.

Senior Unit, C.C.S.M.C., St. Helen's School, Toronto.

LITTLE MISSIONARY ABC's

Rose Graffe Will

Dear little missionaries of the
Lord,
Here is the alphabet in rhyming word,
To teach that it is not absurd
or odd
That ev'ry single letter speaks
of God,
Or of the bounden duty that
we owe
To help the missions spread
His cause below.

A is for Anything that you can send,
Money or service or prayers or friend.

B is for Business, the business of Christ,
Barter of pennies, and joys sacrificed.

C is for China and Children there too,
Who look for assistance, afar off, from you.

D is for Danger that threatens each soul;
Also for Devils who wish to control.

E is for Ev'ry one, dad, ma, and you,
Even the baby, to give something too.

F is for Fight. We must fight Satan's throng
With alms that will help and pray'rs that are
strong.

G is for God, the dear God who loves all
Races and colors, the great and the small.

H is for Habit, the habit to give,
Give till it hurts, that some others may live.

I is for Interest that each one should take
Helping the missions for soul-saving sake.

J is for Joy that your spirits will feel,
Toiling with Christ in the light of His zeal.

K is for Kiddies, as small as you are,
That your pennies will aid in the countries afar.

L is for Love that means charity fair,
Love of the souls who need help "over there."

The Little Missionary

(To be continued)

IDOL MAKER BECOMES TRAPPIST.

A young Japanese idol-maker was converted to the Catholic religion and became a fervent member of the Trappist Community at Hokkaido, Japan, through a scrap of a Catholic newspaper which he picked up in the street.

You could make converts too, perhaps, converts to the cause of the missions, if you made them acquainted with our work through the columns of "CHINA." There are still many well-meaning Catholics who believe that "we have 'China enough at home'."

WHEN YOU HAVE READ "CHINA," PLEASE GIVE IT TO A FRIEND.

Nonsense

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"
A. KEELOR

Wise Crack.

No domestic science course is necessary to enable a girl to make a traffic jam.—Ottawa Journal.

Squirrel News.

It takes about 1,500 nuts to hold an automobile together, but it takes only one to scatter it all over the landscape.—Safety Bulletin.

A Catch To It.

Young Wife—"Before we were married you said mother could stay with us whenever she pleased."

Husband—"Yes, certainly—but when has she?"—Boston Transcript.

A Send-Off.

Colored Maid (to mistress)—"Miss L., will you please, 'mam, 'vance me 25 cents on my wages? The leader of our church is gwine away, and we want to give him a little momentum."—Charleston News and Courier.

Association of Ideas.

Two women were passing a butcher's shop where a pig's head was on display, with a lemon in its mouth.

"There, Liz," exclaimed one of the women, "that reminds me that I promised to get a new pipe for Joe."

Economy.

An Aberdonian who was about to get married informed the officiating clergyman that he wanted the ceremony performed in the poultry yard.

"Why?" asked the clergyman.

"Weel, the rice will feed the hens," replied the prospective bridegroom.

Expunged Edition.

Wife—"I took the recipe for this cake out of the cookbook."

Husband (tasting the soggy thing)—"You did right, it should never have been in."

A Hard One.

Young Lady (who has just sung for charity)—"I never thought my voice would fill that big hall."

Unfeeling Father—"Neither did I. I thought it would empty it."

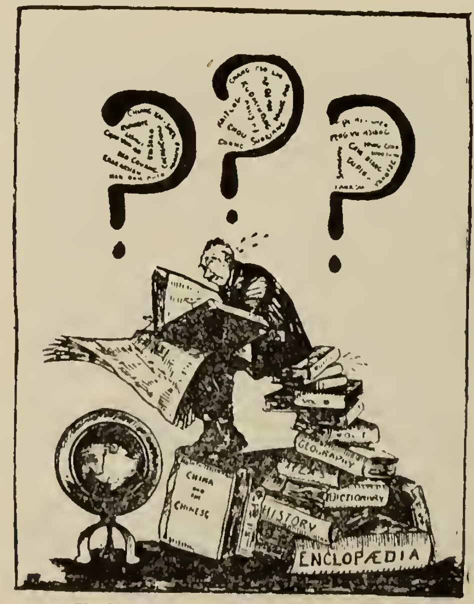
Don't Walk.

Returned Tourist (to his friend)—"Well, I liked Paris and Rome, but the best part of the whole thing was the trip over. Don't miss that, whatever you do, if you go to Europe!"

Heart Balm.

Motorist—"I'm sorry I ran over your hen. Would a dollar make it all right?"

Honolulu Farmer—"Well, better make it two, mister. I've got a rooster that's mighty fond of that hen and the shock might kill him, too."



Trying to solve the Chinese Problem.
(The Globe.)

A Sure Sign.

Fond Mother—"Jane, has Johnny come home from school yet?"

Jane—"I think so. I haven't seen him yet, but the cat is hiding under the table!"

Laid Up For Repairs.

Farmer Smith—"What became of that hired man you had?"

Farmer Brown—"Aw, he used to work in a garage in town and yesterday the idiot crawled under a mule to see why it wouldn't go."

Exit, One Maid!

A dairy maid milked the pensive goat,
And, pouting, paused to mutter:
"I wish, you brute, you'd turn to milk,"
And the animal turned to butt her.

—Donald Lee Walker.

Borrowing as a Fine Art.

"Hullo, Brown. Are you using your lawn-mower this afternoon."

"Yes, I'm afraid I am."

"Splendid! Then you won't be wanting your tennis racket—I've broken mine!"

Soft Music Needed.

She—"While you are asking papa for my hand I'll play something lively on the piano."

He—"I'd rather you didn't, dearest. You know some people can't keep their feet still when they hear lively music."

Cost Nothing.

American Tourist in Scotland—"Say sonny, could you tell me if this is Aberdeen?"

Sonny—"Weel, if ye gae me saxpence, I'll tell ye."

Lady in Back Seat—"Drive on, dear, it must be Aberdeen."—Belle Hop.

“The Evil That Men Do

lives after them. The good is often interred with their bones.”

It Will Not Be So With You

if you remember our Burse Fund in your will.

Because The Good You Do

will live after you and children yet unborn will one day bless your charity that made it possible for them to be missionaries in China. And in their prayers and in the Holy sacrifice they will remember you and yours.

A complete Burse is $5,000.00
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FOR SALE.

Five-roomed rug brick bungalow; chestnut trim; hot air furnace; gas; electric; with side drive; deep lot, 25 x 128; close to schools and only five minutes from Danforth. A. MILLARD, 187 Chisholm Ave., Toronto.

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See announcement on back page of CHINA. Perhaps you can help us solve a problem.

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CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

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Our readers will probably have noticed that the expiry date of the subscription to CHINA is not printed on the wrapper or the paper. Some have told us that they do not know at times just how they stand in regard to their subscription. We prefer to notify our readers privately as to how their subscription stands, and in the course of the next few weeks YOU will be notified if your subscription has already expired or will expire soon. We would deem it a favor if you would attend to your renewal to CHINA promptly upon receipt of this notice. The subscription price of the paper—50 CENTS A YEAR—scarcely pays the cost of publication, and we feel that we are not asking too much in requesting you to kindly keep your subscription up to date.

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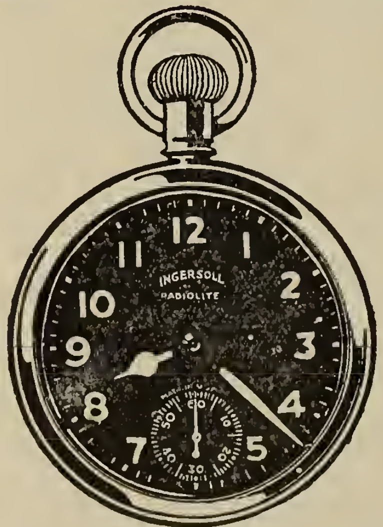

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And We Have No Money to Build

Four years ago, when our building at Scarboro, which was formerly a private house, became too small, we were confronted with the task of providing a larger and better institution. The rest you know. The institution, pictured above, was built for us by the Catholic people of Canada. However, so much of the building had to be devoted to the providing of a chapel, recreation room, classrooms, offices and mailing room, etc., that the student accommodation was necessarily limited.

AND NOW

More students are applying for admission than we can accomodate next year as the building now stands. We hesitate as yet to build again, but by converting our present lecture hall into students' rooms, by making other necessary alterations which will cost about $5,000.00, we shall be able to take care of the new men for next year.

$5,000.00 IS NEEDED IMMEDIATELY

WILL YOU HELP?

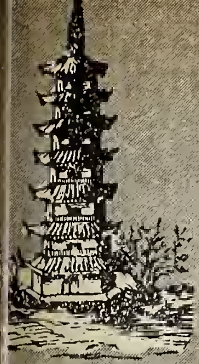
PLEASE SEND YOUR DONATION TO-DAY

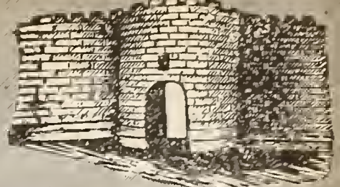
Enclosed please find .... my donation towards helping prepare for students next year.

Name ....

Address ....

....





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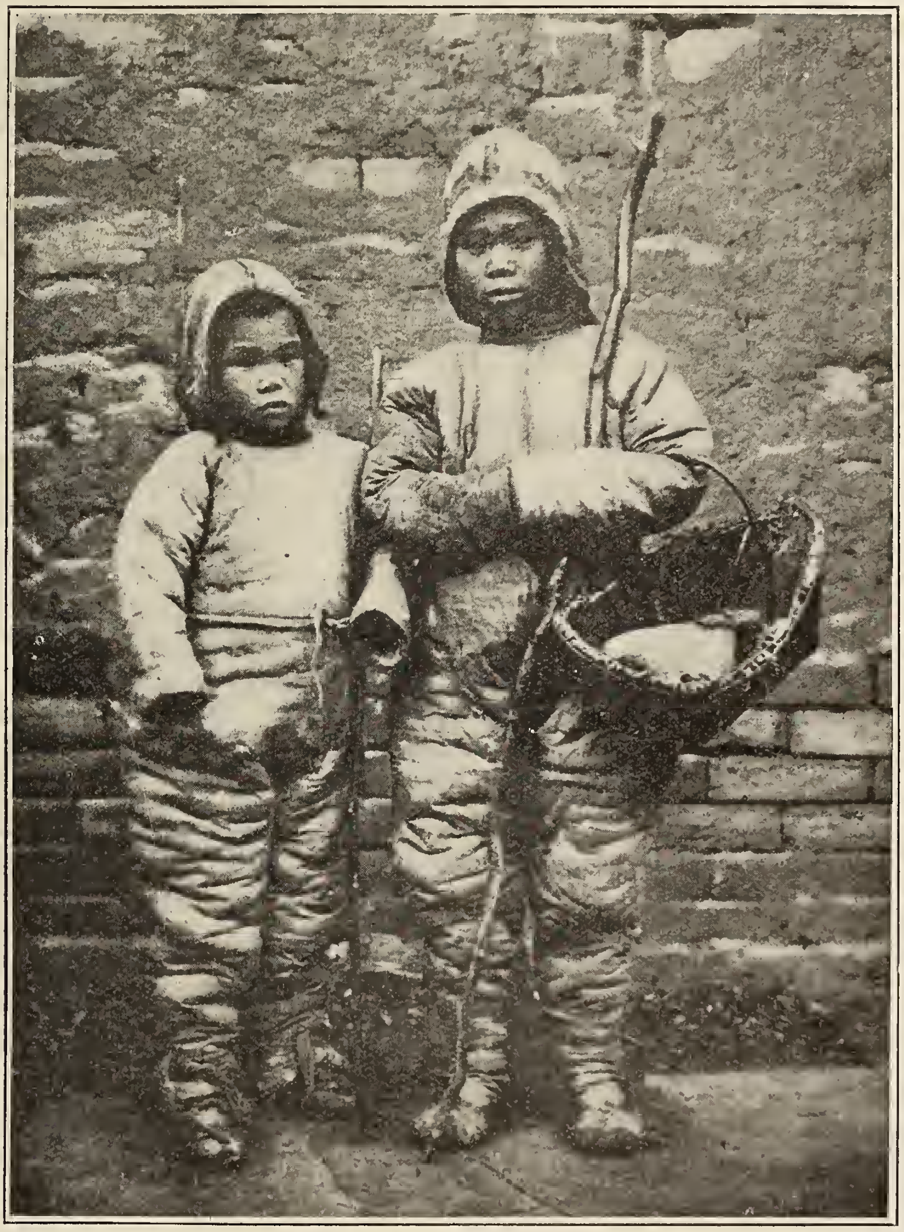

Child Beggars of China.

JUNE SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. 1927

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By Father L. P. Golden, of the Los Angeles Diocese

This wonderful set consists of thirty-six lessons carefully visualized. The teaching manual gives a brief description of the features used, the reason therefor, the quotation from the Scriptures which establishes the religious content of the picture and a brief modern example of the lesson.

The general descriptive matter in the manual is such that it will hold the student's attention and will clearly analyze the meaning of the questions and answers.

This is a wonderful set of films and has the endorsement of high Ecclesiastical authority.

Series of 12 rolls of film, with manual, in case	$30.00 Net

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This set of three films gives a complete visualization of the Mass, Solemn High and Low, and of Benediction and Vespers, the most common ceremonies.

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The complete set of 3 rolls with manual	$9.00 Net
Single films with manual	3.00 Net

This is the Model M Spencer Filmslide Projector

It uses strips of standard width, non-inflammable, motion picture film, on which there is a series of still pictures. IT IS NOT A MOVIE. The screen results are excellent beyond criticism. Model M is equipped with a 200-watt, 110-volt, monoplane filament bulb, prefocussed and precentered. Also it is designed with a triple condensing system, heat absorbing glass, standard sprocket and high grade projection lens. Finish is of black crystal enamel, baked on. Fifteen feet of cord is supplied with plug and switch included.

3650—Model M Delineascope with 2" to 4" projection objective, and 200-watt, 110-volt bulb	$60.00 Net

Note:—Father Kam, of St. Francis Xavier Seminary, is using one of our Filmslide Projectors in the Mission at Chuchow, China.

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MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

EDITORIAL PAGE
CHINA
Published Monthly, August excepted, by
CHINA MISSION SEMINARY
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.
Editor - Rev. Wm. C. McGrath

Military Rule in Chuchow

Bright to-day and dark to-morrow! At one time telling of the departure of the soldiery and the return to normal and at another time giving details of a fresh "invasion" of the premises of our Mission—this has been the story of Chuchow as we have received it by letters, for the most part weeks apart. At the present moment it would seem that the soldiers have again taken their departure. But the letters conveying this news left China over a month ago, and many things may have happened since then. But withal the work of the Mission goes on, under difficulties, it is true, and in an atmosphere daily becoming more threatening. In some of the missions he has been visiting Father Fraser tells us the people "never had so much religion in their lives." In the isolated localities the attitude of the people is very little changed. As a matter of fact the vast majority of the people in the whole of our Province are as much in dread of the soldiers as any foreigner could be. For them the arrival of the military means very often looting and pillaging and the imposing of impossible conditions as a guarantee of immunity from harm. In the welter of this suicidal conflict which is rocking the foundations of the Chinese nation it is the Chinese people who are suffering most.

The most detailed account of recent events in our district is from the pen of Father Serra, who was in Chuchow during the latest occupation by the military. Since then Father Kam, who had been detained by the irregularity of steamship service on the coast, has arrived at our headquarters. Father Serra's letter is in the form of a diary.

The Diary.

First Day. Father William Fraser has a boat ready to leave for his mission in Sungyang. A messenger has just arrived to tell us that a great body of soldiers are on their way here from Lungchuan. Father John, who is leaving to resume his visitation of the mission stations, has gathered and hidden all our valuables such as chalices, ciboria. Many of our belongings are in the homes of Christians. I am remaining in the mission here, and I do not know what the future and the advent of the military may bring.

Second Day. Father John and Father William have taken their departure. At three o'clock this afternoon an officer arrived and made a thorough inspection of the mission residence. He said that for the present it was not the intention of the military to occupy our premises. He was tired of the war and only wished he could return home.

Third Day. Last night there was a very heavy snowfall, and this morning (something most unusual here) there is a foot of snow on the ground. At ten o'clock, while the officer in command was visiting the Mandarin, a company of soldiers took possession of the house and church. They saluted me respectfully and promised that for the time being they would not occupy my room. However, after an hour a command came that they were to leave at once, which they did. About noon another crowd arrived, only to be ordered out like the others by the commanding officer. They left with bad grace, and were evidently angry. However, in the afternoon about 700 more of them arrived, and it was at once evident that they intended to remain. They lighted fires all over the premises, and were soon seated cooking their rice. A messenger came to-day from Lungchuan with the news that all my books had been burned, the pictures and stations thrown out of the church, the crucifix broken and all the vestments destroyed.

Fourth Day. I noticed this morning that three chalice veils were missing. I told the commanding officer, and he promised me to make an investigation. If they were not found now he said he would send them to me by mail after the soldiers moved on. The place is a veritable Tower of Babel.

Fifth Day. There are only 60 soldiers remaining. They entered the church beating drums and making an infernal racket. I ordered them to leave, and in trying to force an entrance (for they had barred the door) I had to break part of the door. They said they intended to do as they pleased, and for a time I thought I would be thrown out, but a number of them rallied to my defence and began to expostulate with the more aggressive members of the group. There was a great deal of noise, but nothing happened.

Sixth Day. Last night 60 more soldiers arrived from Tsingtien. They captured six bandits whom they accused of being deserters from the army of Sun Chuan Fang. At six o'clock this morning they were executed on the river bank before a crowd of ten thousand people. It was an awful sight Their hands were tied behind their backs, their heads shoved forward and a hideous, grinning creature with a huge axe stepped forward and hacked their heads off. It was enough to make one's blood run cold. In the days of the Manchus an executioner was supposed to cut off the victim's head with one blow or lose his own. The executioners in this army are not so skilled, and the way they hack and mangle the victim is something horrible beyond description. Surely there are no worse creatures in hell than those leering, fiendish, malicious brutes, who seem to take a positive delight in the excruciating sufferings of their wretched victims. Oh God, what creatures these pagans are!

Seventh Day. One of the officers told me to-day that it is the intention of the Southerners to occupy every Catholic Mission in the province if they are successful and convert them into schools where Communism will be taught. I received a telegram from Father Kam telling me that the boats were running again, and that he was on his way from Haimen. He will be very welcome here and will have a good influence, I hope, over the soldiers.

Eighth Day. To-day about forty of the soldiers assisted at Mass, listened to the sermon preached by the catechist and afterwards proclaimed that all religion was a superstition. The soldiers have not received any pay for three months, and are in the direst poverty. They paid a visit to one of the rich men of the town, but he had evidently suspected some such development, and was not to be found. They then appealed to me through the catechist, but as I am not Tsong Pan Dow, they left me in peace.

Ninth to Fifteenth Day. There has been nothing unusual. For the most part the soldiers have been very civil. A bread knife is the only other thing missing, and Father Fraser's belongings have not been disturbed. I have been cooking my own meals between times in the kitchen, and they have not interfered with me. It is hard to say when they intend to leave. Pray for us all, dear Fathers and students, and let us hope that soon the Sun of Justice will arise on high with great splendor for the Church in China.

Yours sincerely in Christ,
RAYMOND SERRA.

(Since the above letter was written Father Kam has arrived at Chuchow.)

Latest News.

Since the above leteer was written Father Kam has arrived at Chuchow and a cablegram received at the seminary on May 13th conveyed the news that Father Fraser was also returning there. Conditions throughout the district are evidently returning to normal.

CAN WE DO IT?

By September our Seminary must be enlarged in order to accommodate the new students who have applied for admission.

OUR FUNDS ARE LOW.
WORK MUST BEGIN
AT ONCE.

Will you please help us. See last page of "China."

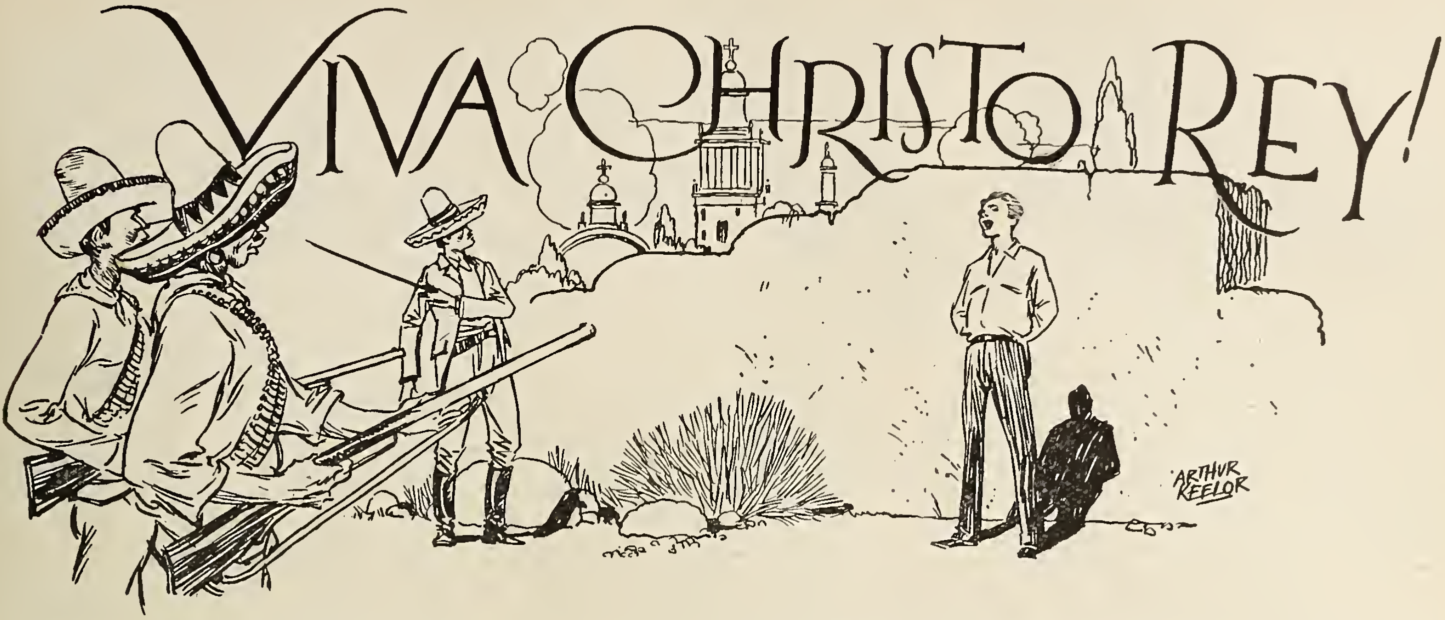
Refrigerator for Sale Who'll Buy?

"The shack I am in would make a fine refrigerator. There are no windows in it; in order to get light we must open the door. To-day we get more than *light* by this door, for there is a terrific snow-blizzard raging. Through the wide-open cracks of this garret the snow drifts unceasingly. Of course, there is no fire, so-you must excuse this writing as my stiffened fingers refuse to guide my pen. The Alaskan missionaries have nothing on Chuchow! My writing desk is a wobbly altar (?) and my seat the mission-box. The people who live in this locality are wretchedly poor and miserably clad. In order to experience some sense of warmth they carry beneath their rags a pot of live charcoal. Even the little tots are thus provided. I am here at Yi-du-san (a little village hidden in the mountains) to enable the Christians in the village to make their Easter duty. I may be imprisoned here for a few days as the path by which I ascended the mountains is now impassable."

Would any good Christian benefactor like to buy this refrigerator from Father Fraser, and replace it by something a little more comfortable? Who will purchase the "refrigerator" in Yi-du-san?

As a proof of our "harmonious" relations with St. Augustine's, we have four representatives in the orchestra. When you come to the Seminary, bring along your "sax" or flute or fiddle. Music, occasionally, is a part of the programme.

VIVA CHRISTO REY!



"Viva Christo Rey"—Long Live Christ the King—is the cry that has been taken up by the persecuted Catholics of Mexico in the furious persecution they are now called upon to endure. Many have died for the faith with these last words upon their lips. One of them, a mere boy of twenty-two years, is the hero of this true story. Two of his sisters, exiled from their native land, are at present with the community of Our Lady of Charity in Toronto.

This is a true story, and the events narrated took place but a few short months ago. It was through the latticed grating of the cloister, in the Monastery of the Good Shepherd, Toronto, that we heard it, and decided that readers of CHINA should know something of the heroism of a boy who laid down his life for Christ the King. It seemed to bring the Mexican horror nearer home. We had been accustomed to think of persecution and terror and wholesale murder as something unreal and impossible. It could not be, in this age of civilization and enlightenment—and brotherhood. But very near it seemed that evening, even in the peaceful seclusion of the cloister. The voice of the sister was subdued almost to a whisper. It was almost as if there were danger in speaking aloud, as if the fiends of Calles the inhuman were hovering outside and the terror of his persecution were at our very doors. And we thanked God, as we listened, that the age of martyrs had not passed, that there were still in the Church of Christ souls as pure and as courageous as the gentle virgins who quailed not before the diabolical fury of the Emperors of Rome.

"Mother took it bravely and resignedly," the Sister was saying. "She cried a little and we could see that she was making a brave attempt to keep up, but the little sister was inconsolable. Poor child! We thought she would break her heart. At times she said it could not be true. She seemed to be having a terrible dream and thought she would wake and find that her 'little brother' was still alive, alive and strong as when he kissed them good-bye at the station some few months before. And then she remembered how proudly erect he had stood and how earnestly he had spoken as he told them that it might yet be his privilege, too, to die for Christ the King."

The Story.

In November, 1926, the decree of banishment from Mexico was extended to the Monastery of Our Lady of Charity in ——. The community of sisters made ready to leave the country which they had served with unselfish devotion. Seven of them entrained for Canada, a strange but not unfriendly land where rulers were God-fearing and the Cross of Christ was free. Among the band of exiles were two with whom this story is concerned, Mother Margaret Mary, Superior of the Community, and Sister Mary of the Assumption, her sister, a youthful novice of twenty years. Their brother Antonio, but two years older than his "little sister," was at the station to bid them goodbye. He was a young man of considerable wealth and influence in his community.

Antonio ———, hero of this story, who died for the faith in Mexico, February, 1927.

"All that is mine," he said, "will from now on be devoted to the service of Christ the King. I may be able to do some little with my wealth. If He requires my life it will be gladly given in his service."

Crowds surged about the platform. Mexican officers, harsh and uncivil to the lonely little band, were urging them to hurry and board their train.

"Good-bye, dear sisters, and may God bless and protect you." There was a look in the eyes of Antonio that they had never seen before, a look that thrilled them even as it almost broke their hearts. It seemed to presage impending danger, for it spoke, only too eloquently, they thought, of a determination that would not quail before all the furies of Calles and his agents of Satan. They wished that the Mexican officers were not so near, standing almost beside their little brother, as the "All aboard!" sounded and their lonely journey began.

"Good-bye, dear sisters!" The train was beginning to move. Antonio's hand was raised, almost as if to bless them. "You will never be ashamed of your little brother. Viva Christo Rey!" They were the last words of his that they would ever hear upon earth. Surely those officers overheard too, they thought. From that moment they felt that Antonio would be singled out as an especial victim of their fury.

Months passed. At home with their fellow-sisters in Toronto and under the benign influence of the Christlike charity of the Community, the sisters had almost forgotten the horrors that afflicted their unhappy country. And then one day the long silence was broken. From another sister in Mexico, who had endeavored to keep in touch with her brother's movements, came a letter that enkindled once more all their apprehensions for his safety. It was dated March 3rd. For obvious reasons we omit the name of the place from which it was sent.

"Our brave little brother," she wrote, "has enlisted in the struggle against the enemies of our Holy Faith. I shall endeavor to keep in touch with him, but for the future when writing you I shall be obliged to dissimulate."

She had learned that a rigid censorship was about to be enforced. "When in future I speak to you of a cream silk dress you will know that something is seriously wrong. If I say that my cream silk dress is completely useless you will understand that our darling brother is no more."

* * *

The Cream Silk Dress.

Another anxious month went by, and then from a place remote from where she had formerly written came another letter from Antonio's sister.

My Dearest Sister—

I hope you are enjoying the best of health. Why have you not written me? I am so impatient to hear from you both that when I do not receive word I think you must be ill.

Dear sister, do you remember the cream silk dress, the gift of my god-mother, that was so strong and beautiful? I was told that it had completely rotted away. I had occasion to see it lately and to my great sorrow found that it was of no more service. What a pity! It is impossible to bring it back to its former beauty.

Love to all and a fond embrace from

Your loving sister,

—— ——.

That was the story we heard through the latticed grating of the cloister. There was silence after the Sister had read for us the letter which told of the last great act in the life drama of a youthful soldier of Christ the King.

"And how must his poor sisters have felt," we asked, "as they read between the lines of the letter?"

"Mother took it bravely," she answered. "But the little sister was inconsolable. She cried so much and could neither eat nor sleep. We almost thought she was going to die."

We met them a few weeks ago. The sharp pangs of grief had already been softened by time. When we mentioned Antonio their faces became radiant with joy and pride. "We are both very happy now," Mother Margaret said, "We have received so much kindness on all sides. And we feel that Antonio died a martyr and that his death will help restore peace to the Church in Mexico." From the spirit of her words and from her look as she spoke we felt that Mother would not be loath to follow in the footsteps of her little brother.

Courageous Unto Death.

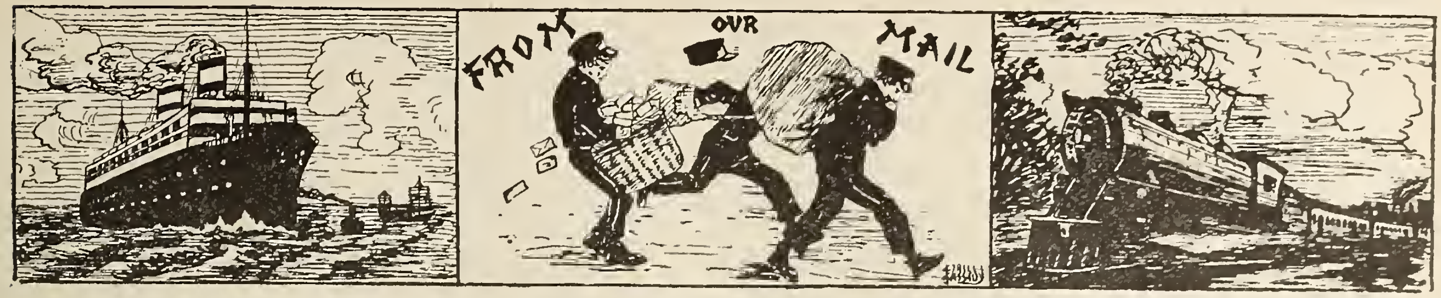
We have since heard further details of the execution of Antonio. They were contained in a letter from Father ......, in El Paso, Texas. He was seized by a company of soldiers, like so many other innocent young victims, on a charge of sedition and ordered to be executed. As he faced the firing squad he removed the bandage they had placed over his eyes and looked bravely into the muzzles of the rifles levelled at his breast.

"You are soldiers," he said to his executioners, "soldiers of an unjust tyrant. We are soldiers of Christ the King. We are proud to die for Him and we know that your efforts are doomed to failure. As surely as we die so surely will He once more reign supreme in our country as He reigns even now in the hearts of our persecuted people."

The fatal volley rang out and he sank to the ground. *"Viva Christo Rey"*—His heart's blood reddened the ground as these last words fell from his dying lips, and thus the pure young soul of Antonio went forth to meet its maker.

What a spirit, unconquered and unconquerable! How thrillingly reminiscent of a Polycarp or a Sebastian! Need we fear for the future of a Church in a country where such Christlike heroes are not afraid to die! Antonio kept his word and his sisters are "not ashamed of their little brother." And our hearts are thrilled at the story of a brave young soldier of the Cross who followed the way of Calvary to the feet of Christ the King.

Monastery of Our Lady of Charity, Toronto, where seven Mexican sisters have found refuge from persecution.



Toronto, Ont.

"I am enclosing the odds and ends collected in the mite-box you sent. I hope it may be doubled many times over by other boxes. I see you are contemplating extending your building for more students and I wish you all success in your efforts."

Merritton, Ont.

"I am keeping the mite-box and will send some more money at a later date."

Parkside, Sask.

"My monthly cheque has just arrived, so I gladly send you my usual donation. I wish I could pay off some of those burses that Father Fraser has in the 'Record'."

Yorkton, Sask.

"We have three little boys, two, four and six years old, and all their pennies are put in the mite-box. I tell them about the poor little children in China. We enjoy the paper very much."

Winnipeg, Man.

"At the beginning of Lent His Grace Archbishop Sinnott proposed to the pupils of our School to save their pennies during the Holy Season to help the China Mission. I am enclosing the result of their self-denial. We hope that it, together with the prayers we have offered, will help you in your splendid work."

Barrie, Ont.

"Enclosed please find —— as my mite to the China Missions, which is my cigarette money during Lent."

Glace Bay, N.S.

"I received the pen the other day and was indeed pleased very much with it. Everyone thinks it is far too good to get for only five subscribers. Mother and Dad read CHINA and like it very much. They say the stories are so interesting."

Weymouth Mills, N.S.

"Enclosed please find money order for $10.00 for a renewal of the China paper. The whole family finds your magazine very interesting."

Windsor, Ont.

"I am enclosing herewith money order for $10.00. Each time I purchased something I really did not need I put the same amount in the little mite-box, and I trust it will help in the good work."

Margaree Forks, N.S.

"When 'China' comes we all read it and enjoy it very much, and although our donation is small it is fraught with the best of wishes for the success of your splendid work."

Almonte, Ont.

"Here I am again with another new subscriber for 'China.' A week-end visitor to whom I gave the 'China' enjoyed it so much that when I asked her if she would not like one for herself she willingly consented to give fifty cents, which I am enclosing."

Toronto, Ont.

"Enclosed please find ——, the proceeds of a Euchre which my mother and myself held at our home."

Toronto, Ont.

"During this term Form 1C has been raising money in every possible way in order to purchase the baptismal certificates of four pagan children in China. Trusting that our ambitions may be credited by our boys and girls growing up to be honest and worthy men and women of the Catholic Faith."

Windsor, Ont.

"Your magazine 'China' grows better with every issue."

Quebec, P.Q.

"In order to fulfil my promise to you please find ——. You will remember I wrote you asking you to offer up a Novena to St. Joseph for the sale of a cottage at the Lake. I am pleased to state that our prayers have been heard."

Brockville, Ont.

"I am sending you the contents of my mite-box and I am starting to fill it again. There is a friend who helped me and he asked me to ask your prayers."

Red Bank, N.B.

"Johnny Mite-Box has about ten dollars for you now. It may interest you to know that away down here on the Miramichi there are little girls filled with love for your mission. Father Fraser visited our class a few years ago and we thought him so good and kind."

St. John, N.B.

"I am delighted with 'China.' Do you know that after reading it I felt that to be a Catholic is not merely to be a member of a parish but, above all, to be associated with a worldwide organization. There is a young lady with whom I am acquainted who is an active worker in the local Protestant missionary activities. Speaking to an intimate friend of mine the trend of her ideas was that the Catholic Church has abandoned the idea of saving the souls of foreigners. I shall give her a few copies of 'China" that she may judge for herself the nature of the work the Church is doing in China alone, and that by our very own Canadian boys."

S. O. S.

We Must Enlarge

SEE BACK PAGE

Sheklung Leper Hospital not Closed

A Correction.

A cablegram received some months ago by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Montreal, relative to the grave state of affairs at Canton, gave rise to the rumor that the Sheklung Leper Hospital had been closed. Word to this effect appeared in the April issue of "China."

We are happy to be able to state that such was not the case. THE LEPER HOSPITAL AT SHEKLUNG HAS NOT BEEN CLOSED. The institution is conducted by the Mission of Canton, confided to the care of the priests of the Foreign Missions of Paris, and although the sisters were obliged to leave at that time, the work of the institution was carried on by the priests.

For this correct information we are indebted to His Grace Archbishop de Guebriant, Superior of the Foreign Missions of Paris.

An Agreeable Surprise

A letter bearing a Newfoundland stamp arrived in the office on the morning of May 13th. It contained a money order for $80.00, the proceeds of a card party organized by some friends in St. John's, who wish to remain anonymous in any acknowledgment in "China."

While respecting the wishes of our benefactors, we cannot refrain from expressing our sincere gratitude to them and to our many kind friends in St. John's whose kindly co-operation made the party such a splendid success. Such handsome donations are rare but worthy of the generosity of the people of St. John's who have already done a great deal for our work in China.

In particular our thanks are due the Star of the Sea Society who gave the use of their magnificent hall for the occasion and did everything possible to assist the promoters of this surprise party.

Carrying On

"I could almost fancy myself back in Canada," writes Father Wm. Fraser, in describing a snow-scene in the mountains of Chuchow. He was on his way up-river from Chuchow to Sungyang when he was overtaken by a terrific blizzard in which snow, sleet, and pellets of ice came down handsomely.

"On the second day of my journey," he tells us in a recent letter, "I awoke to find the boat outside my sleeping quarters filled with snow. The surrounding view was magnificent beyond description, for a snow-scene is at its best among the mountains. Towering peaks, cliffs, valleys were all enveloped in dazzling whiteness. The tall pines, and the bamboos, naturally so erect and stately now bent their branches to the earth. The storm continued to rage, so it was impossible for us to continue up-stream. We made for the bank, and moored our boat under an overhanging cliff, and here for two whole days we were forced to remain, until the storm abated somewhat. During my enforced captivity, I was at first tempted to think that I was losing precious time, but the "Benedicite" in the Holy Office restored my peace of mind. "Ye mountains and hills, ye ice, snow, and frost, bless the Lord!" The beauty of the inspired hymn struck me here with peculiar force, I forgot my forced inactivity and the desolateness of my surroundings, and I joined my feeble "Benedicite" to the magnificent chorus of praise which upon all sides of me was rising from the glorious works of Nature to the Creator of them all. After the third day, we started out again, the boatmen fighting the fiercely swollen river like Trojans. Very angels in the flesh do these fearless fellows seem to me, for without their invaluable assistance, progress into the interior of China would be well-nigh impossible. When we would near dangerous rapids our hardy guides would leap into the seething, icy waters, and drag our boat through the swirling current between the great rocks. In smoother waters they would walk barefoot along the frozen riverbank, and over rough cobble-stones, dragging the boat by stout ropes, or else wade through the icy water shoving her along with pike-poles, for of course, oars are almost useless in navigating a mountain torrent up-stream. The strength and endurance of these boatmen is marvellous, especially when we consider their meagre sustenance: a few little dried fishes and a handful of rice, which they prepare in a small lot in the stern of the boat.

After a six-days' journey—ordinarily requiring about two days—I arrived at Sungyang, very little the worse of my perilous adventures on the way. I am now preparing for a long mission tour through a wild mountainous region, parts of which have not been visited by a priest for four years. I shall then return to Sungyang to complete the building of the new church there."

Father Fraser concludes this interesting epistle with an urgent appeal for prayers—not for personal comforts nor for personal safety—but that God's Cause may triumph in poor war-tossed China. We know our good readers will answer this appeal. The inspiring recital of the labors of our indomitable Canadian missionaries will call forth their most fervent prayers, not only for the great cause in which they are spending themselves, but also that Divine Protection may be theirs in the grave dangers by which they are now constantly menaced.

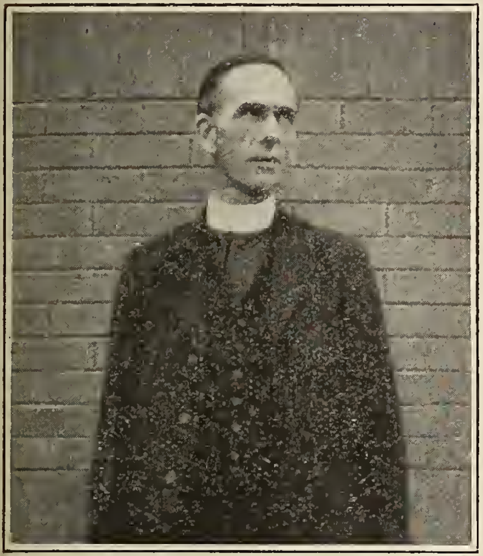
MANUAL LABOR HOUR!

Strengthening the "levees." The construction of rink and tennis courts proves a prolific source of work for manual labor hour.

A Visitor from Mill Hill

Rev. A. McDonald, of Mill Hill Foreign Mission Seminary, was a recent visitor at our seminary. Father McDonald is on his way to England after having spent fourteen years among the Maori tribes of New Zealand.

The Society of Mill Hill, founded sixty years ago by the late Cardinal Vaughan, now numbers over 350 priests and has eight missionary institutions under its direction, three in England, three in Holland and two in the Austrian Tyrol.



REV. A. McDONALD.

Entrusted to its care are the missions of New Zealand, British North Borneo, British East Africa, the Belgian Congo, the Cameroons, the Archdiocese of Madras, the Punjabs of Northern India and part of the Philippines.

The Facts About Fr. O'Connell and Fr. MacDonald

A few months ago the newspapers carried a brief but sensational story to the effect that two priests of the Irish mission, Fathers O'Connell and MacDonald, had been taken by a mob in Hankow, carried outside the city, beaten and stabbed and then left all night tied to trees. We were not told whether or not they had survived such treatment. However, the facts of the case are very different from the newspaper despatch. Here they are, as related in a letter from Father O'Leary to St. Columban's Mission at Omaha:

"On Saturday, 29th January, the Ko Ja Dzae mission station was visited by some 2,000 people organized by the Lung Ming Hui—The Peasants' Union. They had attacked some outlying chapels on the way, and word was brought to the priests, so that they had time to consume the Blessed Sacrament. Father O'Connell went out to meet them. They said that there were eight armed Englishmen in the house, and that they should get out. Father assured them that there were only two Irish priests and no arms. They said that in that case they would not molest them, but that they should deliver up the Crucifix (and the leader produced one to show what he wanted), promise not to preach religion any more, and give over the place to the Union. Father Pat refused, so they tied him up, and gave him a violent blow of a stick on the ear which left him bleeding freely. Some of the crowd were armed with spears and swords and guns, and many of them were very threatening, but the leaders closed in and prevented further injury. Father MacDonald then came out, carying a small crucifix in his hand. The crowd close round him, struck at the crucifix and broke it, and tied him up with Father O'Connell. They went into the house and the sound of breaking glass could be heard, but the priests were quickly led away in the direction of Tienmen. At the end of five miles they were put up for the night, and the leader called a council of the more moderate and responsible sections of his adherents. The master of ceremonies called the meeting to order by holding a large sword in his two hands pointing straight up before his breast, and bowing in turn to each member of the council. They they held a discussion, and decided to take the priests to the nearest magistrate town—Tienmen.

The priests got some food and a bed to sleep on, and they are agreed that after the opening ceremony their captors were kind. Next day they were led along through various towns and villages, where the people were sometimes very hostile, and on the afternoon of Sunday they arrived at Tienmen. Father O'Connell's pony was led behind, but he was not allowed to ride. At this time they had a guard of only about 20; they were not any longer tied, and the guard had difficulty at times in repressing the hostile intentions of the inhabitants of some of the places. At Tienmen they were taken to the Union headquarters, and the people there, embarrassed at so big a capture, were reluctant to admit them. Word was sent to the magistrate at once, and he sent along an armed guard to bring the priests to his residence. Next day they were escorted to Yokow by a few unarmed soldiers, and it took them four days to get to Hanyang.

From information to hand it would seem that Ko Ja Dzae was sacked by another mob after the first had led the priests away; and it would seem that everything movable has been taken away, and doors, windows, and altars destroyed—but the place was not burned. These two men have lost their personal belongings, except the clothes which they wore. Father MacDonald wore an old soutane that once was Larry Murtagh's, R.I.P. Their watches, etc., were taken, and also their spectacles; but a pocket-book with $20 was returned to Father O'Connell by the leader.

Both are well, and after a brief rest I do not think it will be easy to keep them here if circumstances

(Continued on page 93.)

CHINA.

Land that was old when other lands were young
That will be young when other lands are old,
A cultured people scorn thy pagan gods,
Yet bow before their fetishes of gold.
The Western light of faith is sinking fast,
To rise with newborn glory in the East.
Yours is the lamp shall brighten all the world,
When every other light of faith has ceased.
A blaze enkindles now upon thy hills
The beacon of a war for souls unpriced;
Who knows the glorious part reserved for you
In the Divine Economy of Christ!

OUR LITTLE MISSIONARIES

News From Our Youthful Readers

OSHAWA, ONT.

This is one of the very interesting letters we have received from our Little Missionaries at Oshawa, Ont., the home of Father Venini, who is now in China.

St. Gregory's School, Oshawa.
Dear Rev. Father:

I am writing on behalf of the children of senior third class to tell you of our good work. By selling taffy apples, pop-corn, etc., we made sixteen dollars and sixty cents. We are depositing this on behalf of Father Venini, who is in China carrying on his zealous work of saving souls for God. We have had many letters from him and a few snapshots of China. We are proud to say that in this very room and class he first thought of going to China to save souls. So naturally we are interested in his good work and this mite will help to put a few shingles on his roof.

Yours truly,
TED MARKS.

We also received a letter from Miss Eileen Walker, in which she assures us that "Johnny Mite-Box will be full again very soon." Their slogan, she says, is "Watch it grow." Many thanks to all our Little Missionaries of the school that has already given one priest to China and will, we hope, some day give another and perhaps more.

GLACE BAY, N.S.

Miss Pearl McPhee, of Glace Bay, N.S., is very much pleased with the pen she won for securing five subscriptions to China. She thinks it is much too good for five subscriptions, but we do not think anything too good for our zealous little helpers who are making our work more widely known. She writes: "My fountain pen came last week. I was much pleased with it and thought it was too good for getting five subscribers. I like the 'China' paper and always look forward to it each month."

A Message From Fort William.

Miss Jessie Fleming, of Fort William, has also secured five new subscribers for us, and recently she took part in a debate in support of the Foreign Missions. We hope she won, but we have not heard yet.

"The boys and girls," she tells us, "are competing for the greater amount in the Mite-Box, and we will have a drawing for a box of candy for the one who gets the lucky number. For each cent put in we get one number."

Officers, C.C.S.M.C. Holy Name School, Toronto, and zealous workers for the missions.

A Missionary from Newfoundland.

Master Patrick Brennan, of Little Paradise, Nfld., has saved up $3.00 in his Mite-box. He is "only a little schoolboy nine years old," and this amount represents a good many little sacrifices. We are glad to hear from Newfoundland, where we have many kind friends and generous helpers. If some of our little friends who never saw the ocean were to pay Patrick a visit he would give them many a thrill among the rough seas and breakers of the Atlantic which laps the shore right by his front door. We bet he can handle a dory with the best of them.

A Word From the Golden West.

St. Mary's School,
Saskatoon, Sask.

Dear Father:—

Our directress, Sister Cecilia, has told us that we may take the liberty to write to you. We have formed in our Form—Grade IV. and V. of St. Mary's School—a Crusade Mission Unit. Our chief aim is to help the Chinese Mission by prayer and sacrifice. I am enclosing the total list of prayers we have offered. We ask you to accept these for your spiritual treasury.

We recommend ourselves to your good prayers and trust that you will feel that you have Little Missionaries in the Golden West.

We remain, on behalf of our Crusade Unit,
ELDON KEON, President,
MARY WALSHE, Secretary,
RAYMOND Norris, Treasurer,
MISS M. FORBES, Hon. Pres.

A Zealous Worker.

Miss Winnifred Thompson, Beaverton, Ont., is one of our most enthusiastic workers and has already secured many subscriptions for China.

DID YOU KNOW?

There are about 1,000 different kinds of mosquitoes.

A whale's hearing is so acute that a ship crossing its track half a mile away will cause it to dive instantly.

The earth receives less than one-thousandth part of the energy poured out by the sun. The greater part of it goes into space.

The kangaroo's tail is big enough to be used as a prop when the animal stands on its hind legs.

Steel can now be made so thin that it is as transparent as the clearest glass.

There are no chairs in Japanese rural restaurants. The patrons take their meals reclining on couches.

The fastest revolving wheel in the world is the turbine wheel on the super-charger of an airplane. It makes 40,000 revolutions a minute—about 700 a second.

There are probably about two hundred thousand reindeer in Alaska.

There are over twelve thousand buffalo in North America.

A two cent, twenty-four page news paper represents a block of wood two inches high, three inches thick and four inches long. A cord of wood will produce 3,600 newspapers of this size.

The largest book in the world is a Chinese dictionary in the Congress library, Washington. It contains ten thousand pages.

FATHER VENINI WRITES.

J. M. J.
Catholic Mission,
Tsingtien, China,
Feb. 20, 1927.

Dear Children:—

When I was a little boy in St. Gregory's School, one of the great events, to which we looked forward for a long time, was our annual sleigh ride to Whitby. The auto-bus has now taken the place of our sleighs, and I believe your trips are even as far as Toronto. Well, here's hoping the aeroplane will soon be as safe and as common as the "flivver," and then, some fine Saturday morning I shall be waiting for you at Tsingtien. In the meantime I shall try and describe Tsingtien, or rather what is left of it after the terrible flood which swept everything before it, some years ago. The village was practically wiped out and many of the houses have never been rebuilt, either because the people were too poor to do so, or because not a member of the family was spared.

Father Venini and his boy friend. What an amiable looking gentleman the latter is!

I think you had better come in a hydro-plane, because we are completely surrounded by mountains here and we would have great difficulty in finding a landing place for your plane, whilst you could glide beautifully down to the quiet waters of the Wenchow River which washes our city walls, because you know all the cities here in China are surrounded by walls which served in the days gone by, to keep out the robbers, but just at present they don't seem to be of very great service in that respect. Bring along forks and knives also, because your little Chinese brothers and sisters use chop-sticks, and I am afraid you would work yourselves hungry and angry, too, perhaps, trying to eat with these quaint, slippery fingers of wood, and then you would be tempted to use the instruments Mother Nature gave you, which is all very well when the food is cold, but it is not so when it is hot, as I know from experience.

You must also give me notice when you are coming, so that I may stock up my pantry with plenty of good things for you, because you will be very hungry after your long ride. I am sure you all like peanuts, sweet potatoes, oranges, chestnuts, sugar-cane, rice-candy, etc, besides the many other fruits we have here and whose names I do not yet know, but here I am with a whole page written, with hardly a word about Tsingtien, but this will have to wait until another time, as Sister will be angry with me if I take up more of your time.

Good-bye then, dear children. Be good children in school and at your homes. Please say a Hail Mary every day, to the Infant Jesus, for my little Tsingtien boys and girls who have not the same wonderful advantages to make themselves happy, neither for this world, nor for the one to come.

Yours sincerely in Christ,
J. E. VENINI.

P.S.—I am enclosing a few snapshots of some idols in the temples at Chuchow, which the children are taught to adore. I enclose also a Chinese New Year card, wishing you all a long and happy life, some of which you are invited to pass at Tsingtien.

FRIENDS OF "CHINA," HAMILTON, ONT.

Pupils of St. Mary's Boys' School, Hamilton, Ont., who are very much interested in our work, and well acquainted with Johnny Mite-Box.

Nonsense
"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"
A Keelor

Not Her Idea.

First Typist: "The idea of your working eight hours a day! I wouldn't think of such a thing!"

Second Typist: "Neither would I. It was the boss who thought of it.—Yorkshire Post.

Garden Sass.

"That florist surely keeps in touch with his slogan, 'Say it With Flowers'."

"What's his method?"

"Well, I know he has sent me a bunch of forget-me-nots with each bill."—Christian Register.

Might File the First Collar.

A monster laundry that is said to be the largest in the world is nearing completion in Chicago. We understand the officials of the company have invited President Coolidge to yank off the first button.—Judge.

Golden Opportunity.

"By the way, I met Dupont. His wife is very hoarse and can't sing."

"Oh, what about inviting them both to dinner to-night?"—Pele Mele (Paris).

Sad Confession.

Landlady: "I think you had better board elsewhere."

Boarder: "Yes, I often had."

Landlady: "Often had what?"

Boarder: Had better board elsewhere.'—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

Curious But True.

From the Ottawa Journal.

The man who has his first illness always hopes it won't be his last.

Making A Start.

"Grocery butter is so unsatisfactory, dear," said the young wife. "I have decided to-day that we would make our own."

"Oh, did you!" said her husband.

"Yes, I bought a churn and ordered buttermilk to be left here regularly. Won't it be nice to have really fresh butter?"—New York World.

Incognito.

Social Worker: "And what is your name, my good man?"

The Convict: "999."

S. W.: "Oh, but that's not your real name."

Con.: "Naw, that's only me pen name."—Bucknell Bell Hop.

Just Testing It.

The barber had cut him, nicked him, and gashed him.

"Give me a glass of water, please," gasped the victim.

"You aren't going to faint, I hope," said the barber in alarm.

"No," replied the victim. "I just want to see if my mouth will hold water."

Taking the Pledge.

According to a press report, the members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union are going to stop gin drinking in colleges. Well, it's about time some of the old ladies went on the wagon.—Judge.

Radio Fan! Try This One.

A wife asked her husband to copy off a radio recipe she wanted. He did his best but got two stations at once, one of which was broadcasting the morning setting-up exercises and the other the recipe. This is what he took down:

"Hands on hips place one cup of flour on shoulders, raise knees and depress toes and mix thoroughly in one-half cup of milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one-half teaspoon of baking powder, lower the legs and mash two boiled eggs in a sieve. Exhale, breathe naturally and sift into a bowl. Attention! Lie flat on the floor and roll the white of an egg backward and forward until it comes to a boil. In 10 minutes remove from fire and rub smartly with a rough towel. Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannels and serve with fish soup."

That is, without doubt, the prize hash recipe!

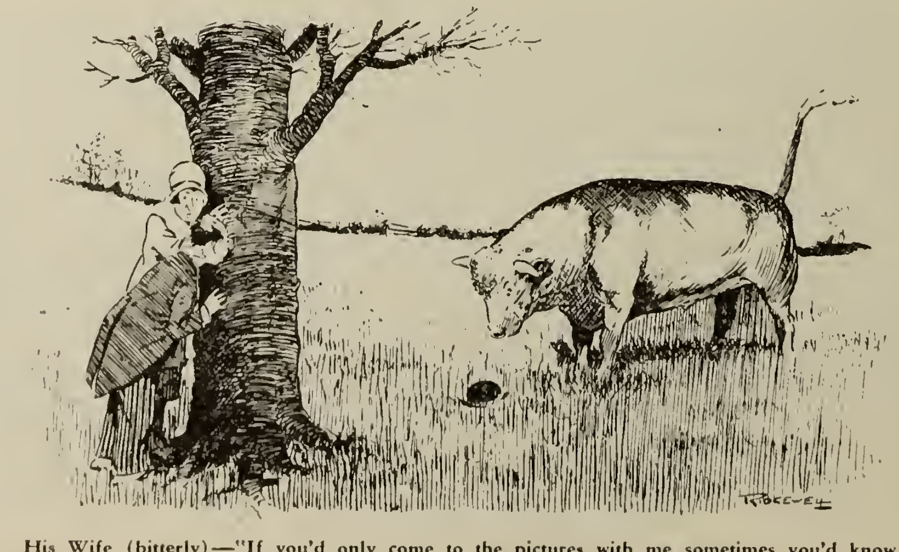
It Positively Isn't Done.

"Baby's geting on wonderfully — I am sure she'll be able to walk soon.

"D'you think it's worth the trouble of teaching her—hardly anybody walks much nowadays."—Everybody's Weekly.

Ancient Mariner.

Rum Explorer Hid
In Arctic is Drunk
310 Years After.
—Washington Post.



His Wife (bitterly)—"If you'd only come to the pictures with me sometimes you'd know what to do in a case like this."—Punch.

(Continued from page 89.)

make it possible to return to the country.

The Chinese authorities in Hankow are very sympathetic, and they did their best for us. On receipt of the news from Ko Ja Dzae, Father Quinlan and myself went to Hankow to the Chinese Ministry of Foreign Affairs. They sent wires to the authorities that same evening. Next day we saw Mr. Chen, the Minister. He promised to do all in his power, assured us that an anti-religious campaign was no part of the programme of his government, but explained that in time of revolution they could not keep perfect order. We had nothing to do with the first reports issued to the press. We regret the publication of such reports, so disturbing to all concerned."

FOR SALE.

Five-roomed rug brick bungalow; chestnut trim; hot air furnace; gas; electric; with side drive; deep lot, 25 x 128; close to schools and only five minutes from Danforth. A. MILLARD, 187 Chisholm Ave., Toronto.

CONTRIBUTIONS

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations, received before May 16th:

Rt. Rev. Bishop McNally, Hamilton, $100; A Friend, Pembroke, $100; Friends, St. John's, Nfld., per Mrs. R. T. McGrath, $80; Little Flower Club, St. Vincent De Paul School, $50; Mite Boxes, Pupils of Holy Angels' School, Sault Ste. Marie, $50; L.A.A.M., $50; Mite Boxes, Blessed Sacrament Schools, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., $25.20; Mt. St. Vincent Academy, Halifax, $25.15; "Gratitude," $25; Friend, Cornwall, $25; Mite Box, Our Lady Immaculate Convent, Dartmouth, $23; Mite Boxes, St. Ann's Convent, Glace Bay, $20; Mt. Carmel School, New Waterford, N.S., $20; St. Cecelia's School, Toronto, $17; St. Stanislaus School, Ft. William, Ont., $16; St. Mary's School, Winnipeg, $16; D. W. Megaffin, $15; Cong. de Notre Dame Inverness, N.S., Pupils, $15; Our Lady of Lourdes' Sodality, Toronto, $15; Mrs. Davis and Miss McGrath, $14; Mr. J. Hiemoski, $13; Mildmay Separate School, Ont., $12.50; Barry's Bay Sep. School, Ont., $11.20; Mrs. M. A. Power and Friends, $10.60; Holy Family Convent School, W. Bathurst, N.B., $10.50; St. Joseph's Reserve Mines, N.S., $13.18; St. Mary's School, Oakville, Ont., $11.38; Mite Box, Capt. J. W. McGrath, $10.85.

The Following Gave Ten Dollars ($10) Each:

Dominic Kedroski; Mrs. Jas. McMahon; Mrs. Margaret Baccardex; P. Wheeler; Miss Aileen Moynahan; Mr. Martin C. Melanson; Friend, Williamstown, Ont.; St. Joseph's Convent School, St. Andrew's West, Ont.; J. J. Carolan; Friend, Toronto; Mr. M. C. Melanson; Julian Hogan; In Memory of John Livingston, deceased; St. Martin's School, Toronto.

Miscellaneous Amounts:

Cong. de Notre Dame, Port Hood, $8; St. Ann's Academy, New Westminster, $5.50; C.C.S.M.C., St. Helen's School, Toronto, $5.65; Rev Fr. Smyth, $6; John Costello, $5.31; Mite Boxes, St. Peter's School, Fort William, $6.75; Miss Emily McDonald, $7; Mrs. Thos. Madigan and Family, $6; Mrs. O'Brien and Miss Toucher, $8; G. Iredale, $6; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Mallett, $8; Mite Boxes, Sydney Mines School, $8.35; Thos. F. Kelly, $7.50; Friend, Hannon, Ont., $6; Miss Annie McEachen, $5.50; St. Margaret's Convent, Alexandria, $8.50; St. Agatha's School, Ottawa $7.08; Friend, Sedley, Sask., $8; Friend, St. Rose, $6.

Be sure to read the announcement on the back page. You can help us, be it in ever so small a way.

The Following Gave $5.00 Each:

Holy Name School, Toronto; Mrs. Leonard; J. Coulas; Miss Veronica White; Mrs. Outhwaite; Reader of China; N. J. and Mrs. McDonald; Miss Elizabeth Walsh; Miss Heafey; Mr. Jos. Goetz; Miss Alice O'Neill; Mrs. A. M. Weir; Friend; Miss Selma K. Haendler; J. C. Foy; Miss Catherine Rennie; Roger Tobin; Miss Emile Pinel; Mrs. Michael J. MacNeil; Little Children, Loretto Day School, Toronto; Mrs. Annie O'Connor; Miss Nellie M. Foley; Miss G. Blanche Murphy; Mr. Weaver; Rev. T. J. Scott; Miss Mary Shanahan; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Richards; Mrs. John Foley; Mrs. Delaney; Miss Rose Paull; Mrs. M. Donnelly; Fifth and Sixth Grade, Our Lady Immaculate Convent, Dartmouth; Miss Agnes Dawzy; Miss Louise MacNeill; Miss Veronica White; Miss Norah Shortall; P. J. Foote; Julian A. Hogan; Rev. M. Halm; Montreal, Friend; J. M. Speechly, Room 1, St. Helen's School; E. S. McGrath; W. K. Killingsworth; Ed. J. Molloy; Miss Rose M. Brophy; Patrick O'Toole; St. Joseph's School, Halifax; Caribou Indian Residential School; 8th Grade, Sacred Heart School, New Bedford; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan; Mrs. Thos. O'Connor; Patrick J. Hughes; Mrs. W. W. Enson; Mrs. Nellie Slotnick; M.C.K., in Honor of the Little Flower; J. Dawson; Denis Connolly.

Miscellaneous Amounts:

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The Following Gave $2.00 Each:

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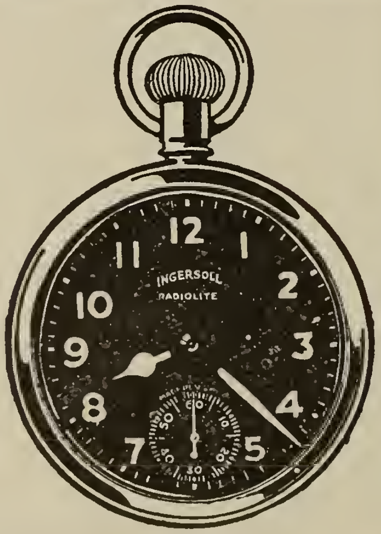

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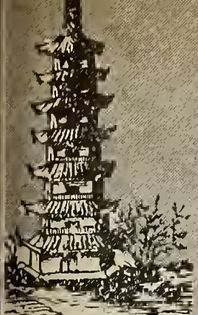

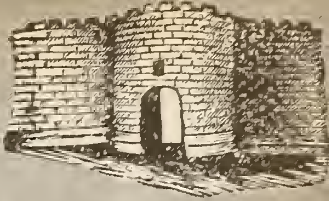

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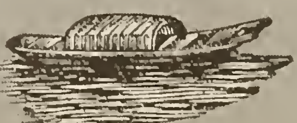

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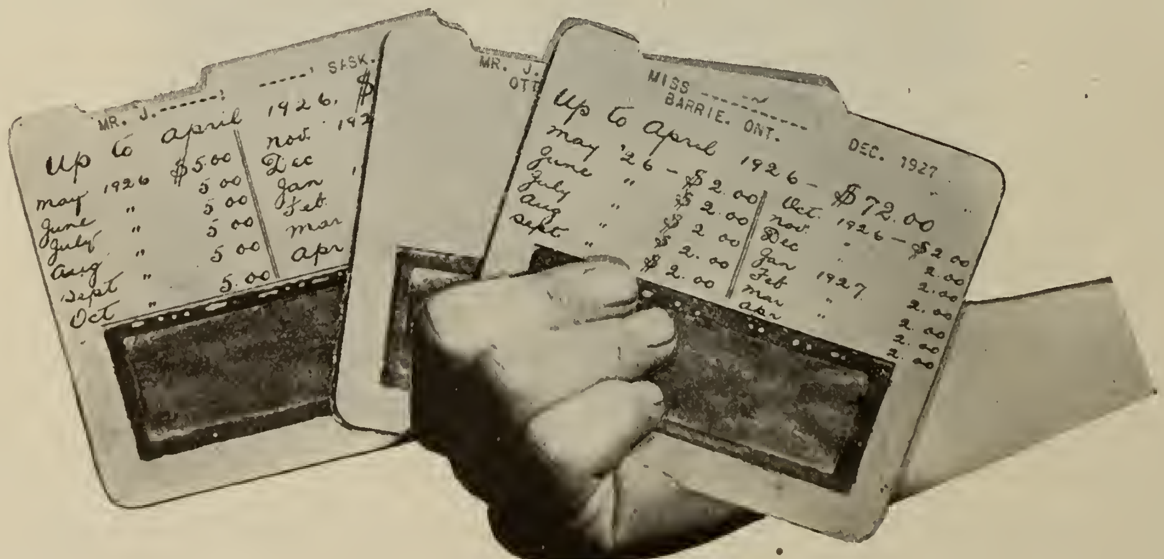
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EDITORIAL PAGE
CHINA
Published Monthly, August excepted, by
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Editor - Rev. Wm. C. McGrath

Ad Multos Annos!

"China" extends congratulations to His Lordship the Rt. Rev. Andrew Defebvre upon the occasion of his consecration as Bishop of Ningpo. The ceremony of consecration was unique in the history of the Church inasmuch as it was performed by His Lordship Bishop Hou, one of the six Chinese Bishops recently consecrated by the Holy Father. This is the first time that a Chinese has ever performed the ceremony of episcopal consecration and it marks an epoch of great import for the future of the Church in China.

* * *

"I think it is a senseless waste of effort to bother any more about those Chinese." It was a Catholic who was speaking. "If that's the way," he continued, "that they're going to treat missionaries, why can't you leave them alone? We can get along very well without them and their wretched country. Why can't you men stay at home where there is plenty to be done and where your work will be appreciated?"

* * *

Our friend thinks it a mistake that young priests should go to China or stay in China just now. He does not disapprove of the work of the Missions, but he feels that the people to whom our priests go should be a little more appreciative, should at least be friendly and not indulge in hostility of any sort. Failing this he thinks it would be better to leave such people alone.

* * *

Dear reader, how does this view of the situation appeal to you? Think for yourself before you read any further. Do you think that because some of the Chinese people are manifestly hostile to Christianity we should relax in our efforts for their conversion?

OF COURSE YOU DO NOT. GOD FORBID THAT YOU SHOULD.

Was that the attitude of the Apostles and the first Christians?

Was that the way Christ reasoned in regard to us and our Redemption?

Was that the way Brebeuf and Jogues and Lalemant and Garnier reasoned in regard to our own Canada?

Is it the way anybody would reason in whose heart the simple faith of his forefathers has not given way to a shrewd, cunning, worldly wisdom that is not of God?

Let us see what our friend's views really mean and how they coincide with a proper realization of our responsibilities in regard to the salvation of pagan souls. He says, in substance, that to bother further with the Chinese just now is "A SENSELESS WASTE OF EFFORT."

Viewed in this light the Sacrifice of Calvary, the every act of the Man-God upon earth was an equally senseless waste of effort. God help us and God help our good, well-meaning friend if Christ had reasoned thus in our regard. For He knew, before He left His throne in Heaven that of all men he would be the least "appreciated" upon earth, that He would meet with coldness, ingratitude, envy, jealousy and hatred from the souls He had come to save, and that we would be far more cruel to Him than any Chinese or Russian to a missionary in China. And yet He came because His Mission was to save us and not to be deterred by lack of appreciation. And the missionary goes to China and remains in China in the face of hostility and hatred and persecution because he is to be "another Christ" to those poor abandoned souls and because they never need him more than when they hate and persecute him. It is not his to look for appreciation upon earth. It is not his to think of self but of the unfortunate millions who are in the cruel grasp of Satan. God has given him the command to go and because there is danger it is not for him to indulge in little human calculations as to what the outcome of his going will be.

Why all this misgiving? Why this anxiety as to the outcome of the present trouble in China? What has become of the simple faith of our forefathers who knew that God was never nearer than when times of trouble and persecution were at hand? Are we becoming wise men of the world, shrewd and calculating in regard to matters of Divine Providence, devoid of that simple faith in our Heavenly Father who will be with His Church till the end of time! It is a hard saying, perhaps, but, we fear, a true one that there are Catholics to-day who fear that Christ is no longer with His Church and that the gates of Hell shall prevail against her, who are prompted no longer to help in the struggle for pagan souls because a few creatures from Russia are inciting the Chinese against Christianity, pitting their puny efforts against the omnipotent power of God. Unconsciously in their souls faith is giving way to a fear and an apprehension wholly human, as if it were upon our helpless efforts rather than upon the assistance of God that success in the missions and salvation of pagan souls depend. And among that class of the unnecessarily apprehensive we would place our friend who should reason less and pray more, our friend who tells us that in view of the treatment accorded missionaries in certain parts of China IT IS A SENSELESS WASTE OF EFFORT TO BOTHER ANY MORE ABOUT THOSE CHINESE.

IT IS NOT A SENSELESS WASTE OF EFFORT.

IT IS THE WORK OF THE EXTENSION OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD UPON EARTH.

IT IS AN ACT OF OBEDIENCE TO THE EXPRESSED WILL OF JESUS CHRIST.

Away then with this attitude of unchristian resentment towards a helpless and misguided people! In the heart of a christian it should have no place. Away with those misgivings and apprehensions, unworthy of children of our Father in Heaven! The missions are going through a period of trial. It may be that Providence has ordained so for His own wise ends. But as surely as the sun shines and as God is in His Heaven so surely will the Church surmount the difficulties with which she is confronted in China to-day. Because there is trouble, because there is danger, are we to stand idly by? We have but one life to live, one opportunity to prove that we are prepared to make sacrifices for a cause for which Christ laid down His life. That He asks us to do so is a privilege unspeakable, and though terror and persecution stalk abroad and the world go rushing to ruin about us, ours the task to follow the simple path of duty till it please Him to take us to Himself and bid our childish efforts cease.

* * *

Father Kam Tells of His Journey to Chuchow

Father Kam's trip from Toronto to Chuchow was a long one, taking nearly three months. Disturbed conditions and the commandeering by the military of all available coastal boats were responsible for the undue length of his journey. He has been at Chuchow since March 24. In his latest letter Father Kam gives a description of his journey that we feel will be of interest to readers of "China."

"As soon as I disembarked from the Empress of Canada I went to the Procure des Lazaristes at Shanghai. It was bitterly cold during the night, and although I felt a sort of chill I wished to say my first mass in China as soon as possible next morning in thanksgiving to God for the many graces and blessings bestowed upon me. It was all I could do to finish Mass. After making a short thanksgiving I began to feel very weak, and very soon everything began to grow dizzy until I fell in a faint. The French Fathers immediately took me to St. Joseph's Hospital by ambulance, where I remained for eight days until I was feeling much better. After this I remained in Shanghai three days and then took a steamer for Ningpo, where I remained two weeks at the cathedral waiting for travelling conditions to improve. The boats had all been taken by the military for the use of the soldiers.

Rt. Rev. Joseph Hou, C.M., who consecrated Bishop Defebvre of Ningpo.

"I next found myself in Chusan, and after a five-day stay there took passage for Haimen, where I remained only one night. The following day I reached Taichowfu" (Taichowfu is Father Kam's home) "My relatives and friends, who had been expecting me for quite a long time, had arranged quite a display in my honor, but I did not let them know the exact date of my arrival, and took them altogether by surprise. They were indeed glad to see me after all the long years in Canada." (Father Kam came from China to Canada with Father Fraser in 1918, made his course at China Mission College, Almonte and St. Francis Xavier Seminary, and was ordained to the priesthood in 1925). "I had planned remaining at home for about two weeks and then continuing on to Chuchow. But man proposes and God disposes! I was obliged to remain a month and a half because passenger travel along the coast was absolutely impossible. Finally, as I did not know how much longer I would be obliged to wait, I hired a small rowboat to take me the rest of the way. It was a trying and a dangerous journey, took much longer and cost much more than the ordinary trip by steamer. But I trusted to God's

(Continued on page 109)

Rt. Rev. Simon Tsu, S.J., assisting prelate at the ceremony of consecration.

Epoch Making Event For The Church In China

For first time in History a Chinese Bishop performs ceremony of Episcopal consecration—Father Fraser attends.

Rt. Rev. Andrew Defebvre, D.D., newly consecrated Bishop of Ningpo.

For the first time in history a Chinese Bishop has performed the ceremony of episcopal consecration. On Sunday, May 1st, at the Cathedral, Ningpo, His Lordship Bishop Hou consecrated Rt. Rev. Andrew Defebvre as Bishop of Ningpo. Bishop Hou was assisted in the ceremony by Bishop Faveau and Bishop Tsu. Father Fraser has written us the following account of the consecration at which he was privilegd to be present:

"To-day I had the pleasure of assisting at an epoch-making ceremony in the cathedral here. For the first time in the history of the world a Chinese Bishop consecrated a foreign one. In fact it was the first time a Chinese ever performed episcopal consecration. Bishop Hou, one of the six Bishops recently elevated to the episcopal dignity by His Holiness the present Pope, assisted by Bishop Faveau and Bishop Tsu (also Chinese) consecrated the new Bishop of Ningpo, the Rt. Rev. Andrew Defebvre. The altar and sanctuary were beautiful, decorated with a profusion of flowers, candles and silk scrolls. The sanctuary was filled with priests and seminarians, native and foreign. The service at the altar and the singing were ably conducted by the native seminarians among whom I was pleased to see, strong and healthy and exemplary in behaviour, our own seven, who, please God, will some day be valiant workers in our district of Chuchow.

The Vicar-general, as assistant priest, in cope, and four deacons and sub-deacons in red and gold dalmatics, enhanced the beauty of the scene but the culmination of the impressive ceremony came when the new Bishop, in mitre, crozier pontifical robes, between the two assistant Bishops, advanced down the centre of the Church between two masses of bowing Chinese Christians, blessing them as he went along. A thrill went through the congregation. The Church of Ningpo, bereaved by the death of the venerable and much-beloved Bishop Reynaud, had received a new Pastor, Bishop and Father.

I met Bishop Hou for the first time since his return from Rome. He is an old friend of mine. When I came to China in 1902 he, then a seminarian was appointed my professor in Chinese. His diocese embraces my former parish of Taichow.

A beautiful throne, designed by Father Yao, my former assistant in Taichow, was used to-day for the first time and was the admiration of the whole congregation. On it is beautifully executed the coat of arms of the new Bishop; the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, St. Andrew's Cross and a ship guided by a star with the inscription: "Evangelizare pauperibus. Ad Jesum cum cruce, Maria ducente": "To evangelize the poor. To Jesus with the cross, guided by Mary." It portrays beautifully the new Bishop's devotion to our Lady, love of the cross and zeal for the spread of the faith of Jesus Christ."

A Sign From Heaven

—or—

How a Direct Intervention of Providence overcame a Father's opposition to the Baptism of his Children.

Holy Week was drawing near, and I was sent to assist a brother-priest, who was in charge of two flourishing congregations. Shortly after my arrival, I visited the near-by school, and I inquired of the teacher if all of his pupils had been baptized.

"All have, except these two," he replied, indicating two brothers, one twelve, and the other fourteen years of age. "They are fine lads too," he went on, "The elder is the leader in his class. They both know their catechism well, and both are most anxious to be baptized, but their father will not hear of such a thing."

I looked at the little lads, and was much struck by the grave seriousness, and intelligence imprinted upon the face of the elder.

"They have a little sister," went on the teacher, "She is with the Sisters, and she too is longing for baptism. All three have begged and implored their father to give his consent, but in vain."

After a friendly chat with the pupils, I gave to each a miraculous medal, and took my departure. Next day, as I was saying my office, I was informed that two boys wished to see me. My visitors proved to be the lads whom I had noticed particularly in the school on the preceding day, and I at once observed that the elder boy had his medal suspended round his neck. They both saluted me gravely and respectfully.

"And what is this you wear?" I asked, holding the medal between my fingers.

"It is the medal of our Blessed Lady which the good Father gave me yesterday," answered the boy.

"But why wear it, my boy," I questioned, "if you do not believe in the Catholic faith?"

"I do believe, Father," he answered earnestly, "And I would gladly be baptized, but my father will not allow it."

"Well, do not lose heart," I said, "Go to him now, and plead with him again. Who knows but this time his heart may be softened?"

"I have begged this of him again and again," replied the boy sadly, "But he always refuses me."

"Try once more," I urged, "And this time our Lady may come to your assistance."

The boy looked at me steadily and wistfully, but made no further reply, and then taking his little brother with him, he softly left the room. After dinner he again presented himself.

"Well," I said, "Have you succeeded? "Has our Blessed Mother come to the rescue?"

"I have not asked again, Father," he replied, "for I know too well it would be useless. I have come to beg the good Father to baptize me, and also my brother and sister, without the consent of my father. We are all three willing to bear any punishment he may inflict upon us for receiving the Holy Sacrament."

I marvelled at this lad's fearlessness and perseverance, and I was just as eager to administer this Sacrament to these little ones, as they were to receive it. But my hands were tied. The father's consent was necessary, and besides the Priest in charge had warned me to be particularly careful in this case, as the father was an influential man, and if he found himself defied, or crossed in the matter, he could work incalculable harm to the little Mission. But apart from all this, here, as in Europe, Baptism could not be given to minors without the parents' consent. So I had to turn away this earnest little seeker of salvation with whatever small comfort I could give.

"If you gain your father's consent" I promised, "I shall baptize you this very evening with the rest of the catechumens. Go home, and try once more. God must hear such earnest prayers."

Hearing this, the boy's face lit up with manly resolve, and his eyes glowed with renewed courage. Lifting the medal, he kissed it reverently.

"Then once more shall I beseech my father," he said, and left me.

Later on that same afternoon, the boys' uncle called at the priest's house, and gave me the following account. He himself was an eye-witness of what had occurred, and a most reliable eye-witness at that

The two boys again presented themselves before their stern unyielding father.

We have come to ask a great favour, my father," said the elder of the two.

"What may it be, my son?" asked the father.

"That we may be baptized this very day, and so be made Christians," answered the boy fearlessly. The father flew into a fury, and ordered the children from his sight. He advanced to seize them roughly, when to his consternation the elder boy swayed, and fell heavily to the floor. In terror the father bent to examine the prostrate form. There was no pulse, no respiration. The boy was to all appearances quite dead. Filled with sorrow and remorse, the now frantic man called loudly upon his son.

"My boy, my boy!" he cried, "Come back! Come back to me! This very day you shall become a Christian. I promise it! I swear it!" He kept on repeating this promise, and slowly the boy's eyes unclosed. He beheld his father bending over him; he heard his solemnly-repeated promise — more solemnly repeated still as he beheld his boy return as it were, to life at his words.

"And my brother, and my sister also?" asked this thorough little neophyte.

"Yes, yes!" sobbed the now repentant father, "I shall make arrangements at once. You shall all be baptized this very day."

Can you imagine my joy when that evening I had the rare privilege of baptizing these three children among the other catechumens? I shall never forget the faces of these little ones as they knelt at the altar-rail on the following day—Easter Sunday—to receive their First Communion. I certainly carried away from that Holy Week ceremonial fragrant and inspiring memories. I had witnessed that which I shall never forget, and for which I shall never cease to thank the good God. I have since learned that the father of these three children is now himself a catechumen. Deo Gratias!

LATEST NEWS FROM CHINA

As we go to press, word comes from Father Fraser that a proclamation has arrived in Chuchow signed by Chang Kai Shek, former generalissimo of the Cantonese armies, to the effect that missionaries and mission property in the district are not to be molested.

So little is known by anybody about the real political state of affairs in China just now that it is hard to say what force attaches to the proclamation. We presume that similar notices were sent to other mission districts.

As Mr. Eugene Chen has also stated on many occasions that opposition to Christians is no part of the nationalist program, we may infer that at least responsible leaders in China are not professedly anti-Christian. Conditions in many places in China are bad, but the publicity given anti-Christian activities in certain sections of the country might convey the erroneous impression that all China is anti-Christian. Such is by no means the case.

In Peking, China, there is a temple devoted to the religion of the Lamas, a Buddhist sect. Here are some of the priests in their robes.

"The Evil That Men Do

lives after them. The good is often interred with their bones."

It Will Not Be So With You

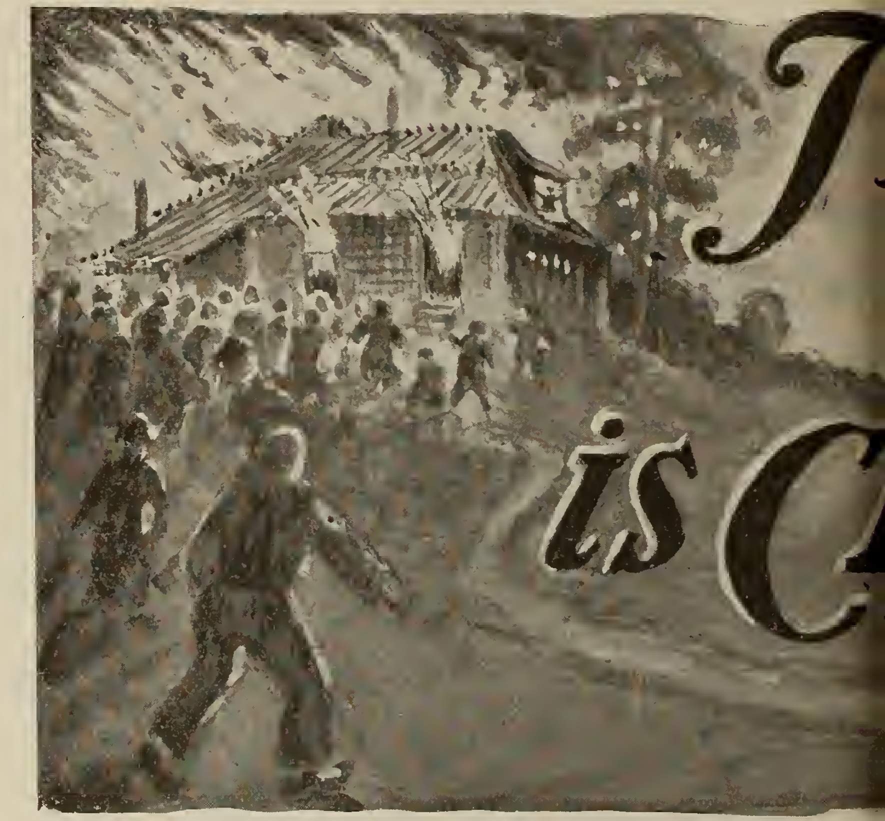
if you remember our Burse Fund in your will.

Because The Good You Do

will live after you and children yet unborn will one day bless your charity that made it possible for them to be missionaries in China. And in their prayers and in the Holy sacrifice they will remember you and yours.

A complete Burse is $5,000.00

Any Contribution Gratefully Received



Chapter I.

Aileen loved this strange, wild country, unmatched except by her own Canada in its natural virgin beauty. It appealed to her poet heart—the verdure clad hills against the bluest skies and here and there a many-storied pagoda, the age-old fortresses of oriental paganism.

From the hill on which she stood, she could see the city below with its teeming thousands, ill-housed, ill-fed. But one spot especially held her attention—where the heavy black smoke of the city factory seemed like some vile blot on a beautiful canvas. That was her father's factory and Aileen could picture to herself the scene within. Young girls like herself were there, laboring incessantly for little pay, robbed of all the joys and freedom of girlhood, victims of foreign exploitation.

"Aileen, you are dreaming again." A light hand was laid on her shoulder and she turned to look into the merry eyes of a pretty Chinese girl of her own age.

"Yes," she replied, "dreaming about your country and your people. I have learned to love them.

Siu Hwa looked up into the deep blue eyes of her foreign friend. "They suffer much indeed, just as He suffered."

"Just as who suffered, Siu Hwa?" Aileen looked at her wonderingly.

"Just as Jesus suffered," the little Chinese maid answered and she drew from her breast a little silver crucifix.

"Are you a Catholic, Siu Hwa—you, the daughter of the Mandarin?" There was a touch of scorn in the girl's voice and the prejudice of centuries welled up within her, as she added: "I would rather trust the devil than a Catholic; you have been listening to those Papist missioners."

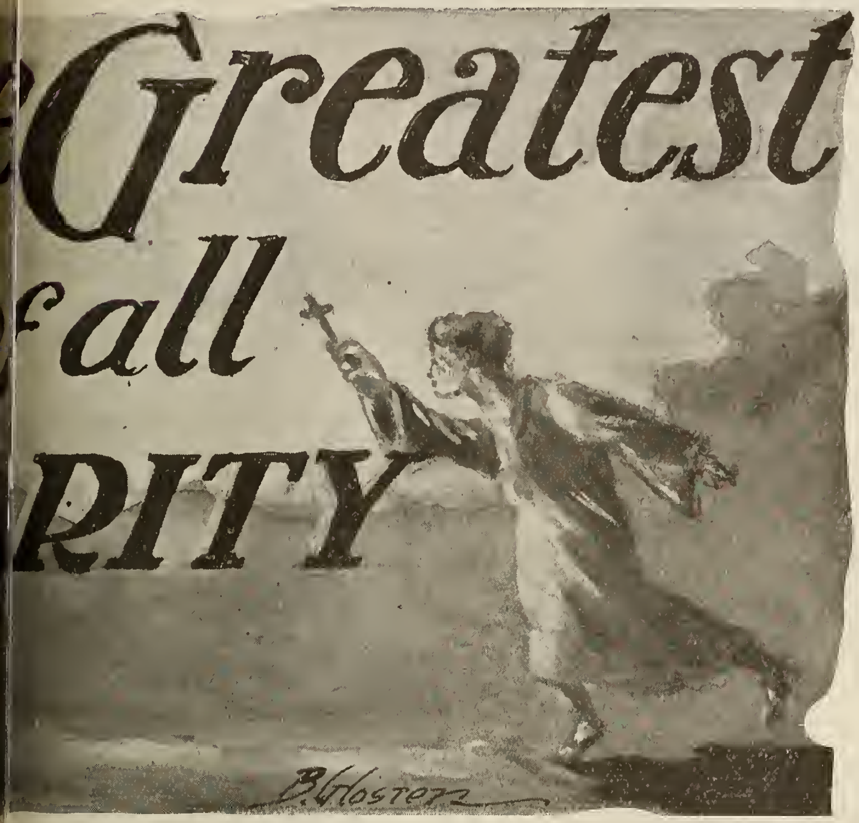
"Oh, Aileen, you must not say that, they are so good and holy." There was a hurt feeling in the child's words. Up before Siu Hwa's eyes came the picture of a black-gowned figure kneeling all night long in front of the tabernacle in the ruined shack he called his chapel.

Girlhood's quarrels. The little girl watched Aileen as she walked down the hill towards home. She was not angry with her English friend—only sorry that so beautiful a soul was most un-Christian.

Chapter II.

"It will be a good night—there is quite a wind. The foreign devils will soon enjoy our Chinese atmosphere. Lu Wong must be at the house now."

Siu Hwa started with fright at the words and crouched behind a



nearby bush—there could be only one meaning to that threat, there was a plot afoot to fire the Gorham mansion. At all costs Aileen and her father must be warned.

A group of men stood there talking, within a few yards of her hiding place. In the dim light she made them out to be employees at the factory and could hear their angry words accompanied by more angry gestures. Feeling had run high the past week or so among the workers, for wages had been cut down to a mere pittance, and it looked as though it would end in a tragedy.

"Will they never move?" thought the girl, while each beat of her heart seemed like the tick of a clock as it measured out the precious minutes. "Thank God." At last they started away and stealthily Siu Hwa crept along, till well out of their sight she broke into a run, along the short-cut to the Gorham mansion she knew so well.

It never seemed such a great distance before. What was that lurid burst of flame against the sky-line—was she too late? A fire in China's hills meant utter destruction, perhaps even loss of life.

When she reached the foot of the hill, the factory was completely demolished and the once magnificent house was wrapt in flames. An excited, furious mob filled the courtyard, the murmur of voices drowned by the crackling, falling timbers.

"My God, what was that!" High up in the burning building, a white-dressed figure appeared at a window and an awful silence fell on all. A cry of dismay came from Mr. Gorham and his cheeks went deadly pale. "Will nobody save my child—in Heaven's name help me."

His entreaties were in vain, his promises useless. Who would dare interfere with the gods or rob them of their prey? The curse of age-old paganism and superstition held the mob in a grasp of steel.

The crazed father could stand the suspense no longer. He started forward, but the figure of a Chinese girl rushed past him. Siu Hwa had taken in the situation at a glance, a desperate one indeed, but she never faltered. Rough hands tried to hold her back, but she shook them off and with a prayer on her lips and the little silver cross pressed close to her breast—she gained the doorway and disappeared.

The minutes dragged on. To the distracted father they seemed like hours. Every moment the house threatened to collapse and entomb its prisoners. Godless though he was, a long-forgotten prayer of childhood came to his lips. As if in answer to that prayer, a figure loomed up in the doorway with its precious burden and staggered out into the court-yard, just as, with a fearful crash of timber and burst of flame, the whole structure collapsed.

Chapter III.

Aileen's hand lay tenderly on the hot, burning brow of Siu Hwa, who lay there almost as pale and white as the little hospital cot itself. "She will live," the doctor had said, and Aileen's heart had given a great bound of joy. She was sorry she had quarreled with her girl friend, sorry for the rough words she had uttered. What a great faith this was, which could inspire such self-sacrificing charity! Tenderly she bent down and kissed the little silver crucifix upon the sufferer's breast and with that kiss the anti-Catholic prejudice and bitterness of years were rooted out of her heart forever.

The days of convalescence passed quickly and happily and once again they stood together at their favorite *rendezvous* on the hillside.

Aileen looked down once more upon that beautiful panorama. A new factory was there and the curling white smoke from its chimneys seemed to blend perfectly with the beautiful background. Decent houses replaced the native huts; decent wages were paid to the workers. While there in the valley was a pretty little church, its golden cross glittering in the sunshine, typical of the Christ-like charity that had entered into their lives.

Siu Hwa smiled as she turned to her friend—"Aileen, my people are very happy," and holding up her little silver crucifix, she added, "even the Christ on the cross seems happy to-day."

H. F. X. S.

Finis.

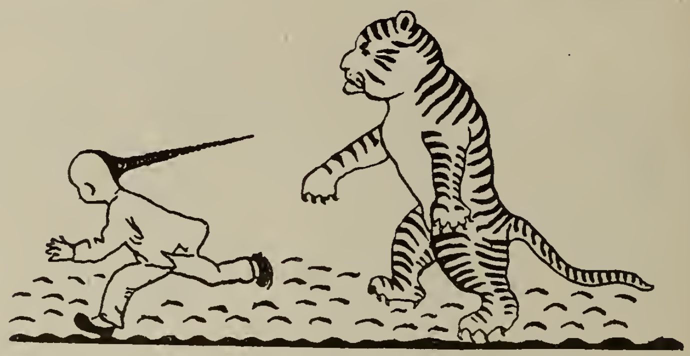
NOTE:

There will be no other issue of "CHINA" till September.

This is the July-August number.

• OUR LITTLE •
MISSIONARIES

Mr. Tiger at Court



By J. E W. in "The Maryknoll Junior" (a Chinese Fairy Story)

"Number Nine, go to the hillside and gather firewood. I must cook the rice against your father's return. He's been ploughing since morning. Hurry up, now. And be careful of the tiger."

Off went the dutiful son. Soon the happy shouts of Number Nine and his companions sounded from the wooded hill. It was fun to see who could find the choicest sticks, and, spurred by the happy rivalry, each quickly gathered a load that almost bent his little back.

Number Nine lingered to get a few extra small twigs. His mother's task of lighting the fire would be easier for these. Strange reward for such devotion! As he finally started homewards, a savage form beset his path. Number Nine ran smack into the tiger. Passing over the scene which ensued, it suffices to say that Number Nine was spared the trouble of walking home with his firewood.

Mrs. Koo, for such was the name of Number Nine's mother, was in a tantrum. Only too well she knew what had happened to Number Nine.

"We shall see," said she, "if there is any justice in China," and with these words she set out to see the Magistrate.

"I have come to enter a charge of murder. My son has been killed, and I demand that the culprit be brought to justice."

"Whom do you accuse, Madame, of slaying your son?" asked the Judge.

"The Tiger of White Cloud Mountain," replied she, and related the events which had just transpired.

The judge was dumbfounded. "I cannot arrest a tiger," he said. "It's not being done."

But Mrs. Koo insisted, until finally the Judge assented.

"It is against all precedent," said he. "This court is not accustomed to issue warrants for tigers. However, there is nothing against it in the law, and since you insist, I will order the arrest of the tiger."

The policeman charged with this commission was not highly elated at the turn of affairs. Arresting tigers was a new occupation for him, and he feared it would prove to be no simple matter. What was his surprise on going to White Cloud Mountain to see the tiger approaching with hanging head and submissive air. Of two minds whether to run or not, he was reassured by the humble mein of the four-footed malefactor.

"I have a warrant for your arrest," said the policeman, in his best professional manner. No answer from the tiger.

"Will you allow me to put this chain around your neck and lead you to the tribunal?"

The tiger signified what seemed assent by bowing his head, whereupon the chain encircled him, and the strange procession proceeded to the court room.

The professional instinct of the amazed Judge overcame his sudden desire to adjourn the Court, and His Honor adhered to the Bench. Mrs. Koo was summoned as chief witness, and the Court proceeded with the case.

"You are charged, O Tiger," said the Judge, "with having killed and eaten Mrs. Koo's son, Number Nine. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

No answer from the tiger, other than to lick his chops in a suggestive manner. His demeanour was remarked by all.

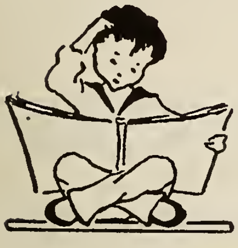
"My expectations are verified," cried Mrs. Koo. "He is unable to sustain the weight of conscious guilt."

"Do you, then, admit this serious charge?" inquired the Judge, who indeed would have been just as well pleased to find the unusual prisoner innocent.

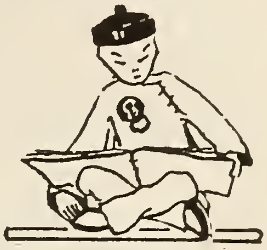
Again the tiger answered never a word, but he hung his head in a shamefaced fashion that bespoke his guilt.

"You evidently plead guilty," said the Judge, forced to pronounce the opinion of all, "and I convict you of the crime of manslaughter. To what punishment, O Tiger, shall I sentence you? That murderers should suffer death has ever been the law. Yet no tiger was ever sentenced in this court before. I shall therefore use my discretion to make the punishment fit the crime. By eating Number Nine you have taken away the comfort of Mrs. Koo's declining years. I therefore sentence you to take the place of your victim and spend the

Our Funny Ways and Theirs



When you're puzzled you scratch your head. He's puzzled sometimes too. But he scratches his foot. You think he's funny. He thinks you're funny. So there. Who's right?



remainder of your days as servant to Mrs. Koo."

This was hailed as a wise decision by all, with the sole exception of Mrs. Koo. Even the tiger seemed well pleased for though he spoke no word, a complacent smirk appeared on his countenance. So happy and docile did he appear, indeed, that finally Mrs. Koo agreed to take him for her servant, though she promised him beforehand that she would make him wait on her hand and foot.

For long years lived the tiger with Mrs. Koo in the little house on White Cloud Mountain. A model servant she ever found him. "Indeed," she used to say, "he reminds me more and more every day of Number Nine." It was true. The spirit of that dutiful son was not lost. It was able to transform a savage nature into a model of filial piety. Although Number Nine was converted into his wild denizen of the forest, he really converted the tiger.

Which goes to show that one should not become discouraged if eaten by a tiger, for some good may come of it after all.

ENCOURAGING FRIENDS

We have received some very generous contributions from the schools in Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., one for $50.00 from Holy Angels' School being the most recent. We are deeply grateful to Father Fawcett and Father Crowley who have interested themselves in our work for China as if it were their own, and to the teachers who have cooperated so generously with their zealous pastors in arousing an interest among the children in the work of the missions in China.

GLAD TIDINGS FROM THE EAST.

For real live mission work, St. Thomas Sunday School, Red Bank, N.B., stands in the very front rank. Accompanying a substantial cheque, representing self-denials, was a beautiful spiritual sheaf of 720 masses, communions, rosaries, stations and other works of religion offered for the success of our missions. Well done, little missionaries!

The Altar Boy

By Leonard E. Feeney, S.J.

His cheeks grow red from the candle heat
As the carpet under his noiseless feet.

And no two stars could be half so bright
As his deep brown eyes in the candle light.

An Angel he seems with his surplice wings,
Who knows when God is to come—and rings.

And the clouds from the censer swinging there
A fragrance leave in his golden hair.

It fills us all with a wonderous dread—
His nearness unto the Holy Bread.

Now I wonder what path in life he'll plan—
A doctor—a lawyer—a merchantman?

God keep him always there, we pray,
Treading the Altar's plush highway.

Nonsense

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"

Gluttony.

Absent-minded Professor—"Waiter, half an hour ago I ordered some lamb chops. Have you forgotten them—or have I had them?"

One on Pop.

"My boy, when you grow up I want you to be a gentleman."

"I don't want to be a gentleman, pop—I wanna be like you."—Rutgers Canticleer.

It Got Across.

"Is that clock right?" asked the visitor, who had already outstayed his welcome.

His hostess yawned.

"Oh, no," she said. "That's the clock we always call 'The Visitor.'"

The obdurate one sat down again.

"'The Visitor'!" he remarked. "What a curious name to give a clock!"

His hostess ventured to explain.

"You see," she said, sweetly, "we call it that because we can never make it go!"

Then he went.

Drained.

Fred, from the city, was on his first visit to his uncle's farm. At breakfast he heard that his uncle's Jersey cow had been stolen during the night. "That's a good joke on the man who stole her," was Fred's comment

"Why?" asked his uncle.

"'Cause, just before supper, last night, the hired man took all the milk out of her."

To Be Exact.

The witness had been cautioned to give more precise answers.

"We don't want your opinion of the question," the judge told him. "We want it answered—that's all."

"You drive a wagon?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

"No, sir, I do not," was the decided reply.

"Why, sir, did you not tell my learned friend but a moment ago that you did?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"Now, I put it to you, my man, on your oath. Do you drive a wagon?"

"No, sir."

"Then what is your occupation?" asked the state's attorney, in desperation.

"I drive a horse," was the reply.

Reciprocity.

The village tailor only received occasional orders from the Vicar for such articles as hats, collars, or handkerchiefs. "You see," remarked the reverend gentleman one day, having called with his usual order, "when I want a suit I go to London. They make them there." Calling again a few weeks later, the Vicar remarked that he had not seen the tailor at church lately. "No," replied the tailor. "When I want to hear a good sermon I go to London. They preach them there."

Harsh Cure.

Husband (at breakfast): "I've got a bad head this morning."

Wife: "I'm sorry, dear. I do hope you will be able to shake it off."—The Maroon.

Instructor asking class a few questions: "Now how do bees dispose of their honey?" he inquired.

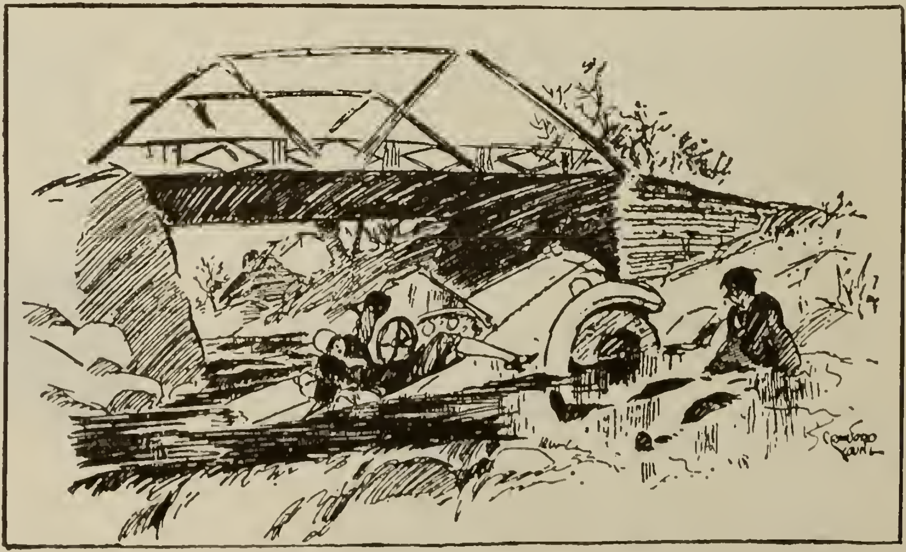
Willie: "They cell it."—The Maroon.

Youthful Opportunist.

A very small boy was trying to lead a big St. Bernard up the road.

"Where are you going to take that dog, my little man?" inquired a passer-by.

"I—I'm going to see where—where he wants to go first," was the breathless reply.—United Presbyterian.



Husband (patiently): "No, dear, when you see a bridge coming down the road don't turn out for it."—Judge.

Driven to Extremes.

A cold spell struck Jimtown last week and Bootlegger Ike Stubbs had to put alcohol in his liquor to keep it from freezing.—Associated Editors (Chicago).

Fashionable Friends.

"When you were abroad did you see the Dardanelles?"

"Yes—we had dinner with them!"—Passing Show (London).

FATHER KAM'S JOURNEY TO CHUCHOW.

(Continued from page 100)

goodness to bring me safe to Chuchow, where I arrived after much delay.

The people here are very poor, and our Christians are no exception. Two days ago there came a widow who had been a catechist, asking me for an alms. She carried a miserable looking infant, and both mother and child are pitifully underfed. I gladly gave the poor creature something. To-day the same woman came with her nine-year-old daughter asking me to place the little girl in a place of safety. The child is almost dying of cold and hunger.

The Church in China is greatly disturbed by the Soviets. Throughout the country many churches have been robbed and closed. Communism has ruined Russia. Mexico is being ruined by it. Shall China be the next? God forbid! Even at our Canadian province one chapel was robbed by the soldiers and the missionary's belongings were burned. At headquarters there are still some soldiers billeted in the house.

Recommending ourselves to the prayers of the priests and students,

I am,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

PAUL P. KAM.

Will our new addition to the Seminary be ready by September?

Much depends upon you.

A PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN CHINA.

The following remarkable tribute, reprinted from the "Revue d' histoire des Missions," is taken from the "Christian Occupation of China," the official report of the Acts of the Protestant Council of Shanghai (1922):

"Catholic apologetical works, whether reprints of the works of the old missionaries in China or coming from the pens of recent Catholic writers, might be read and studied with profit by our protestant apologists. And as for their devotional writings, no Protestant could read without emotion such evident testimonies of the faith and piety of that church which—whether we wish to admit it or not—is our Mother-Church, and which down through the darkest centuries of European history has brought our holy faith to us, together with the out-pourings of sincere devotion towards Our Saviour. Our Roman friends give proof of their sincerity by assigning these works the first place in their catalogues, and by making available for their faithful so many beautiful works of piety, destined to bring consolation to the human soul."

Two pages further down the writer speaks with praise of the fact that in a Catholic Mission usually the most beautiful and best cared-for building is the church. "We find among Catholics," he continues, "beautiful cathedrals in the large cities, cathedrals dominating the entire countryside and visible for miles around—a sad contrast to most of our Protestant missions. We have here a proof of the central place held by their church in the minds and lives of the Catholic community, while on the other hand the center of the Protestant mission is only too often the school or the hospital." But particularly gratifying is his tribute to the piety of the Chinese Catholics: "Go where you will in China, enter any Catholic church anywhere, and you will always find someone kneeling there in prayer. If you pass through the most remote villages at the hour of the morning Mass, you will always find a good congregation of the villagers in the chapel."

His remarkable tribute concludes with these words: "No Protestant missionary can close his eyes to this gigantic and silent work of God, and once we have realized it we cannot but admire and study it."

12
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ATTENTION!

Our readers will probably have noticed that the expiry date of the subscription to CHINA is not printed on the wrapper or the paper. Some have told us that they do not know at times just how they stand in regard to their subscription. We prefer to notify our readers privately as to how their subscription stands, and in the course of the next few weeks YOU will be notified if your subscription has already expired or will expire soon. We would deem it a favor if you would attend to your renewal to CHINA promptly upon receipt of this notice. The subscription price of the paper—50 CENTS A YEAR—scarcely pays the cost of publication, and we feel that we are not asking too much in requesting you to kindly keep your subscription up to date.

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S. O. S.

We Must Enlarge

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WE MUST ENLARGE!

An S.O.S. to Readers of CHINA

To be ready to receive the new students who have applied for admission we must have an enlargement ready by September.

THE NEED IS URGENT

Generous young men are ready to throw in their lot with us. They are prepared to give all to devote their lives to the work of the conversion of China.

WHAT WILL YOU GIVE?

You cannot go to China yourself. Will you help us provide a home and a place of training for those who can? China is looking to the West for education and enlightenment. Let us all work together more fervently and zealously than ever, in order that the true education and enlightenment of Christianity may not be wanting in her hour of need.

He gives twice who gives quickly

PLEASE SEND YOUR DONATION TO-DAY

Enclosed please find .... my donation towards helping prepare for students next year.

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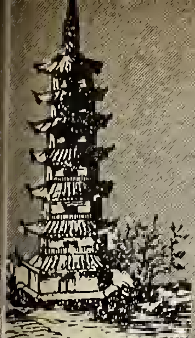

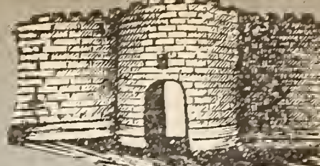

CHINA

"Haf' a Banana ?"

SEPTEMBER SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. 1927

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Note:—Father Kam, of St. Francis Xavier Seminary, is using one of our Filmslide Projectors in the Mission at Chuchow, China.

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CHINA
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Editor - Rev. Wm. C. McGrath

What's Going On In China ?

Repeatedly our friends ask the question and repeatedly we answer that we do not know. As far as the political side of the question is concerned, we doubt if anybody does know. We do not know because facts are being deliberately withheld from us. Despatches that appear in the press are being inserted from time to time with a very definite purpose, to create a public opinion that will approve or condemn according as those who control the press desire approval or condemnation.

What's Going on in China?

Is it Chang Kai Shek or Chang Tso Lin who will be the real power in the final adjustment of things? As far as the national movement is concerned, will it be the moderates or the extremist who will prevail? We do not know. Are the Chinese people tired of war, tired of misery and famine and exploitation by war lords as well as foreigners? We hazard a guess that such is likely the case. But what is the hope for peace in China? When will the present nightmare end? What man can tell us, for no man knows!

What's Going on in China?

Thirty-three thousand souls are dying daily without baptism. That is something with which the missionary is more concerned. Mission work is being greatly hampered. The efforts of years are in many places being undone and the enemies of religion are drawing tighter the bonds that hold China's millions in the relentless power of Satan. There is misery, there is hunger. There is war, there is disaster. But what are these temporal evils compared with the great eternal tragedy that is being enacted every day, the tragedy that makes the heart of the missionary bleed as he throws himself upon his knees and lifts his soul to Heaven, the tragedy of paganism and of the millions who are passing to their eternal ruin! As far as the missionary is concerned, the political troubles of China are but trifles. There is but one thing going on that he would give his life to prevent. SOULS ARE BEING LOST, SOULS REDEEMED BY THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST. Let not China's temporal ills divert our minds from the one great purpose for which our work for the missions exists, a work that now more than ever demands of us the best we have to give.

Signs of Panic.

We have met people, Catholic people too, who have said—and they were not joking altogether—that in view of the present trouble in China it might be advisable to let up a little in our efforts. They have said more. They have even hinted that it might be advisable to give up the work altogether. They are showing signs of panic at the first appearance of serious difficulty. They do not know the spirit that actuates the missionary or they would never harbour such a thought.

Our Patron and Model.

Dear readers, we ask you to bear in mind that as far as we are concerned, there is no change, there can be no change in the Chinese situation as long as millions of pagan souls are passing into eternity. If it be necessary to affirm our policy, let us simply say that this seminary has for its ideal the life and conduct of the great missionary whose names it bears. If St. Francis Xavier were alive to-day, need we ask what he would do in view of the present disturbed conditions in China? In his day it was death to the foreigner who would dare enter China, and yet the last few days of his life were spent in a vain attempt to secure secret passage to the then forbidden land. God wanted him to work for souls. That thought was ever uppermost in his mind and the greater the difficulties in the way the more did he depend upon Him through whose power alone his work for souls could be of any avail.

Trials Providential.

Perhaps it is well that there are difficulties in the way of the work of the missions, just as it is often well that trouble and trial and the cross are permitted by a merciful Providence to throw their dark shadow across our lives. It is easy to forget God when our work prospers and things go well. But when danger arises and failure threatens and the sense of our own helplessness is borne in upon us we throw ourselves into the arms of God's mercy, and our efforts are strengthened and we accomplish more.

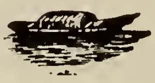
Pray For China.

And so, dear readers, at the present time we must all pray more for the missions in China, pray not in a casual, perfunctory sort of way, but earnestly beseech God to confound the enemies of the Church and strengthen those who are giving their lives for the salvation of pagan souls. If we ask Him, earnestly and with simple faith, then will the work of the missions succeed and the present difficulties disappear. But if we are indifferent and unmoved by real danger and appalling loss of souls, if we do not interest ourselves to the extent of praying seriously and earnestly for the missions, then we can hardly escape partial responsibility for the further tragedies that may be enacted in China before the final triumph of the Cross of Christ.

LATEST NEWS FROM CHINA

In his letters during the past two months Father Fraser reports a wonderful change in conditions in our district of Chuchow. The central and northern armies having been defeated in our district, the forces under the command of Chiang Kai Chek advanced northward to the Yangtse leaving our district in comparative peace. The recruiting officers of the southern army remained in the district for a time, but these have now departed and the district has settled down to pre-war quietness. Communism and anti-foreignism—the popular themes of conversation while the southern forces occupied the city and surrounding district—are unheard of today, due to the firm stand taken by the Mandarin and the civic officials. We have the assurance now from Chiang Kai Chek and from our provincial Mandarin that our missionaries and our mission property will be protected and that our district will enjoy religious freedom.

During the disturbance the new church at Sung-yang (which was in the course of erection) was accupied by the soldiers and building operations were suspended. No harm was done to the structure however, and now Father Wm. Fraser is completing the building. Our mission work is progressing exceedingly well. Even with the inconveniences caused by the war our priests have visited our whole district since January, bringing the sacraments and the Holy Sacrifice of the mass to the faithful in the remotest corners of our ten thousand square miles of territory. Thanks to our kind benefactors, we have the consolation of knowing that our people can now be ministered to regularly during the year.



In a cheery encouraging letter just to hand, Father William Fraser describes the reception tendered him by the good Christians of Sung-yang upon his return to this mission after a few weeks' absence.

"Our Christians expected our arrival in the afternoon, and they had prepared a great ovation to greet me on my triumphal return. The Papal colors, and various other banners floated gaily everywhere, and I was to be escorted through the city to the accompaniment of bands and fireworks. But I arrived earlier than they had anticipated, and by a quiet byway I made straight for the church. The Christians who were there already awaiting my arrival, set off a tremendous volley of firecrackers, and rang the big church bell merrily and long. In the evening they invited me to a grand banquet. All this display of affection touched me deeply. I have done so little for them, and they were expending their all for me. The table groaned with the weight of good things upon it—roasted pork, chicken, eggs, and what do you think?—nice little crisp sparrows! I tried a wing of one of them to please these good, kind people. Imagine the care and culinary skill it required to produce roasted sparrows!

I soon found out that the crops were just on the verge of destruction from the long drought, and as the next day was the Feast of the Sacred Heart, I urged confession and communion and prayers for rain. Nearly all responded to my exhortation, and in the afternoon of the Feast the blessed rain came down in torrents. You may imagine the gratitude of these poor Christians at this visible and prompt answer to their prayers.

Proclamation Aids Our Mission

In a letter just received from China, Father Fraser relates an interesting incident:

"Two officers of a detachment of soldiers, of the Southern Army, sent to Chuchow to rid the district of bandits, decided to lodge themselves at the mission house. As they neared the church a passerby told them that they could not stay at the mission house because two foreigners were living there. Just then they noticed the new Proclamation of the Nanking Government respecting the rights of foreigners and forbidding soldiers to trespass on mission property. They made haste to depart."

The Proclamation reads as follows:

Whereas; As the general rules of International Law provide for the protection of foreign life and property; and

As since the beginning of the Northern Expedition, remnants of the defeated armies of the militarists in various provinces, as well as rebels within the Party, have opposed the Government, thus causing many foreigners to leave their homes to avoid the calamities of war; and

As our troops and other government organs have at various times temporarily used such vacated premises as headquarters or meeting places, thus easily giving rise to a misunderstanding on the part of foreigners as well as violating the Government's declaration of protecting foreign life and property;

Therefore it is hereby proclaimed, that all such acts must cease, and that hereafter no consulates, churches, foreign houses, schools, hospitals, warehouses, and all movable articles shall be borrowed upon any pretext or occupied by force. Those foreign houses which have been occupied shall be immediately evacuated and returned, as must all other attachments belonging thereto, in order that public faith may be kept with the foreign countries.

By Order,
WU CHAO-CHU,
Minister of Foreign Affairs,
Nationalistic Government.

The Poisoned Dart

By
LUKE DARCY

Illustration by
ARTHUR KEELOR

"YOU are to leave your headquarters in Han Ying and go to the treaty port of Wenchow or to some other point of safety until the present trouble with the military forces is settled, or until the soldiers leave your district."

The letter surprised Father Leo Martin; he had intended remaining with his little band of Catholics and endeavoring to protect the mission property from being overrun by the soldiers of the Southern Army of China, but he now had no alternative, he must obey his superior in Lishuihien.

But as he re-read the letter a slow smile spread over his face, Father Superior had unconsciously left a loophole.

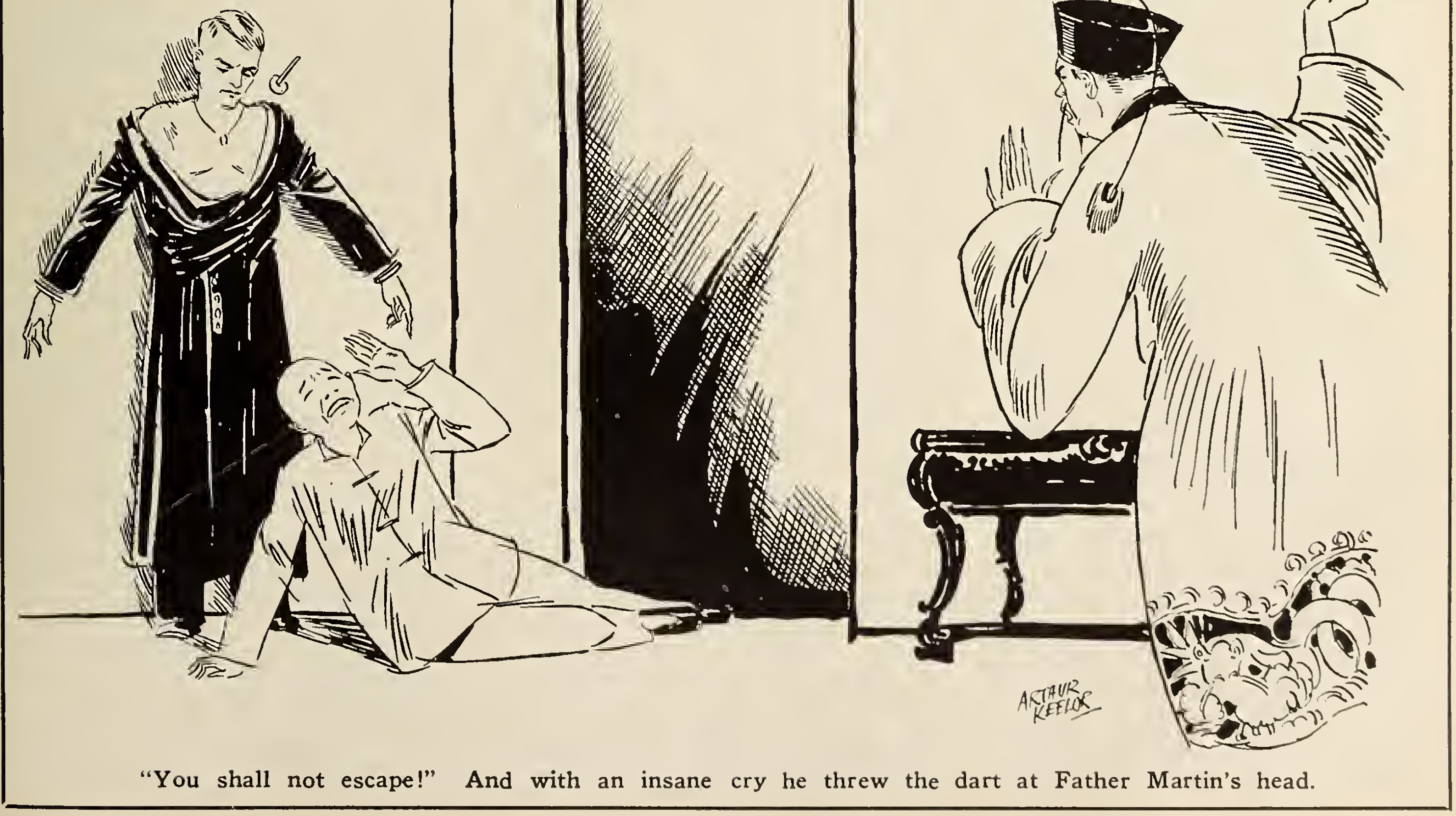
Hurriedly placing the more valuable articles of the mission, including the sacred vessels and vestments, in boxes he sent them to the homes of Catholics for safe keeping.

For the past five days, knowing that the soldiers might enter the town at any hour, he had not reserved the Blessed Sacrament in the little church. While this precaution worked a hardship upon himself and his fervent Catholics, who were wont to visit Him at all hours of the day, Father Martin now realized that it was justified; with the tabernacle empty there was no fear of sacrilege.

Closely followed by Ling Tsu—who performed the duties of catechist, altar boy, and servant—bearing the missioner's travelling kit, he left his mean rectory and took the small path by the church out on to the road.

His journey at first was through a miserable section of the town. Wretched hovels seemed to vie with one another in accumulation of filth; refuse and garbage was scattered on the roadway and a dozen or so pigs, aided by a few scrawny pulicose dogs, wallowed in the muck and buried their ugly snouts in the refuse—they were the only scavengers, what they did not demolish was left to rot in the hot sun.

Father Martin responded to greetings as he picked his steps on the road. Several of those living in the hovels were Catechumens under instruction, and he bemoaned the fate that had cast them into the midst of such squalor. Mentally vowing to introduce some system to relieve them in spite of themselves, he



"You shall not escape!" And with an insane cry he threw the dart at Father Martin's head.

came into a more pleasant part of the town. Here the thrifty and self-respecting Chinese had their homes.

The road sloped gently upward. On the left he could see the Wenchow river, which flowed past Lishuihien to Wenchow and the Pacific Ocean. Hills and mountains, beautiful in the distance, rose before him and closed in on his right. It was for these mountains that Father Martin was heading. Had not Father John in his letter said: "Go to Wenchow or some other point of safety?"

The mountains would be safe enough and he would be able to visit those three villages which had not seen a priest since the French Fathers had given up the district in favor of the Canadians.

He turned and gazed over the town, spread out before him. It looked very peaceful against its background of fields and hills. The small steeple of his church—dedicated to St. Joseph, patron of China—raised its head very bravely. It was difficult to imagine the town as the scene of war.

A pathetic looking woman with an under-nourished infant in her arms begged an alms of him. He gave her what he could.

He soon passed the outskirts of the town. His flight, as he termed it, was very distasteful. But in his mind he could hear Father Superior reason: "This is only the uprising of a few. The people as a whole are not behind it, in fact they fear the soldiers as though they were enemies, because they are persecuting them as well as the foreigners.

"You are a priest. Many years and a lot of money have been spent in preparing you for work in China. Your first duty is to the people you have come to save—to teach them to love God.

"If you stay in Han Ying and the town is occupied by troops, the sight of you, a foreigner, will irritate the soldiers. And though I have reason to believe that they have been ordered not to molest missioners, reports prove that the order has not always been observed. It would only require one drunken soldier with a gun or knife to put an end to your life.

"While I firmly believe you would go straight to Heaven if such a death were to come to you, what would happen to your people? You know there is no one to take your place, so they would be without a priest, and many souls lost as a consequence.

"If your presence there could do any real good you would not only be justified in remaining but it would be your duty. In this instance your presence would not be justified, and please remember that your first duty is to the Missions."

Father Martin admitted that his superior's probable reasoning was correct but, nevertheless, he disliked leaving his church and people.

The sound of running feet made him turn quickly. He smiled as little Chek Sun Lo, a boy whom he had grown to love, came hurrying toward him, all out of breath.

"Father, will there be Mass tomorrow morning?"

"No, not tomorrow, nor for several mornings." And seeing the wistful look in Sun Lo's eyes he added, "I am going to visit the villages in the mountains. You know the Christians up there have not had Mass for a long time."

"Oh, Father!" his face brightening. "And you will tell them about God and His Holy Mother?"

"Yes," delighted at the boy's enthusiasm, "and I shall make arrangements for a catechist to live with them."

"Father!" he exclaimed, daring hope lighting his eyes. "Couldn't I go and be their catechist? You could teach me more about God and I'll remember everything you say."

"I am afraid you are too young," Father Martin replied kindly. "Besides, are you not forgetting our other plans?"

"Oh, no, Father," he objected. "But I would like to start serving God now."

"You are serving him by being a good Catholic; but do not be impatient, I think I can promise you some definite plans for your future when I return."

Satisfied with this promise Sun Lo dropped to his knees to receive the priest's blessing and then slowly returned to the town, while Father Martin hurried along the road and overtook Ling Tsu, who had been walking slowly ahead, and together they continued their journey up the mountain.

II.

A HOT afternoon sun beat down upon them as they trudged up the doubtful path. Father Martin found his mind wandering back to his seminary days in Canada — they had been truly happy; and his early years at the old college, where the plumbing system had ideas of its own, necessitating the frequent forming of the bucket brigade.

With the perspiration rolling down his nose, and dripping over his lips on to his chin, he smiled whimsically as he recalled climbing sleepily out of bed on cold winter mornings, to find a coating of ice on the water in his wash basin.

But the students of the future would not have their missionary zeal tested so early in their careers, judging from the letter he had received last month: the seminary was practically completed, the floor had been laid in the refectory and the recreation room was the only part of the building not finished. And there was even talk of adding another floor, to make room for the students seeking admission—though only the Lord knew from where the necessary money would come.

It was gratifying to know that within a few years a steady stream of young missioners would be landing in China.

Landing in China——. Father Martin's own arrival was very fresh in his memory. He had been amazed by Shanghai, delighted by Ningpo and very much surprised when he had arrived in Lishuihien, the centre of the district in which he was to labor.

Why he was surprised he could not say, he had not consciously entertained a previous impression of the district. But he had immediately realized that though the missioners might find their work fruitful they would also experience hardships; but, of course, every missioner expected hardships.

Then followed those trying first months—when he had struggled with the language. Then, eight months ago, he had been sent to Han Ying to take charge of a valiant little band of Catholics.

With all the enthusiasm and vigor that comes with a first appointment he had thrown himself into his work. Praying, preaching, teaching and visiting among the people, he had made splendid progress in a short time. He was now planning to build a school and, away back in his mind, fearing to take form, was the idea of building a convent and bringing a small band of Sisters from Canada to do the work that only Sisters can do. But he kept the idea carefully hidden—he had not even money to start building the school.

The work he really enjoyed was teaching catechism to the children; their eagerness to drink in the truths of Christianity delighted him. It was in the advanced class that he had first noticed little Chek Sun Lo. Though the youngest in the class he was usually the first to answer questions. Morning Mass would find him in the church, and if it were his turn to serve he would go through the movements with edifying devotion. And often during the day Father Martin would see him stealing into the church to visit the Prisoner of Love.

One morning during catechism class he told the boys about the seminary at Ningpo—how many young Chinese were preparing for the priesthood so that they might return and bring the light of faith to their own people.

Later in the morning—just as he had taken up his Breviary—Sun Lo came up to the Rectory.

"Father, will you tell me more about the seminary?"

"I'll be glad to. Wait here a moment, I think I have some pictures you will enjoy."

He returned after several minutes with two envelopes full of snapshots.

Sun Lo's eyes looked like poached eggs as he gazed at the pictures from the schools at Ningpo, Lishuihien and the seminary in Canada. The groups of seminarians at the Canadian seminary especially interested him.

"Are all those young men going to leave their homes and come away over here and tell us about God?"

"Yes, they all hope to come over to China and labor among your people."

"Well, surely then, we should be willing to go to Lishuihien and Ningpo to prepare to help them and our own people."

"But it requires special graces to be a priest, and a boy would have to leave home and spend many years in hard study and preparation."

"Of course it would demand much sacrifice and labor," Sun Lo observed, adding with Oriental wisdom: "We must work hard and have much patience to attain anything great, and you have told us that the priesthood is the greatest office a man can hold."

Father Martin gazed in surprise at the boy. Undoubtedly God had made him wise beyond his years.

"Do you want to be a priest?"

"Oh! Could I." his face was ecstatic.

"It is possible, but just now you should pray to Our Lord and His Blessed Mother to let you know the Divine Will. And if He desires you to follow Him He has many ways of letting you know. But in the meantime, pray."

During the weeks that followed Father Martin felt that Sun Lo should be given the opportunity to prove his vocation and he was only waiting until the fighting and rumors of war should die down before making arrangements for sending him to Lishuihien or Ningpo.

And now the letter from Father Superior instructing him to leave Han Ying had sent him journeying up the mountains, and to visit the three villages.

III.

AFTER travelling about seven miles Father Martin rested and finished reading his Office. He was chagrined at his inability to find the relic of the Little Flower which he usually carried on his person, but saying a prayer to the Little Flower he continued on up the mountain with Ling Tsu.

The sun had set when he decided to prepare for the night. The place he chose was rather doubtful but he felt that it would have to do. Ling Tsu provided a skimpy supper and then both rolled up in their blankets.

Father Martin was awakened by the rising sun and after stretching, in an effort to rid himself of a cramped feeling caused by a small stone which had seemingly crept under his back as he slept on the ground, he looked around for a place to say Mass.

He discovered a large flat rock, about four feet from the ground. It was not as level as it might have been, but it would serve.

With the help of Ling Tsu the altar was prepared, and there on the side of the mountain he offered up the Holy Sacrifice, Ling Tsu was altar boy and the birds were the congregation.

IV.

NINETEEN days later Father Martin was returning to Han Ying. He had heard indirectly that the soldiers had been in the town for two days and had then passed on. He did not know if the mission property had been damaged.

His visit to the three villages had been very fruitful. He had discovered a number of Catechumens whose instruction had not been completed, a few of these he had baptized. At the first opportunity he would install a catechist and he felt sure many would enroll as Catechumens.

It was dark when he entered the town with Ling Tsu. Their journey to the rectory was unnoticed. He was relieved to find that no serious damage had been done to the mission property, though it was quite evident that the soldiers had occupied it. In his bed room he found the relic of the Little Flower lying in a corner. He wondered if she had protected the property.

He was about to retire, Ling Tsu was already asleep, when he was called to the door. The man, a stranger, asked for Father Martin.

"I am Father Martin."

"Chek Sun Lo is sick and is calling for you."

"I will come at once," he replied, quieting his surprise.

With the Holy Oils in his pocket he followed the messenger. At the first crossing the messenger turned to the right.

"But Sun Lo lives down here, in the seventh house," Father Martin protested.

"No longer, that is the home of his uncle with whom he lived for two years, but two weeks ago his father returned from his travels and took Sun Lo to his home in Ming Chow," the messenger explained.

"Who is his father?"

"Chek Yat-po."

Father Martin mentally recoiled, and hesitated.

Chek Yat-po, the Mandarin, the avowed enemy of Christianity. He was the descendant of an ancient and autocratic family and was a power unto himself. The people in his district stood in awe of him. Several years previous the French Fathers had endeavored to establish a mission in Ming Chow, but he had forbidden the people to listen to them, threatening penalties, and had finally driven them out. They might have persisted but because there were so few missioners they decided to establish missions where they were welcomed, but when their numbers were increased and priests could be spared it was the intention to make another attempt. But that time was not expected to arrive for several years.

With grim determination to do his duty and respond to the sick call Father Martin followed his guide, the journey would take several hours.

He asked himself why Sun Lo had not spoken of his father and he also wondered how the boy had been baptized without his father's consent, but he supposed his guardian had given permission.

V.

NIGHT was slowly disappearing as he reached the Mandarin's house.

Hoping that Sun Lo had been able to partially break down his father's enmity for Christianity — as indeed he must have, else the Mandarin would never have sent for a priest in answer to his son's plea—Father Martin allowed himself to be shown into a room.

The dim light which precedes the sun rise struggled through an opening in the ceiling. As his eyes focused and the light gradually increased he could discern that he was in a plain, medium-sized room. Besides the one through which he had entered there was another door on the right, near the end partition.

He wondered why he was not immediately led to the side of Sun Lo.

The sudden brightening of the room announced the rising sun, and as though it were a signal a dignified, richly dressed man came quietly into the room. He was Chek Yat-po, the Mandarin.

He stood for a moment observing the priest, his Oriental impassivity gave no inkling of his inner feelings; but when he spoke his voice was impassioned.

"You have dared to interfere with a member of my family; making him forsake the religion of his ancestors. And you would go further and make him one of your priests. But no longer shall you breed disruption."

Before Father Martin could recover from his surprise and reply to the verbal attack two men entered the room and flung him against the wall, where they bound him with arms outstretched. His clothes were torn open, leaving bare his breast. The men disappeared and he was alone with the Mandarin, who now gazed upon him with cruel satisfaction.

Father Martin rightly guessed that the sick call was merely to entrap him and though Sun Lo might be in the house he was not sick.

"Linchee has always appealed to me as a form of execution," the Mandarin said slowly, delighting in playing with his victim. "But it is the penalty reserved for certain crimes, especially those against the state."

Father Martin was thinking of the effect his death would have on missionary work. The British might come in and capture the town and make it a new stronghold. The people would then become antagonistic to foreigners, and missionary work would receive a great set-back, just on account of his death.

"If you kill me the British will avenge my death," he stated, hoping to cast fear into the Mandarin's heart. He knew it would be futile to endeavor to justify his dealings with Sun Lo. He would not be believed.

"No one knows where you are."

"But the man who guided me?"

"My servant."

Strangely, he was relieved at the statement. Though he might no longer minister to his people his death would not effect mission work in general.

"But as your crime is against my family," the Mandarin continued, "I have planned a different form of death. I picked it up in my travels in foreign countries." He was disappointed when Father Martin showed no signs of distress.

From a drawer in a table at the opposite end of the room he took two darts. Resting one on the table he brought forward the other, so the priest might see it.

The point of the dart was heavily barbed and firmly implanted in a shaft of wood. Behind the barbs, the Mandarin fiendishly explained, poison was secreted. The dart, on piercing the body, would quiver, causing the poison to disseminate quickly. Death would come within a few minutes.

Father Martin found it difficult to realize that he was really going to die. The unexpectedness of the attack made everything seem grotesque; he had never imagined such a death. It might be unbelievable, but he knew he would soon be dead just the same. He was glad he had only a few close relatives and he hoped they would not worry too much when he was reported missing.

He could feel his relic of the Little Flower, in the watch pocket of his trousers, pressing against his body; it gave him strength.

Standing with the dart poised in his hand the Mandarin announced: "You are being offered as a sacrifice to the love I bear my son."

"Love?" the priest questioned. "And you left him in the care of another for two years?"

The Mandarin's face blanched, and then flushed in anger. But as though ashamed of betraying his feelings a veneered mocking smile settled on his face.

"Say what you will now, in a few minutes you shall be dead."

He drew back his arm and tossed the dart at the priest's breast.

Fascinated, Father Martin watched it rise in a gentle arc, reach its zenith, and begin to fall. He closed his eyes.

A form leapt from the doorway, brushed against Father Martin, and dropped to the floor.

The priest opened his eyes, and there at his feet, the dart protruding from his neck, lay little Sun Lo.

Incredulity, consternation and horror struggled among the features of the Mandarin's face; his head trembled convulsively.

He quickly recovered, threw himself on his knee beside his son, and snatched at the dart, which broke, leaving the point embedded in the flesh.

Only too well did he know the power of the poison that was even now coursing through the boy's veins. He was powerless to assist him—his first-born.

Furious, he sprang to his feet and turning malevolent crazed eyes on the priest, cried: "You did this; it is through you that this curse has fallen upon me and my family!"

He ran to the table and picked up the remaining dart.

"You shall not escape!" and with an insane cry threw it at Father Martin's head.

Amazed that the dart had not found his body and horrified that Sun Lo had intercepted it, Father Martin was just beginning to realize and appreciate the heroic sacrifice of Sun Lo, when the enraged Mandarin hurled the last dart.

Instinctively he jerked his head aside, tugging at his bonds, and the point of the dart buried itself in the wall, its quivering shaft patting the lobe of his ear.

An anguished cry of protest and pain came from Sun Lo, and raisa beseeching hand to his father he sobbed: "Why do you seek to kill him, he is our friend and wishes us only good."

Grief stricken, the Mandarin gazed at his son, brought to death's door by his own hand. Could it be possible that this priest could do something for him? In desperation he turned to Father Martin and loosed his bonds, saying: "Do what you can for him, I can do nothing."

Adjusting his clothing Father Martin, with tears in his eyes, knelt at the side of Sun Lo. In truth he was responding to a sick call.

After hearing the boy's simple confession he quickly administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction.

Sun Lo's face had become discolored and swollen. His suffering was intense. Father Martin consoled him as he could, but the agony was short.

Murmuring the name of Jesus through distorted lips—Sun Lo went to his reward.

FATHER D. M. TARCISIO, OF CHIHLI PRAISES HIS FELLOW MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

At the beginning of April, when an intervention by the Foreign Powers in the Valley of the Yangtze Kiang seemed imminent, the Ministers commanded the missionaries to leave the interior, urgently inviting them to save themselves. If anyone wished to remain, he had to declare in writing that he remained on his own responsibility.

"I pray you to thank the Consul," writes a missionary to his own Bishop, "but I hope that the help of God will be sufficient for me. We do not become alarmed, and we work as though we were in great peace."

"Yes, Bishop," writes another, "I will remain at my place and only an order from you shall be able to make me leave. I put my district and my own person under the special protection of S. Theresa of O. J. and confident in Providence, I will wait until the tempest will be over.

"At any rate, we have our predecessors who left us a tradition. They who sleep at Fang-hong-chang, at Me-pan-chan (Cheng-tu), or elsewhere, they had a great many hard trials; but notwithstanding, they did not leave. Our Mission has a splendid and often an heroic history. If we must add a new page, we must write it in the same style."

Such is the high, bright sentiment of nearly all the Catholic missionaries who remained at their place. Only momentarily, when the presence of the missionary would have brought danger to the Christians, some took temporary refuge elsewhere, intrusting the care of souls, where possible, to Chinese priests. Sometimes other missionaries, newly arrived in China, left the mission temporarily to continue the study of the Chinese language at a more peaceful place. The few missionaries who left have already or are going back to their place as soon as possible.

In North China, where the Southerners did not arrive, not even one Catholic missionary has left.

His Excellency Monsignor Costantini, Apostolic Delegate, keeping himself in close union with the missions, sent words of praise, encouragement and instruction of the Holy See, to all missionaries. They are happy in feeling themselves united to the Holy Father whom they call the Missionary Pope.

We publish one of the letters which Mons. Apostolic Delegate sent to all Vicars Apostolic explaining that the Apostolic mandate is different from the policy of the Ministers of the Foreign Powers, which, however, is worthy of estimation. As a matter of fact, the Ministers accomplished their own duties offering carefully and generously all means to save the lives of the missionaries.

April 25th, 1927.

To the Most Illustrious and
Reverend Ordinaries of China
Salutation in the Lord:

Venerable Brethren:

"We are reviled, and we bless; we are persecuted, and we suffer it" (I Cor. 4:12). It is for me a source of joy and a privilege to be able, with these words of the Apostle, to render fitting homage to the intrepid courage of the toilers in the Gospel, revealing itself more and more conspicuously in these adverse times, inasmuch as they are carrying on the splendid tradition of the Catholic Missions and adding thereto new lustre.

"Greater love than this hath no man, than that he should lay down his life for his friends" (John 15:13). When danger to themselves would counsel flight, our priests, after the example of the Good Shepherd, are ready to suffer even the loss of life itself rather than abandon the flock entrusted to their care. We lament the demise of the Rev. Fathers Dugout and Vanara, who paid in their own blood the supreme price, and esteem the example they have given as a new and hallowed glory of our Missions.

We are very grateful for such aid as has been offered us, whether motivated by a sense of duty or proffered in the name of humanity, to the extent, namely, that it does not infringe upon the inviolable liberty of the Christian Apostolate. "For Christ . . . we are ambassadors"; and therefore: "we mind not the things

(Continued on page 123.)

• OUR LITTLE •
MISSIONARIES

News From Our Youthful Readers

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

St. Patrick's School, Niagara Falls, sends the cheery letter: "We are the Senior Third Class and for the first time we had a Mission Crusade Unit this year. We read in "China" that you needed help to enlarge your College and we set out to see what we could do. We are enclosing $10 which we made partly by having a candy sale and by our fees and savings bank. Also since Easter we have been making spiritual offerings regularly for your work." It is of assistance of this kind which permits the missionaries to continue their work.

WEST TORONTO.

St. James' School in West Toronto is the latest acquisition of the C.C.S.M.C. and well may the Crusade feel proud of its new phalanx. This school was but recently opened and already they have worked up a mission spirit which would do honor to a much older institution.

The closing exercises in June took the form of a mission program and the enthusiasm with which the children presented the entertainment showed what an important place the Missions occupy in their lives, many of the scenes being based around Missionary life. A climax to the program came when the children asked their pastor, Father William Heydon, to present to the China Mission Seminary their contribution to the foreign missions—a cheque for $50 and a beautiful spiritual bouquet. A similar offering was made to the Extension Society.

The program, which was made possible by their teachers, two ladies of Loretto, and included: The Little Christ Child, by the "Wee Tots"; The Red Dragon of China, by Clare Kelly; The Minuet, by twelve children of Room 3; Canadian Born, by Kathleen Gallagher; The Propagation of the Faith, by Madeline Fleming; and A Legend, by Bernard Moriarty.

The "Minuet" artists at St. James' School, Toronto.

TRINIDAD, B.W.I.

From 'way down in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, British West Indies, comes a very welcome letter: "Enclosed you will find draft for $22 from my daughter, Miss Anita de Montrichard, it is in connection with the Chinese Mission fund, which amount she collected in aid of same. This amount represents used stamps that she sold.

Yours faithfully,
Arthur V. Montrichard.

GLAD TIDINGS FROM THE EAST.

A very interesting letter, which speaks well for the future of the missions, comes from College Street School, Halifax, N.S.

Dear Rev. Father:

Enclosed please find the sum of eighty-two dollars for Saint Madeleine Sophie Barat's burse. The earnest, fervent prayers of five hundred little missionaries that your great work for souls may continue to be blessed abundantly accompanies our offering. We in turn beg you to pray that we may be rewarded by having many of our number called to work in your great mission field."

NORTH TORONTO.

Accompanying a substantial spiritual and monetary offering was the following letter from Room 2, Our Lady of Perpetual Help School, Toronto.

Rev. and Dear Father:

We are sending you some money for your work in China. We have mission meetings every other week. Most of the boys have become pages of the Blessed Sacrament and the girls have become handmaids of the Blessed Sacrament, and we have been offering our Communions and prayers for the pagans in China. We hope that peace will soon return to China so you may continue your good work there.

The picture of our youngest benefactor appears on page 125. Can you excel his endeavor?

(Continued from page 121.)

that are according to the flesh . . . but we mind the things that are of the spirit" (Rom. 8:5). For, as St. Paul tells us: "none of us liveth to himself; and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we die unto the Lord" (Rom. 14:7-8).

I would, however, be remiss in my duty, did I not also counsel prudence, lest lives be rashly or senselessly thrown away. **For charity is patient,** but **deals not perversely.** Indeed, the Lord Jesus Himself saith: "And when they shall persecute you in this city, flee into another" (Matt. 10:23). But it is one think to seek temporary safety, and quite another to desert one's Mission and to leave China altogether. Consequently, such safety measures as may be taken without entailing grave detriment to the care of souls, should by no means be neglected: the very welfare of the Mission itself demands this. Especially is this true of our Sisters and of the Virgins and the children of the Holy Infancy, in whose case all the stricter precaution must be taken in that the danger which threatens them is greater. Moreover, work directly connected with the salvation of souls imposes a far graver obligation than the work done by charitable institutions and schools.

Bound to you, my venerable brethren, in closest bonds of affection, I protest against the injuries which have been inflicted upon you, and instant in prayer I patiently await the passing of this storm, looking forward with confidence to the return of calmer days. The sense of humanity has been long since developed in the Chinese people; and their leaders, conscious of the responsibilities they have assumed, are not at all ignorant of the rights to which all men, irrespective of their nationality, are entitled under International Law.

"For our laborers in the Gospel and our Christian faithful, we ask for no more than the common right to life, liberty, and integrity of body vouchsafed to every human being" (Letter of Pope Pius XI to the Vicars Apostolic of China). Meanwhile, may the blessing imparted by our Holy Father, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, give you strength and courage in your hour of trial.

So soon as these turbulent waves subside, Christians and non-Christians alike will realize that **in all things we exhibit ourselves as ministers of God, in much patience,** faithful friends, who do nothing injurious to the legitimate rights of the Chinese people, but, on the contrary, keeping absolutely aloof from everything that savors of politics, labor, and shall continue to labor, whole-heartedly for the true progress, peace and prosperity of the Chinese nation.

Let us follow in the footsteps of the martyrs and confessors who have gone before us, and let us beseech the Blessed Virgin Mary, to whose sweet love we have dedicated our lives, our work and our fortunes, to save us from the horrors of war and to take us under the security of her protection.

The Apostolic Delegate to
China,
CELSO COSTANTINI,

The home you are building for our future missionaries. The extension to our Seminary as we go to press.

Our readers will be interested in this clipping from the Shanghai Times (June 15 issue) forwarded to us by Father Fraser.

ARMOURED TRAINS PLAY TUG OF WAR.

Chinese Introduce Some Novelties Into Warfare.

By Randall Gould.

Peking.

A locomotive duel in which "the best engine won" and received an armoured train as its prize!

This is the engagingly modern novelty introduced into Chinese warfare by contending factions in Honan province, according to the tale brought to Peking by officials of the Ankuochun, Marshal Chang Tso-lin's united Northern force.

It all happened on the fighting front near Chengchow, where a Cantonese armoured train had been making daily expeditions up and down the Peking-Hankow main track and harassing the Northerners with its Krupp gun. The Northerners had a train too, but it was under repair in the Chengchow yards.

One misty morning, without the knowledge of the Southerners, the Ankuochun train was made ready and it started slowly backing down toward the Southern lines with intent to give them a dose of three-inch field guns. It chanced that at the same moment the Southerners decided this would be a fine morning to "straff" the Northerners once more, and they started backing their train northward.

Because of the mist, neither party saw the other until the trains were almost together. They were travelling slowly, and the rear-end bump each received was just enough to link the two together through contact of the American style automatic couplers with which each rear car was equipped.

Both engineers decided to depart for home. They opened their throttles, but nothing happened. The trains were locked together.

General Kao, in the Southern train, ordered his Krupp into action. It could not be lowered enough, and its shells screamed out over the Northern train and did no damage.

The Northern commander reciprocated with his three-inchers. One shell struck the enemy Krupp, the next passed through the whole Southern train and damaged the engine, and another exploded in the Southern headquarters car, killing the commander and 30 other men and wounding 20 more. Another 40 subsequently surrendered.

Meanwhile the Northern locomotive, apparently in better shape and undamaged by shell-fire, got the upper hand and began to drag both trains northward. Within a few minutes the victory was complete.

The captured Cantonese train consisted of two supply cars. An armoured car used as headquarters, and three other armoured cars, as well as the armoured locomotive. The Northern train was captured from Feng Yu-hsiang when he retreated from Nankow pass last summer and it consisted of five armoured cars. —United Press.

Nonsense

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"

Professional Touch.

Dentist (extracting nail from a tire of his car)—"Quiet now. You won't even feel this."—Life.

Two colored gentlemen who had just reduced the population of a farmer's henroost, were making a get-away.

"Laws, Mose," gasped Sam, "why you s'pose them flies follows us so close?"

"Keep gallopin'," said Mose, "them ain't flies. Them's buckshot."

Concealment Scorned.

Commercial candor in a New Haven advertisement: "Our business reputation goes with every loan."

In a Philadelphia ad: "Dine at Philadelphia's Smart Place, where the best is none too good."

After the Storm.

There had been a quarrel. Everybody could see that the minute they entered the street car. The woman sat with tightly compressed lips, her hands gripping her umbrella firmly. The man sat glowering at the advertisements.

Then came a dead silence as the car halted to let off a passenger.

Into the silence came the woman's thin, angry voice:

"If it wasn't for me you'd be the biggest fool in the country!"

Then for the first time the man grinned, and the other passengers joined with him.

But the Age of Chivalry is Gone.

If a train is generally spoken of as "she," why can't some folks step aside occasionally and let a lady pass?

'TWAS MIDNIGHT ON THE OCEAN.

(For "Constant Reader".)

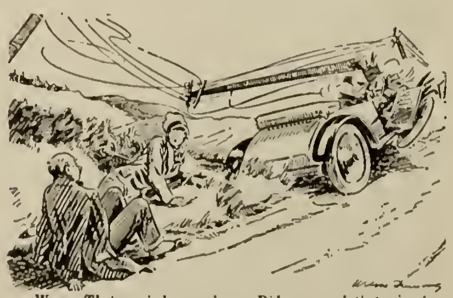
'Twas midnight on the ocean,
not a street-car was in sight,
The sun was shining brightly, and
it rained all day that night.
'Twas a winter's day in summer,
the sky was raining glass,
And a barefoot boy with shoes
on, stood sitting on the grass.
'Twas evening and the rising sun
was setting in the west,
The little fishes in the trees were
huddled in their nests.
The rain was pouring down in
drops, the moon was shining
bright,
And everything that could be
seen was hidden out of sight.
While the organ peeled potatoes,
lard was rendered by the choir;
While the sexton rang the dish-
cloth, someone set the church
on fire.
"Holy Smoke," the preacher
shouted, and in the rush he lost
his hair;
Now his head resembles Heaven,
for there is no parting there.

Even if a girl is as sweet as sugar, she may not be so refined.

Heave Ho!

The following sign was displayed above the counter of a prominent drug store:

"Take a brick home; it's fine when company comes."



WIFE—*That reminds me, dear. Did you send that wire to mother to say we were coming?* —LONDON OPINION

One Hundred Per Cent. Efficiency.

They tell a story about a tiny ant who gazed longingly, but helplessly at the body of a dead horse.

Just then a bootlegger's truck rattled by and a case of stuff fell over the tail gate and crashed to the ground.

A puddle formed and the ant took one sip.

Then he seized the dead horse by the tail and shouted:

"Come on, big boy, we're going home!"

What is the Use?

I hear that you have lost your dog. Have you put an advertisement in the paper?

No; the dog can't read.

It's Little Things That Tell.

Old Lady—"How do you like school?"

Little Man—"Closed!"

Squirrels Take Note.

Joan—"Can you tell me which part of the car it is that causes the most accidents?"

Bertie—"I don't know."

Joan—"Well, it is the nut that holds the steering wheel."

Pat viewing a marble coffin): "Shure it's great to be rich and have a coffin which would last you your life-time."

Housewife—"Here's a nickel for you—by the way, the lady next door wants someone to beat her rugs."

Tramp—"Thanks for the warning, lady."

Weekly Procession.

If all the autos in the world were laid end to end, it would be Sunday afternoon.—Judge.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

The following is the list of donations from May 16th to Aug. 1st:

Friend, Victoria, B.C., $250; Friend, Toronto, $200; Bequest of late Rev. Wm. Chisholm, $100; Bequest of late Rev. P. S. Dowdall, $100; Friend, P.E.I., $100; Blessed Sacrament Parish, Ottawa, Ont., $100; Friend. Niagara Falls, Ont., $100; Mother Mary of the Angels, Windsor, $60; Rev. M. J. Gearin, $50; St. Francis Xavier College, Antigonish, N.S., $50; St. James School, Toronto, $50; St. Andrew's Parish, St. Andrew's, N.B.. per Rev. D. S. O'Keefe, $25; Friends, St. Catharines, Ont., $25; Friend, Pembroke. $25; Miss Hoskin, $25; Mr. W. A. Chisholm, $25; Estate of late Wm. Rowland. $25; St. Joseph's Convent, Halifax, $23; St. Stanislaus School, Hamilton, $21.10; Sacred Heart School, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., $20.55; Mr. J. M. Dooley, $20; Corpus Christi School, Toronto, $18.60; Miss Anita Montrichard, $22; Friends from the Far West, $18; St. Joseph's Convent, Charlottetown, P.E.I., $18.40; St. Mary's Boys' School, Hamilton, $17; Business Class and Form 2, Convent Mary Immaculate, Pembroke, $25; St. Vincent Academy, Kingston, $15; Rev. J. J. Garvey, $12; Miss M. Streeter, $10.50; In honor of St. Joseph, $15.15; Friend, Kingston, $12; C.C.S.M.C., St. Mary's College, Halifax, $15; Friend. Toronto, $12; Terra Nova, $15; Separate School, Preston, Ont., $11.75; Iona Academy. St. Andrews West, Ont., $10.50; Mt. St. Joseph, North Sydney, N.S., $11.34; Jos. Pittman, $15.

The following gave donations of $10.00:

Mr. J. J. Carolan; Sacred Heart School, Windsor, Ont.; Mr. J. F. Kavanagh; St. Patrick's School 3rd Class, Niagara Falls. Ont.; St. Joseph's Convent, North Sydney. N.S., per Sister M.C.; Our Lady of Mercy Convent, Sarnia; Friend, Hamilton, thanksgiving; J. J. Carolan, St. Vincent's Academy, Halifax; St. Mary's Boys' School, Halifax; Miss M. Streeter; Dominic Kedroski; Mrs. T. Rahal; Holy Redeemer Convent School, Whitney Pier, Sydney, N.S.; Miss Fitzgerald; Miss Margaret McCormick. Teeswater Sub-Division, Catholic Women's League; Mr. J. J. Carolan; A Montreal Friend; Miss Mary G., thanksgiving to Little Flower.

The following gave amounts between $10.00 and $5.00:

Misses M. Desjardins and M. Leitch, $5.50; Mr. Harry Joanette, $5.50; Miss Lillian Droogan, $5.25; Miss Agnes Fawcett, $5.25; Miss E. Barrett, Little Flower Chain, $7.75; St. Thomas Sunday School, Red Bank, N.B.. per Miss M. Murphy, $8.50; Mt. Carmel School, New Waterford, N.S., $7; Mr. Andrew McLean, $8; Rev. M. J. Laba, $8.50; St. Patrick's Convent, Halifax, $7; Mr. Alex McNeil, $6; St. Theresa's Unit, Hamilton, $7.50; St. Thomas Aquinas School, Halifax. $8; St. John's School, Weston, Ont., per Misses Healey and Long, $7.10; St. Andrew's School, Port Arthur, $5.25; St. Peter's School, Peterboro, $8.60; Sacred Heart School, Peterboro, $7.80; St. Mary's Academy, Newcastle, N.B., $6; St. Columban's Convent School, Cornwall, Ont., $7.50; Miss Kathryn M. Doherty, $6; Holy Rosary School, St. Stephen, N.B., $6.50; W. F. Dobell, $7.

The following gave donations of $5.00:

Mrs. Thos. Cooney; Miss N. Collins; Miss Isabel C. O'Brien; Miss Florence Call; Miss Martha O'Connor; Mr. Donald J. McKenzie; Mr. H. M. Enson; Miss Aileen Moynahan; Miss Rosa Devine; Rev. J. Dantzer; Mr. W. D. Cummins; Class of Sister M. Baptist, Warren, Mass.; Mrs. A. J. McEnaney; J. M. Speechly; Friend, Canso, N.S.; Mrs. Mary Robertson; Loretto College, Toronto; Julian A. Hogan; John P. Lyons; Rev. J. B. Ferguson; Miss Tessie Crilly; Miss Ellen Grimes; L. Mulkern; Miss Alice G. O'Neill; Timothy J. Toomey; Miss Emily McDonell; Bureau of Missions. Grand Seminary, Montreal; Friend, Arichat. N.S.; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan; Mrs. E. Horder; Mr. S. J. Kern; Hotel Dieu Hospital, Kingston; Miss Helen Gallant; Mr. A. J. Lobraico; Rev. E. Polan; Miss Madeleine Smith; Rev. Jas. J. McKinnon; The Misses Gormey; St. Mary's Academy, Windsor; Friend, Northfield Stn., Ont.; Miss Aileen Moynahan; Friend, Toronto; Miss M. Sullivan; Academies of Holy Heart Seminary, Halifax; Mr. John Betz; Sunday School Class, Killarney, Ont.; Rev. J. Paquin, S.J.; In honor of Little Flower M.K.; School Mite Box, per Rev. W. J. Williams, Conche, Nfld.; Mr. Julian A. Hogan; Mr. J. M. Speechly; Miss Sadie Queenan; Miss Cecilia M. Harris; Mr. L. E. Briggs; Mrs. John Fisher; Hon. Justice Beck; Rev. B. Webster; Friend. St. Rose; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan; Mrs. S. M. Barber; Miss Margaret Cassidy; Mrs. Felix Le Blanc; Miss M. Evelyn McIver; In honor of St. Francis Xavier and Little Flower; Mr. L. B. Knox; Rev. E. Mulvill; Miss Margaret Jeffers; Mr. John Betz; Mr. J. M. Speechly; Mrs. Hugh Ferguson; Mrs. John Broderick; Mr. A. Bero.

Miscellaneous Amounts:

Mr. Jas. E. Murphy, $2.50; Mr. Jas. Carrol, $1; Mrs. E. Brown, $3; Miss Alice Small, $2; Miss B. F. Call, $2.30; Miss Celestine Brennan, $1; Miss Mary McAuliffe, $1; Mrs. McKay, $2; Miss Louise Dillman, $2; J. Moran, $1; Miss Mary McLaughlin, $1.85; Miss Frances C. Webb, $2; Mr. Hugh Nolan. $1; Friend, $1.55; Mr. Wm. J. Quinn, $1; Mrs. K. McLeary, $2; Mrs. B. Tadman, $1; The Keast Children, $1; Mrs. L. S. Brocklehurst, $3.50; Mrs. Dr. Dunn, $2; B. McDermott, $2.50; Mrs. A. C. Sweeney, $2; Miss M. Byrne, $1; Mrs. Stedman, $2; G. Reddin, $1.50; Mr. P. Azzopardi, $3; Miss Mary Beale, $1; Miss M. Woods, $1.50; Mrs. C. Stolte, $3; Mrs. A. McCarthy, $1; Mrs. J. Fry, $2; Mrs. C. B. Eyler, $2; Mr. Maurice M. Gallant, $1; Friend, Cochrane. $2; Jr. 4th Class, Sacred Heart School. Espanola, $2; J. K. & F., Toronto, $1; Miss May Moloney, $2; The Sheehan Children. $1; Mrs. M. J. Kennedy, $1; Mrs. T. J. O'Driscoll, $2; Mr. M. McCaffrey, $1; Miss Bridget C. Drake, $1; Mrs. C. Tremblay, $1; Mrs. A. Webster, $2; Class 2, St. Francis School Boys, $1.50; John H. Dwyer, $1; Mary Louise and Jack Doody, $1; Martin C. Melanson, $4.50; Mrs. M. J. Nolan, $2; Anselm Duffy, $1; Miss Marion Cox, $2; Miss Eleanor Gaudet, $1; Mrs. C. Dugas, $2; Miss Florrie Wilson, $1; Ross Baker, $1; Miss Reta Blainey, $1; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Fortune, $2; Miss M. J. McGillivray, $4; Thos. F. Williams, $3.50; Master Bob Heslin, $1; Miss Agnes Dawzy, $3; Mr. R. G. McIsaac, $4; Mrs. N. O'Donnell, $1.50: Mrs. R. J. Rankin, $1; Mrs. A. J. Brennan, $1; Miss J. Pineau, $1; Jos. Farrell, $1; Friend, Toronto, thanksgiving to Little Flower, $1; Miss Sadie McDougald, $2; Miss Margaret Cruy, $1; H. M. Clarkson, $1; Mrs. Rose A. Healy, $2.50; Miss Annie Swaysie, $1; Mrs. J. W. McCarron, $1.50; Mrs. John Chisholm, $2; Friend, Toronto. $1; Room 2½, St. Peter's School, Toronto, $2.50; Miss M. Best, $1; Miss M. O'Malley, $1; Miss C. McGuire, $1.50; Jas. A. MacDonald, $2; Miss L. McDonald, $1; Miss K. A. McLean, 50c; Friend, Toronto, $1; Miss M. A. Millet, $3; Will B. Hipkin, $1.25; Mr. E. Coleman, $3.50; Miss M. M. McDonald, $2; Mrs. John N. McDonald, $1; Rev. L. P. Theriault, $2; Friend, N.S., $1; Denis Ryan, $1; Miss Elizabeth Worme. $1.25; Thanks to Our Lady of Victory, $1; Mrs. C. B. Eyler, $2; Friend, Barrie, $2; Miss Lucy Larkin, $1; Miss V. Hunt, $3; Little Flower Chain, per Miss Staley, $1, per V. Redican, $1; Mrs. M. O'Brien, $2; Miss M. Eagan, $1; F. Collins, $2; Mrs. Lou MacIntosh, $2; Miss K. Bird, $2; Miss Mary M. Murphy, $1; Molly Bawn, $2; Mrs. R. MacDougall, $1; Mrs. Duncan Chisholm, $1; Mrs. Flora MacIsaac, $1; Mrs. J. Whitty, $1; Miss Anetta Kenny, $1; 3rd Class, St. Alphonsus School, Windsor, Ont.. $1; Mrs. Smith, $2; Mrs. Peter Burns, $1; Mrs. Jos. McGrath, $1; Frank MacAuley. $3; Mrs. Jno. Quinn, $1; Mrs. Frances Carthy, $2; E. R. Donnelly, $2.06; Miss N. Power, $1; Miss S. Queenan, $2; K. S.. Toronto, $1; H. J. Dowling, $4; Edward Malone, Jr., $1; Mrs. R. Beagle, $1; Miss M. Mulvill, $1; Miss Irene Mulvill, $1; Rev. Fr. Hyatt, $2.10; Miss Agnes Dawzy, $3; Mrs. D. McCallum, $3; Mr. J. Snyderhorn, $2; St. Angela's College, London, $1; Miss M. Sharpe, $2; Miss S. Flanagan, $2; Miss M. Devine, $2; Miss S. Devine, $1; Miss M. Garland, $2; Wm. J. Coupland, $1; Miss L. Ryan, $3.20; Rocher Fondu, Fresh Water and Griffin Schools, per Rev. H. Martel, $2.01; Thaddeus Poirier, $1; Mrs. Martha O'Connor, $3; St. Joseph's Convent, Mabou, $3; Miss Sadie MacDonald, $1; Mrs. B. Tadman, $2; Miss M. E. Rowland, $1.25; Miss E. Brennan, $2; Mrs. D. Kehoe, $2: Miss Reta Blainey, $1; Miss F. A. Redmond, $1; Friend, per Register Extension, $2; Mrs. F. J. Dunnigan, $3; Miss Margaret McLellan, $1.52; M. M. P. Coderre, $1; Mrs. J. H. Mosack, $2; 2nd Class, St. Patrick's School, Hamilton, $2; Miss M. Doyle, $2; St. Joseph's Academy, Amherstburg, Ont., $3.50; Miss Margaret O'Brien, $1; Miss Norah Shortall, $1; Mr. N. W. Snyders, $3; Miss Helen L. Ryan, $1; F. Preston, $3.50; Mrs. Mildred McAlpine, $2; Miss C. Brennan. $1; Pupils, St. Mary's Convent, Toronto, $2; Anthony Doyle, $2; Mrs. D. J. Kearns, $2: Miss Mary Farrel, $2; Mrs. Martha McDonald, $2; Mrs. Jos. Gagnon, $2; Friend. $4.10; Miss Ellen Mulloy, $2; Mrs. C. Wickett, $2; Mrs. K. Boudreaux, $1; Barry River Catholic School, P.Q., $1; Miss A. E. Redmond, $2.50; Mrs. M. J. McCabe, $1; St. Carthagh's Convent, Tweed, Ont., $2; John J. Houston, $1.50; Miss Agnes Dawzy. $3.50; Sister M. Rose, Carrick, Pa., $1; W. F. M., $2; Mrs. J. R. Cully, $1; Mrs. G. Brown, $2.15; Mr. Chas. Pilley, $3: Miss C. Walkins, $1.60; Room 2, Our Lady of Perpetual Help School, Toronto, $3.10; St. Martin's School, Toronto, $4.80; Mrs. R. J. Gill, $1.18; Mr. C. O. Curley, $1; St. Ann's Convent, Eel Brook, $2.50 ; St. Lawrence's School, Hamilton, $3; Mr. J. Gove, $2; Gerard Lunney, $1.50; Mrs. M. Mulcahy, $1; St. Mary's School, North Bay. $4; St. John's School, Campbell's Bay, $4; Friend, $1; Mr. Laughlin McKinnon, $2; Form 2, St. Peter's School, Toronto, $2; D. A. Touchette, $1; Miss C. E. Dickson, $2; A. M. Dunn, $1; Friend, Arnprior, $1.30; Mrs. R. G. McIsaac, $4; Miss B. Smith, $2; Friend, $1.30; Mrs. W. D. Cavanagh, $1; Mrs. Dr. J. F. Dunn, $2; Miss Reta Blainey, $1; Mrs. J. R. Lacombe, $1; Mr. Jas. Cosgrave, $2; Miss M. Carey, $1; Mrs. L. Campbell, $1; Mite Box, School No. 5, Glenelg, $1; Miss G. Leahy, $2.50; Mrs. J. McCallum, $1; Cong. de Notre Dame, Port Hood, $4.50; Miss L. Supernault, $1; Mr. A. Pataski, $2; Friend, Snyder, Ont., $1.50; St. Michael's Convent, Wedgeport, $4; Rev. J. Doucet, $1.50; Mrs. H. McFee, $2; Friend, Toronto, $2; Miss M. O'Donnell, $1; Mrs. J. Kelly, $1; St. Joseph's School, Sault Ste. Marie, $2.80; Grades 1 and 2, Stella Maris Convent, Pictou, N.S., $3.84; Mrs. R. J. MacNeil, $2; E. B. Folger, $3.32; Miss F. Miller, $2; Miss A. King, $2; Emil Killen, $1; Miss M. D. Pennel, $2; Adele Doucet, $1.31; Friend, Barrie, $2; Miss C. Kavanaugh, $2; St. Joseph's Convent, Reserve Mines, $4.20; Mr. J. A. Hiemoski, $2; Mrs. Melarkey and friends, $2.50; St. Boniface School, New Germany, $2.50; Mr. D. A. Coste, $1; Mr. J. E. Rayfield, $1; Miss Dora Vancampenhout, $3; St. Alphonsus School, Windsor, $1.70; Little Flower Chain. per Miss B. Toutant, $1.25; Pupils, Montford School, $1.50; Mrs. J. Nolan, $2; Miss M. P. Graves, $1; Lake Helen School, Nipigon, $2.40; Miss M. O'Sullivan, $1; Sister St. Anthony, $1; Mrs. A. E. Walsh, $1; Senior 1 at Vincent's Academy, Kingston, $2.50; Friends, $2; Miss Celestine Brennan, $1; Mrs. M. L. Moss and friends, $1.25; Friend, Toronto, $2; Sisters of the Atonement, Texas, $1.72; J. F. Sheehan, $1; Mrs. T. Harkin, $1; Miss M. Stanton, $1; Friends. Hamilton, $1.31.

President of our "Under Five Club."

Our youngest helper is little Gerard Lunney, aged 4½ years, of Kinburn, Ont. He sent us $1.50, the amount collected in his mite box. Gerard is the first member of our "Under Five Club." We want 19 more charter members for this new club.

ATTENTION!

Our readers will probably have noticed that the expiry date of the subscription to CHINA is not printed on the wrapper or the paper. Some have told us that they do not know at times just how they stand in regard to their subscription. We prefer to notify our readers privately as to how their subscription stands, and in the course of the next few weeks YOU will be notified if your subscription has already expired or will expire soon. We would deem it a favor if you would attend to your renewal to CHINA promptly upon receipt of this notice. The subscription price of the paper—50 CENTS A YEAR—scarcely pays the cost of publication, and we feel that we are not asking too much in requesting you to kindly keep your subscription up to date.

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S. O. S.

We Must Enlarge

PLEASE SEE BACK PAGE

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WE MUST ENLARGE!

An S.O.S. to Readers of CHINA

To be ready to receive the new students who have applied for admission we must have an enlargement ready by September.

THE NEED IS URGENT

Generous young men are ready to throw in their lot with us. They are prepared to give all to devote their lives to the work of the conversion of China.

WHAT WILL YOU GIVE?

You cannot go to China yourself. Will you help us provide a home and a place of training for those who can? China is looking to the West for education and enlightenment. Let us all work together more fervently and zealously than ever, in order that the true education and enlightenment of Christianity may not be wanting in her hour of need.

He gives twice who gives quickly

PLEASE SEND YOUR DONATION TO-DAY

- -

Enclosed please find .... my donation towards helping prepare for students next year.

Name ....

Address ....

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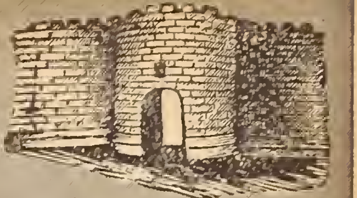

CHINA

A Foo-chow Tea Merchant and His Daughter.

OCTOBER SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. 1927

SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO.

Saint Francis Xavier Seminary was established in 1918 by the Very Reverend J. M. Fraser, M.Ap., for the purpose of providing, on behalf of Canada and Newfoundland, secular priests for the missions of China.

It is under the direct supervision of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda in Rome and is managed by the Bishops of Ontario through a Board of Control consisting of the Most Reverend Neil McNeil, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto, the Right Reverend Michael F. Fallon, D.D., Bishop of London, the Right Reverend Michael J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop of Peterboro, Very Reverend J. E. McRae, D.C.L., Rector, and Rev. W. C. McGrath, Vice-Rector.

At the present time it has in the neighborhood of twenty students on their way to priesthood, and four resident priests besides seven who are actually in China.

Our Work.

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in colleges and in our Seminary.

It supports parishes, churches, and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

"China" is the official organ of the Seminary. Subscription 50 cents a year.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We need your assistance, dear Reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John, 13, 35, 15, 12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

Privileges of Benefactors.

1. They share in all the masses and devotions offered by our priests.

2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.

3. They share in the prayers of our priests and students.

4. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.

5. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

Donations to the Seminary should be addressed to

St. Francis Xavier Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs,
Ontario.

EDITORIAL PAGE
CHINA

Published Monthly, August excepted, by
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SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.
Editor - Rev. Wm. C. McGrath

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FULL SPEED AHEAD.

Another scholastic year is in full swing. St. Thomas, Tanquerey and Lortie, after a summer of undisturbed repose, have emerged, ruefully but resignedly, from the seclusion of trunks and abandoned bookshelves and once more become necessary evils in otherwise happy student lives. As we go to press, the realms of dogma and moral are giving way under the terrific onslaughts of eager students whom vacation 'mid summer camps and fish stories has rendered ravenous for truth.

WORK AND PLAY.

And each afternoon, when the day's hunger for knowledge is satiated and class is done, "PLAY BALL" resounds gleefully over the ball diamonds, while handball alleys and tennis courts (we thank St. Augustine's for treating us as their own) are going "overtime". Yes, we are back and we are glad to be, glad to settle down to another year of happy seminary life.

HAPPY ANTICIPATION.

For let nobody imagine that we are anything but happy over our present and our future—China. We are firm believers in the motto that "a saint sad is a sad saint", and though we may fall short of our ideal of sanctity we hope to go far enough to realize that it is utterly incompatible with anything but a spirit of good humour and happiness and joy.

And so, though troubles in China have not ceased and the time is drawing nearer which will find us labouring with Father Fraser and his companions "over there", we enter upon our scholastic year of 1927-1928 in a spirit of happy anticipation, a spirit of gratitude, abiding gratitude to God for the precious gift of a missionary vocation and with a prayer that every day may find us spiritually stronger and better prepared for the glorious—be it ever so insignificant—future that lies before us.

THE GLORY THAT IS OUR BENEFACTORS!

When Marshal Foch had flashed his order "cease fire" over the Western front, he might well have felt that his work was completed. But no sooner had the armistice ended in the Treaty of Versailles than he was called upon to settle a dispute among the victorious nations.

The issue was: Who won the war?

Unable to agree, military representatives brought the matter to the genius who had guided the allied armies to the triumph over which they now disputed. His answer was eagerly awaited. Would he be able to rise above national sentiment and give due credit to each of the component parts of his successful army? Seeing that since each claimed to be that preponderating influence without which victory could not have been attained, could he possibly give an answer which would satisfy more than one, if indeed one, of the interested nations? "The war was won," he replied unhesitatingly, "by the prayers of the school children."

Colossal and far-reaching in its effects as was this victory of the school children—demolishing thrones, driving rulers into exile and altering the face of Europe—it is excelled by the achievement of the benefactors of St. Francis Xavier Seminary. The cold staid statistics of Father Fraser's report of the Chuchow Mission for the past year (which appears on another page of this number of CHINA) describe a victory which has changed not merely the face of the earth but of heaven. And this is your victory, for without your generous co-operation it could not have been attained.

From the report we learn that our missionaries baptized 105 people last year. In other words, one hundred and five souls were freed from the bondage of Satan and made children of God with an eternity in heaven as their new birthright. Another hundred and fifty are completing their instructions and will soon be received into the Church. Were it not for the disturbing influence of six months of civil war in our district, these figures would undoubtedly be much larger, but we are confident that since God, in the days of Abraham, so valued ten just men that He would spare a city from destruction, He will bestow more abundant blessings on the world because of these—His newly adopted children.

The victory of 1918 altered the fortunes and political allegiance of a few people for a few years—a lifetime at most. Your achievement has altered the fortunes and allegiance of many for all eternity. A group of infants fresh from the saving waters of Baptism and a number of adults with souls sanctified by Extreme Unction were called home by Our Father in heaven to enjoy eternal happiness. The population of heaven has thus been altered—because of your zealous and generous assistance.

"The joy which follows victory" may well seem to you compensation sufficient for your glorious work but, on the assurance of God Himself, a much greater reward awaits you, for "He must know that he who causeth a sinner to be converted from the error of his ways shall save his soul from death and shall cover a multitude of sins." James 5:20; and "They that instruct many to justice shall shine as stars for all eternity." Dan. 12:3.

LATEST NEWS FROM CHINA

PASTORAL WORK ACCOMPLISHED DURING THE YEAR.

The following letter from Father Fraser gives an account of pastoral work done among the flock of Chuchow during the year just elapsed:

Catholic Mission,
Chuchow,
July 3rd, 1927.

"I am just after sending the list of spiritual fruits obtained in this district, during the past twelve months, to the Vicar-Apostolic of Ningpo. It is as follows:

Approximate population	1,500,000
Catholic population	2,300
Outlying missions	20
Missions with resident priests	4
Catechists	11
Prefects	1
Churches	1
Schools	1
Pupils	41
Boys under instruction	100
Girls	50
Adult baptisms	65
Pagan children baptized in danger of death	9
Children of Christian parents baptized	20
Adult pagans baptized at point of death	11
Confirmed	125
Easter confessions	550
Other confessions	600
Easter Communions	540
Other Communions	1,500
Extreme Unction administered	15
Marriages, Christian	2
Marriages, mixed (with pagans)	9
Funerals, adults	16
Funerals, children	8
Enrolled in the Brown Scapular	15

"It does not make much of a showing, but when one considers that the results obtained were scattered over ten counties, and, most of the time with only one priest able to preach and hear confessions, it is not so bad. For instance, the fifteen Extreme Unctions required journeys totalling hundreds of miles—one of them took ten days. The confessions were a few here and a few there, representing much labor.

"We were also upset most of the time since January on account of the civil war passing over this province. Our school was closed from Christmas until June. (We were unable to open our school since before Christmas.) Now that peace has been established, we hope that nothing will prevent our opening the school after the summer holidays.

"We have not increased the number of our catechists, but we have replaced some of them with priests. Thus every Sunday Mass is being celebrated in four different places, whereas it was said in only one before our arrival."

FROM CHUCHOW.

Dog Days.

"We are passing through the 'dog days,'" writes Father Fraser. "It is cooler though, than it was this time last year, when the hottest weather in sixty years was experienced. Father Venini has had a touch of fever, and has gone to the Wenchow Hospital until he recovers. We were anxious about him until we received his letter, which I enclose."

Father Venini's Letter.

Dear Father Fraser: Arrived here safely, and am now feeling fine. I am most anxious to return to my post, but the Fathers and Sisters here, advise me strongly to remain a few days more. All here are well, and are enjoying the cool breezes. I wish I could send a few of them to Chuchow. Best regards to all.

Ed. Note.—Since this letter was written, Father Venini returned to his mission in good health.

At Sungyang.

"The 'dog days' have not driven Father William away from his beloved church at Sungyang. He is still laboring away at the building in spite of the intense heat. He is most anxious to complete it as soon as possible, and you are all invited to the opening."

In the Wilds.

"Father Serra is off in the wilderness seeking souls. He is a good eight days' journey from us now. Father Serra is truly an intrepid soldier of the Cross."

Rich First Fruits.

One of our Seminarians (a native) will be ordained in about six months. He makes a modest request for a watch. Could you get one of those old watches repaired and send it on by registered mail? I enclose his splendid letter. As it is in Latin, I am sure the students at St. Francis Xavier will like to see a specimen of the academic work of one who soon will be one of their confreres in Chuchow.

Trusting that a great crowd of laborers will soon come to reap the immense harvest here, I am,

Yours sincerely and effectionately,

J. M. FRASER.

FROM SUNYANG.

Carrying On.

"We have had fierce tropical heat here for two months without any let-up" says Father William Fraser, in a most interesting letter from Sunyang. "I was invited to spend these "Dog Days" in a cool mountain resort, but if my good workmen were willing to work through the swelter, it was surely my duty to stay at my post too. Some of the poor fellows collapsed, and had to give up, but so far I have been able to keep going. The new church is easily the most most beautiful building in Sungyang. It would have been finished sooner, but the work was necessarily delayed by the recent military occupation of the city. As these troubles are now, I hope, at an end, I think the church will be finished in about a month.

A Faithful Guardian.

During the military occupation, the troops were quartered in our mission buildings, and I placed the new Church in care of "Little Teresa.' She indeed proved an efficient guardian, as very little damage was done to our property. Out of gratitude, I shall dedicate an altar to her in one of the side chapels. I shall have to construct the main altar myself, and I must get some decent pews made. I am leaving this part of the work also in the hands of the Little Flower.

A Modest Residence Indeed.

I have just received the sum of thirty dollars from Father Zettler of Chepstow. It is a great help towards the building of a modest residence for myself, as my present quarters are altogether unsuitable for a priest. So you may see soon pictures of the first Catholic Church in

(Continued on page 141)

A LASTING MEMORIAL.

What memorial could be more desirable than a Students' Room in St. Francis Xavier Seminary. There are now seven new rooms available for donors. A brass plate inscribed to the wish of the donor will be placed on the door. Twenty rooms have already been taken by our benefactors.

If it is desired to erect and furnish a room the cost is $500.00. If you wish to be responsible for the erection alone, $400.00. If for the furnishing alone, $100.00. If desired the money may be paid in instalments. We shall be pleased to have your applications for rooms at the earliest possible date. **Build or furnish a room for a future apostle of CHINA and thus erect a lasting monument to your loved ones.**

We are always "at home" to visitors and pleased to show them through the institution. We are only four miles from Toronto, on the Kingston Road by radial car—to our special stop 15.A. May we be favored by a visit from you?

HOW OUR SEMINARY IS FINANCED.

From time to time we are asked by our friends how we are able to maintain our seminary and support our missionaries.

The only answer we can give is that God provides. Burdened with a building debt of $6,000.00 we face the coming scholastic year like the apostles of old, without staff or wallet, relying on our Father in Heaven to provide the means to carry on His work among His poor neglected children in China. In His own way He inspires His children to share with the missions the goods which He has entrusted to their stewardship. We give here a list of the various ways made use of to assist us.

1. Prayer and good works. Some of our friends in the priesthood offer masses. The spiritual bouquets contain offerings of rosaries, litanies stations of the cross, ejaculations, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, holy communions and masses, which mount into the hundreds of thousands. Is it surprising therefore that the Lord of the vineyard is sending laborers for His vineyard and providing for them?

Corridor in Our Extension

2. Priests throughout Canada and Newfoundland, faculties of seminaries, and colleges, and the teaching staffs of our schools are instructing their charges in our work and our needs, and by their zealous example greatly further the mission cause.

3. Many of our little friends in school prepare mission plays which have a two-fold effect: the education of others in the merits of the cause and the material help obtained from admission fees.

4. A number of schools encourage the children to obtain boxes of candy and other things which, on Mission day, they dispose of by sale or raffle for the benefit of the seminary.

5. In some of our colleges the students form "Study Clubs" and through reading of CHINA and other missionary literature, obtain first hand knowledge of the missions.

6. Many endeavor to make new friends for the seminary by passing along their CHINA to others and soliciting subscriptions.

7. A goodly number make regular monthly donations to our work.

8. Many take advantage of our Burses, each of which has as objective $5,000.00. All moneys subscribed to burses are invested in guaranteed trustee securities and the interest used for the education of our students. We estimate the cost per year for each student at approximately $250, the interest on a burse at 5 per cent. As only two of these burses have been completed there is still much to be done to provide for our twenty aspirants, not to mention future increases in our number. A list of our burses is to be found every week in the Catholic Record. A future issue of "CHINA" will also give them.

9. A group of ten priests in Nova Scotia contribute twenty-five dollars each, annually towards the education of a student.

10. A few also help us by providing bequests in their wills.

11. Some devote their spare time to making rugs, fancy work, etc., the proceeds of which are forwarded.

12. Bonuses received from employers are occasionally set aside for the seminary, and heads of business concerns sometimes share with us their profits. One benefactor, for example, regularly sends us profits made during Lent.

14. A group of ladies have inaugurated a "Little Flower Chain." Their card reads as follows: "Multiply 1 by 4 six times and you have 1024. If four people give 25c each there is one dollar. If each of these four people collect 25c from each of four friends there is $16.00. And if the chain is extended six times each link collecting 25c as above, there is $1,024.00. Will you entertain your friends at cards, tea or anything else, collecting 25c and ask each one of them to similarly entertain four or more friends. Forward the names of the friends you have entertained and the amounts you have collected from each together with the serial number of your group, to China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont."

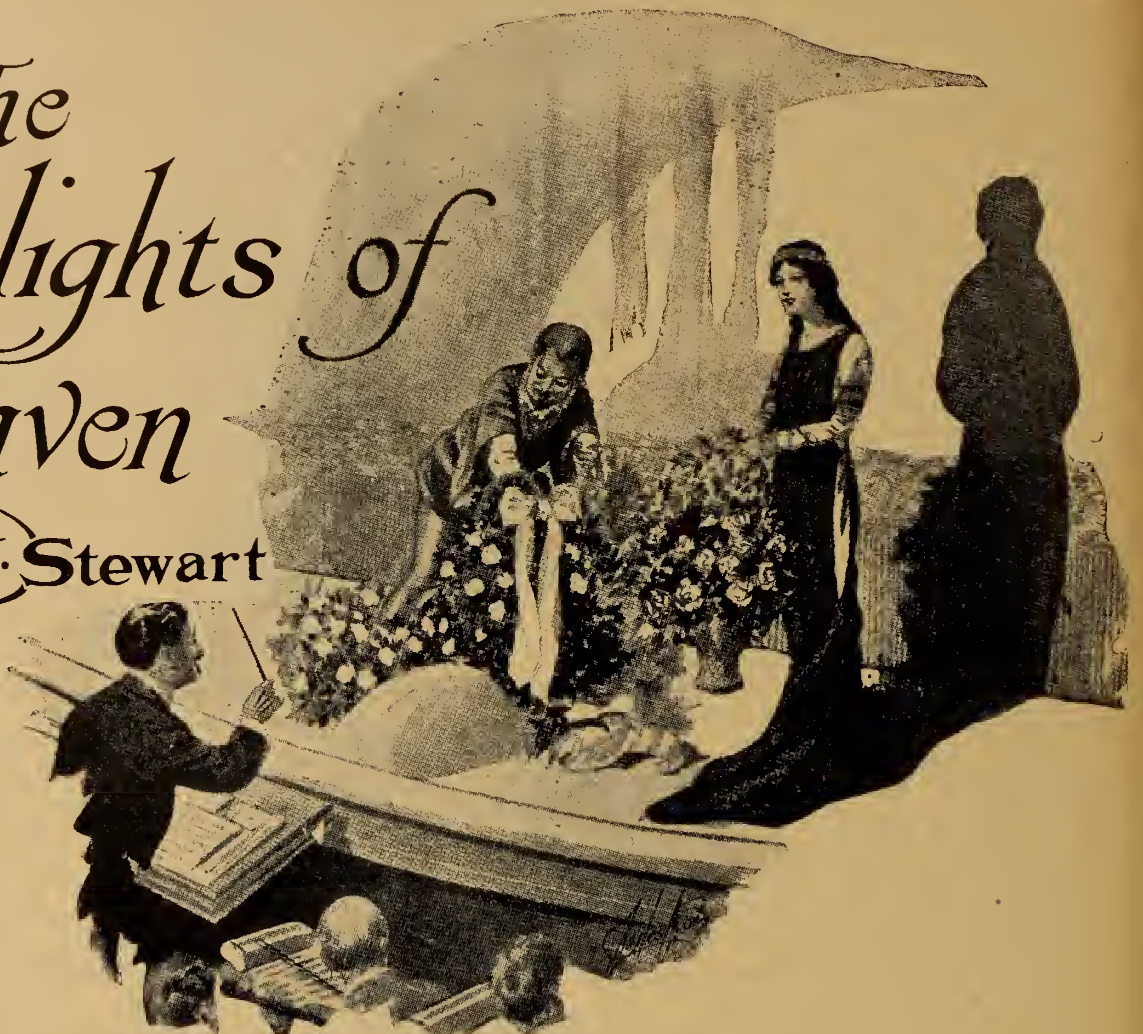
15. A number have built and furnished rooms in our seminary. $400.00 builds a room and $100.00 furnishes it.

16. A great many find our mite boxes silent reminders of their duties towards mission work, as well as a means of practising and teaching those under them to practise self denial. Through these mite boxes we have received most substantial help.

(Continued on page 139.)

The Footlights of Heaven

by W. W. Stewart



"IT'S not that we want to go against the Will of God, Sister. But if He leave her with us now, sure we'll give her back to Him again when she grows up, if He gives her a vocation. . . . Oh, my Mercia, my darling!"

Mrs. Thomas stood, tearful, beside the cot in which Mercia lay hovering between life and death. At the other side sat the father, staring dazedly at the heavily breathing child. The two Sisters had come to bring comfort to the sorrowing household and, it was in reply to their gentle suggestion that the mother had spoken.

They were in an upstairs room in Dr. Thomas' house on West Twenty-third Street. Mercia, the sick little girl, was the only surviving child of Gaston Thomas and his young Irish wife. Two little brothers had already preceded her to heaven and now it seemed as if she too, the sunshine of the little home, would follow them. For six weeks she had been ill, and during the last few days had been wrestling in a critical struggle with diphtheria. The room was filled with all the accompaniments of illness: the medicine bottles on the side table, the chart on the dresser, the nurse, deft and self-possessed, moving without sound save the starchy rustling of her uniform. Then there was the long funnel leading from the kettle over to the sick child. In her throat was fastened the artificial respiration tube. Just now she was sleeping heavily.

"Yes, Sister," sobbed the mother, "if it be God's Will to take her, then may His holy Will be done. He knows best. But we promise that if He spares her, we'll give her back to Him when she grows up to do His Holy Work wherever it may be. . . ."

II.

IT was the last night of the season. Every seat in the sparkling Opera House was occupied. The horseshoe of boxes, glittering with jewels and silks, held the elite of the metropolitan social and musical worlds. For not only was it the last night of the season, but persistent rumor had it that it would also be the last appearance of Mercia Thomas, New York's youngest and most popular operatic star. For two years already she had been a prima donna, two years had she lived in the hearts of her people. And now, when she was at the very height of her fame, it was rumored that she was to leave them forever. And she had not contradicted the rumor.

In the hum of conversation with which the house entertained itself while waiting for the overture, the name of the young artiste was heard on all sides. Was she really giving up her operatic career? And if she was, why?

She was marrying a rich butter-and-egg man from Chicago, said a young gentleman who worked in a phonograph store (and who was consequently regarded by his acquaintances as having inside information about all the great singers and musicians). Or was she going into the movies, asked his slightly screen-struck girl friend. It was her health, said (with morbid satisfaction) the lady who had had three nervous breakdowns and was just now looking forward to the fourth. There's some scandal back of it, my dear, said her bosom friend, who taught Sunday-school and wouldn't say anything uncharitable for the world. And a little high-school girl sitting behind them felt horribly mystified. She had heard that Mercia Thomas was a Catholic and a daily communicant and she hoped that a religious romance of some kind was the real explanation of the prima donna's retirement. You see, when you're seventeen, and going to graduate in June, and sort of want to be a Sister, and at the same time you get goofy very easily about other things—well, it would be a wonderful encouragement if somebody like Mercia Thomas gave up everything to enter a Convent. Thinking thus, little Marie received another shock as a cynic in the next row said, with a brutal loudness: "Retiring, is she? Don't you believe it! Press agent stuff, that's all!" Hearing this, Marie wanted to throw her hard little vanity case—poor Marie!—at the speaker and raise a painful lump on his bald cynical head.

Othello was the opera chosen for the closing night, an opera in which Mercia's Desdemona had been the most brilliant performance of the season. If it was to be her last appearance, Antonelli, the little conductor whose life story was inextricably woven in with the story of the Opera House, was determined to make it such a musical triumph that no one would forget the little prima donna whom he had made.

A hush fell on the house as Antonelli came out to his stand and after his characteristic little bow raised his nervous baton. . . . The opera proceeded as ever. The audience loved their Desdemona and sat spellbound as her rich notes mingled with the sad story of the tragedy. But their pent-up feelings could no longer be restrained when she began to pour forth the pathetic sweetness of the Ave Maria.

Low at first came the soft chanted words of the prayer murmured tearfully on one long sustained note. Like a pure stream from the child heart of the singer flowed the pleading, plaintive sweetness.

Ave Maria! piena di grazia, il Signore e teco,
Tu sei benedetta fra le donne,
E benedetto il Frutto, o benedetta,
Dei materne viscere, Gesu . . .

Mercia's head bowed almost imperceptibly at the Holy Name. Then raising her eyes to the Madonna, she clasped her hands, and her voice glided richly into the aria of the second part of the prayer:

Prega per noi . . .
Per gli nocenti . . .
Prega sempre . . .
Nell' ora della morte nostra . . .
Ave Maria . . . Amen.

It was no longer the supreme artistry of a wonderful vocalization that thrilled the audience but the ardor of an angelic heart praying to the Mother of God. With a wealth of impassioned eloquence her voice rose into the ecstatic notes of the concluding stanza swelled richer and more unrestrained now mingling with the murmuring accompaniment of the strings, now rising and soaring aloft on the wings of pure fervor.

It was greater than ever before. Never had Mercia poured out her whole soul with such utter beauty in the exquisite prayer. The audience sat entranced. Then almost before they realized it, the voice was still. Low and gentle was the last tremor of the Amen. It faded away and the quivering of the strings became softer, still softer. . . . .

The spell was broken and the thousands of hearers involuntarily broke into thunders of applause. A little frightened by the tempestuous ovation Mercia gazed at the audience. Her eyes instinctively sought the place where she knew her father was sitting. Through his tears—tears that she could not see—he tried to smile back reassuringly at her. Then, at a sign from Antonelli, she came a little forward and the applause ceased. The orchestra had again begun the Ave Maria. Once again Desdemona prayed as she sang. And once again the hearts of the hearers seemed to pray as they listened.

When the curtain fell for the last time that night the crowded theatre echoed and echoed again to the thunders of applause that shook the building. The curtain parted and Martucci appeared leading Desdemona to the front of the stage. She stood there smiling, while banks of flowers piled up about her. Martucci led her to the footlights and then withdrew a few feet and began to arrange the bouquets that were being handed up through the orchestra. The applause continued, the audience smiling at the little girl as she stood there, almost shyly, in the midst of the enthusiasm. Again, she began to grow a little afraid of the demonstration and once again her eyes instinctively sought her father's. More sad at heart than anyone could know he smiled back at her; and encouraged by his smile she turned again to the audience. Then Antonelli gave a sign and Martucci raised his hand for silence. The applause ceased at once and the soft strains of the orchestra arose as Antonelli raised his baton. It was the Ave Maria once more.

Mercia no longer shy, smiled at the audience, and once again began the gentle murmuring chant:

Ave Maria, piena di grazia, il Signore e teco,
Tu sei benedetta fra le donne,
E benedetto il Frutto, o benedetta,
Dei materne viscere, Gesu. . . .
Prega per noi—per gli nocenti. . . Amen.

Again stillness for a second, and again thunders of applause. Antonelli, the tears streaming from his eyes, leaped to the stage and seizing the clasped hands of Desdemona, covered them with kisses. She laughed at him and with one more bow to the audience began to move slowly backwards to the curtain. Martucci held the folds to one side and Mercia with one more glance at her father left the stage.

III.

YEARS had brought advancement to Dr. Gaston Thomas. No longer the struggling young physician of West Twenty-third Street, he had risen year by year until at length his work in bacteriology brought wide and merited recognition. He was Assistant-Director of the Carter-Weiss Foundation for Medical Research and had achieved a fame in the scientific world that was equal to Mercia's in the operatic. And now on the night of Mercia's final triumph it was to palatial apartments in a mansion at Morningside Heights that the limousine brought father and daughter.

Together they passed into the study, and as he helped her off with her wraps and threw them on the couch, the shaded light fell on a head that was no longer black as of old, but tinged with gray. The passing years, with their troubles and labor, had left their mark on him. Mercia gently forced him into the easy chair at his desk and seating himself on the side, threw her arms around his neck and pressed her lips to his forehead.

"Cheer up, dad! You musn't start getting lonely now, after it all—you won't, will you?"

"Ah, little girl, how can I be otherwise? Darling, when we promised you to God—those twenty short years ago—you were such a tiny little mite! How could we tell what twenty years would bring to you? Fancy—our little Mercia a great prima donna! I can see you still as you were that night, fighting the sickness that wanted to carry you off with Armand and Kevin—."

"It was your prayers that fought, Dad. You and Mom prayed so hard that you wouldn't let me go."

"Then the Sisters came and they asked us would we give you to God if you recovered. Oh, darling, how eagerly we promised the good God anything—anything if He would only give you back to us. We hardly guessed then how much it would mean. I little dreamt that you would so soon be everything to me!"

"It was just a year after that that Mom died, wasn't it? I can barely remember it."

"Yes,"—there was a catch in his voic—"just a year. I hoped then that you would be left to me forever. Yes, darling, I've been forgetting that you aren't mine, but God's."

The tears were streaming from her eyes as she laid her cheek against his bowed head.

"Poor old Dad! I know it's hard. But a day will come when you'll have me forever. Very, very soon we'll all be in Heaven united again—the two of us, with Mother and the babies. Dad!"

"Yes, dear."

"You aren't sorry for making the promise, are you? Even you do not want me to stay."

"No, Mercia, my child, I'm not sorry. And after your triumph tonight I see what merit will surely be yours for giving up everything for God. It would be wrong for me to hinder you from making that glorious sacrifice. No, Mercia, my darling child, I could not hold you back."

She slid to her knees, and her father, leaning forward, pressed his head against hers.

"Mercia, you're my child and your mother's child, but we have given you freely to God. Go; and God bless you, but"—sadly, "I wish that I, too, could go. There is very little left for me to live for. . . . Mercia, I'm proud that it is so. . . May God strengthen us both!"

He rose and taking her wraps placed them tenderly about her shoulders. Then with a smile she raised her lips to his and kissed him good night.

An hour later the lonely man was still sitting in the easy chair staring at the door through which she had passed. At length, with a sigh, he lifted his head and drew the chair nearer to the desk. Opening a drawer, he took out a sheet of note paper and began to write irresolutely. After a few strokes he took another sheet and wrote at first slowly, then quickly—almost feverishly:

Dr. Henry Paige, Director,
Carter-Weiss Medical Research
Foundation.

Dear Dr. Paige:

I wish to apply for the position, rendered vacant by Professor Turner's death, of Director General of the Second Expedition for Bacteriological Research in Asiatic Diseases. I am ready to accept all the conditions under which Professor Turner was appointed.

I hasten to assure you that I do not take this step because of any dissatisfaction with my present work or my colleagues at Carter-Weiss House. For purely personal reasons I should like to go abroad for a few years, and have no other purpose in making this application. I hope that you will release me from my present position and recommend my inclusion in the overseas Research Party to the trustees.

Sincerely yours,
Gaston Thomas.

IV.

IN the Province of Sze-chuen, close to the border between China and Tibet, lies the ancient town of Ta-Chien-Lou.

Ta-Chien-Lou is best seen at sunset, for then the mellow radiance transfigures the cluster of immemorial, decaying houses. When, after a summer shower, the golden rays fall like great harp-strings through the rifts in the high-banked clouds, gilding the wet tiles on the temple roofs, then especially is the rugged poverty of the old town obliterated and Ta-Chien-Lou grows heavenly. As the twilight comes and the soft evening shadows, one forgets that this is poor storm-riven China and that the bandits are ever at the city gates.

Nor does one dream that in this city is a home of leprosy, the refuge where dwell the lepers of the province driven forth by their own people from the hamlets and villages of Sze-chuen.

Yet one of the roofs over which the sunset pours its splendor covers many a wasted frame whose sores and disfigurements are only too clearly leprous. Here the missionary Sisters have their Leper Hospital where in spite of hardships and poverty, they take merciful care of the outcasts, filling with consolation the last years of the poor sufferers' lives.

It was on such a peaceful evening in the early fall that a small caravan came down the ill-paved street of Ta-Chien-Lou and halted at the hospital compound. A number of pack animals, laden with heavy equipment, seven or eight Chinese coolies and three white men made up the little procession. They entered the compound as though they had been there before and were sure of being welcomed.

The leader was a tall, bronzed figure in khaki, wearing a teak sun-helmet and military puttees. It was Dr. Thomas, who with his companions had already spent over a year in Central Asia as part of the Carter-Weiss Expedition.

While wandering through Sze-chuen they had established headquarters at the Mission Hospital of Ta-Chien-Lou. Dr. Thomas had many reasons for making this selection. In the interior of China a foreigner even if he is not a Catholic will naturally seek shelter at the Missions. A hospital or orphanage is particularly inviting, for the goodness and hospitality of the Catholic Sisters—no matter how poverty-stricken—are known to every traveler in the Far East. Dr. Thomas was happy to think that American generosity would liberally recompense the Sisters for their hospitality to the members of the Expedition. The modest laboratory equipment of the hospital and the clinical experience the wards afforded were additional attractions to these investigators of Asiatic diseases. But most potent of all to Dr. Thomas was the fact that the Order of Sisters in charge was that of which Mercia was now a member.

About the time of Mercia's profession, the United States Province of her Order joined the swiftly-growing number of American religious institutes at work in the foreign missions. Mercia, eager to make a perfect sacrifice, volunteered and was named as one of the first group to go. Her father had been only four months in Sze-chuen when he received the bewildering news of her arrival in Shanghai.

Three letters, written from her temporary home in the great port, had since reached him and in the last she had hinted a vague hope of seeing him soon. Dr. Thomas intended to leave for Shanghai in a few weeks and presumed that some rumor of his intention had reached her.

This evening, as he entered the hospital compound, he walked eagerly in spite of his weariness. In a few days he would have sorted and packed the cultures that he had so laboriously gathered and he would then be free to start for far-off Shanghai. This return to Ta-Chien-Lou was the first step on the road to a meeting with Mercia.

The three men halted before the wooden steps leading up to the veranda of the little building. Usually visitors were seen as soon as they entered the compound, but to-day there was no smiling Sister to welcome the travelers with little phrases of mingled Italian and broken English.

Dr. Thomas turned to his companions.

"The Sisters must be all at prayers," he surmised. "I'll go in and see if there's anyone around. Will you two supervise the unloading of the baggage? We'd better have everything stored away before dark."

He strode up the steps and opening the creaking screen door, entered the little hospital. He had done not a little medical and surgical work here during his previous visits and was accustomed to stroll freely in and out of the wards and surgery.

He now went first to the tiny whitewashed room that the Sister Superior called her office. It was empty. Coming out into the hallway again he halted, irresolute. It was strange that none of the Sisters could be seen. He wondered where they all were.

Tip-toeing down to the door of the chapel, he listened but heard no voices. He opened the door and peered in. The red lamp was burning steadily in the gloaming before the little altar but the four or five rude benches were empty. He slipped in, closed the door behind him and knelt to say a brief prayer before that lonely tabernacle. A word of thanksgiving was surely due to God for this safe return after weeks of wandering through the wastes of Sze-chuen.

As he knelt there in the twilight, a great peace came over him. In that sacramental Presence he felt strangely and suddenly happy. He found himself giving thanks not merely for his safe return, but for all the blessings he and his family had ever received: for his Faith, for his wife's holy helpfulness, for Mercia's vocation to the hallowed life symbolized by this little chapel, so poor yet so rich, so bare yet so infinitely beautiful. In a flash he saw all the crosses that had been sent to him as sweet and light. He thanked God for them. He felt a joyous readiness, nay, eagerness for more. . . . Then, remembering that he must see the Sister Superior and find shelter for his men, he rose a little reluctantly, genuflected and went out. The brief moment of exaltation was gone but the feeling of strength and peace remained.

Going out from the chapel, he thought he heard voices from a nearby room, the door of which was slightly ajar. He listened. Yes, the Sisters were in there, praying. He listened more intently and with vague alarm realized that they were saying the prayers for the dying.

Just then hasty steps sounded. He turned and saw the Sister Superior approaching him walking swiftly from the direction of her office. She seemed very agitated and spoke abruptly without the usual gracious salutation.

"Oh, doctor, doctor! I was seeking you!" She had a slight Italian accent. "I heard your men outside and ran to get you. Ah, I have such sad news—"

"What is the matter, Sister?" He was thoroughly startled. "Is one of your Sisters sick?"

"Ah, yes, one of the Sisters is sick—very sick. It is God's holy Will. Oh, how can I tell you?"

His brow grew moist with sudden fear.

"What has happened, Sister? Tell me at once—"

She began to speak, slowly, sobbing the while and avoiding his eyes.

Yes, a Sister was very ill. Two young Sisters had come up to join them a week earlier and one was sick with fever when she arrived. She was worse now. She had come from Shanghai. . . .

A dreadful suspicion froze the doctor's heart. His lips moved to ask the question but he could make no sound. From the little room down the hall came the alternating prayers of the litany, interrupted by the moaning of the delirious Sister. . . . The Superior went on, haltingly.

"Ah, doctor, did you know that your daughter was to come here? . . . She was chosen—she did not let you know—she wanted to surprise you—"

She stopped as though paralyzed. The moaning from the sick-room had become clearer, had changed to murmured articulation. The sick Sister was singing softly in her delirium:

Ave Maria, piena di grazia, il Signor e teco . . .

"Mercia! My child!" A hoarse cry broke from Dr. Thomas' lips as he turned and almost ran down the hall. Flinging open the door, already ajar, he brushed past the circle of praying Sisters and fell on his knees at his daughter's bedside. She was still singing.

È benedetto il Frutto o benedetta, dei materne viscere . . .

"Mercia! Mercia!" sobbed the father in agonized grief, "Don't you know me?"

But at the Holy Name her voice had risen, strangely strong and vibrant, into the aria. In rich, liquid notes the dying nun sang out the sweet prayer as though the Madonna was visibly present to her.

The kneeling Sisters wept aloud as they watched the heart-broken father clasping the limp hand and kissing it pathetically.

"Mercia!" he whispered again, "Mercia!"

The wan face turned and a flicker of smiling recognition seemed to show, while her eyes met his as once they met them across the footlights of the resounding Opera House.

And the voice, growing weak, faltered on through the prayers, ending with a little sigh, as of peace:

. . . nell' ora della morte nostra. . . . Amen.

—(By kind permission of "The Far East").

GIFTS

To cheer the world when things went wrong,
And nothing seemed worth while,
To help him in an hour of need
God made—a pleasant smile.

To still the pain of aching hearts,
Too hurt and sore to weep,
To dull the throng of memories
God made—a dreamless sleep.

To share Life's joy or sorrow,
Whichever Fate might send,
To help to lighten Life's hard load
God made for a man—a friend.

—P. N. Hart Scott.

OUR LITTLE MISSIONARIES

THANK YOU CHINA MISSION MI…X
CHINA

Artists, St. Anthony's School, Toronto, who presented the play, "Bernard Becomes a Crusader."

BERNARD BECOMES A CRUSADER.

Scene—A living room, with improvised open fire-place. Before the grate Estelle, aged nine, is seated, reading aloud from "China." At her side sits Grandma, knitting. Seated at a table nearby, Bernard, Estelle's brother, plays with tin soldiers.

Estelle—Bernard, it says here that a priest can do ever so much in China with five hundred dollars. He can build a chapel, or, or——. Don't you think that if we tried we could help the poor missionaries there?

Bernard—All the good you and your mission band could do is not worth doing. Girls say such crazy things, don't they, Grandma?

Grandma — You forget, Bernard, that I was a little girl, too, long, long ago.

B.—Yes, but you must have been a dear little girl and not a speck silly, like Estelle.

Estelle — Rising and walking quickly towards her brother—Bernard, I feel like eating you right up, but, if I am to get you on a mission band, I must hold my tongue. So Grandma and I will read China and you drill your men.

Soft music is played. Bernard nods and falls asleep. From the rear, stage right, a small boy dressed as a professor, enters, beating time with his cane. He leads his band of children and draws them up in line before Bernard, who wakes with a start as the leader commences to speak.

The band consists of a little girl dressed to represent tin-foil; another, cancelled stamps; a little boy is arrayed in a newspaper suit; another represents a mite-box, while the last lad is weighted down with old bracelets, spectacle rims and junk in general.

Professor — So you are the young gentleman who refuses to join a mission band? By the time our little visit is over I think you will be glad to do so.

Prof.—Miss Tin-Foil.

Miss T.-F.—Present, sir.

Prof. — Step forward, please, and speak.

Miss T.-F.—I am often wrapped around chocolate bars and sometimes I am seen in chests of tea, but my real use is to help the missions. Why, I make heaps of money for the poor pagans.

She bows and retires.

Prof.—Miss Cancelled Stamps.

Miss C. S.—Present, sir.

Prof. — Step forward, please, and speak.

Miss C. S.—I am rescued from many a waste paper basket and sent to India, or China, or Japan and there I am fashioned into pictures and fancy costumes. And Oh (weeping) it nearly breaks my heart when they injure my frilled edge when tearing me from an envelope. Do tear me off carefully and send me away to the missions.

Prof.—Master Jack Mite-box.

Master J. M.—Present, sir.

Prof.—Step forward, please, and speak.

Master J. M.—I am one of the greatest of mission helpers. And the more you feed me nickels, the

Montfort School boasts of some valiant little workers for the missions and above are shown a few of the pupils who contributed generously to our work. We thank Miss Jennie O'Toole and her pupils for their very thoughtful donation.

more I want them. You can never make me suffer from indigestion. I help save countless souls. In (name of local school) they save $—— and more each month, just in boxes like me. (He bows and retires to right of stage).

Prof.—Master News Paper.

Master N.P.—Present, sir.

Prof.—Step forward, please, and speak.

Master N. P.—(Strutting with thumbs under arms).—Why, sir, I am a wonder on the mission band. Children bring me to school and sell me at once, and, presto! the dollars mount up, let me tell you. In some schools I make $100 a year for the missions.

Prof.—Master Ancient Junk.

Master A. J.—Present, sir.

Prof.—Step forward, please, and speak.

Master A. J.—I may be a pair of spectacle rims, an old brooch, or an odd cuff button. They melt me down and, say, I am worth my weight in gold. Hats off, young man, to me, as a moneymaker for the missions.

Prof.—Now, Bernard, we shall leave you, knowing that upon our next visit we shall find you a real crusader.

Soft music while professor and class tiptoe off stage.

Bernard springs to his feet and rubs his eyes. He looks all round the room.

Bernard—Say, sis, where are they, the tin-foil and mite-box, and all the others?

Estelle — Are you dreaming? Grandma and I saw no one here but yourself.

B.—Was it all a dream then?

E.—It must have been.

Bernard — Well, sis, I have changed my mind about the missions. I will enlist the baseball nine and we fellows will beat your band all hollow.

Estelle—Springing to her feet. —Hurrah, hurrah! Grandma, you be the referee and just see who will beat.

(Curtain).

(Continued from page 133.)

17. A number of parishes have conducted series of euchres for the Seminary.

18. Individuals, especially priests and sisters, have given altar supplies, chalices, ostensoria, linen, etc.

19. Mass intentions sent us are, as a rule, cabled immediately to our priests in China and are thus acquitted as promptly as if they were distributed in this country.

Which of these appeals to you, dear reader? We are always open to suggestions for furthering the cause of God in China.

MORE MISSIONARIES FOR CHINA.

On Sunday, Sept. 18, His Grace Archbishop McNeil raised to the Diaconate, Joseph Lawrence Beal of Otterville, Ont. (London Diocese), and Desmond E. Stringer of Ottawa, Ont. (Ottawa Diocese), and conferred Minor Orders upon Aaron C. Gignac of Ridgetown, Ont. (London Diocese). A few weeks previous His Lordship Bishop Le Blanc conferred Minor Orders upon Hugh Sharkey of Saint John, New Brunswick.

We are delighted that the Lord of the Vineyard will soon have another band of zealous laborers for His Vineyard.

THE OLDEST PARISH IN ONTARIO SETS A FINE EXAMPLE IN MISSION WORK.

The cradle of Catholicity in Ontario, St. Andrew's Parish, Diocese of Alexandria, shares with its neighbor, St. Raphael's, the distinction of being the oldest in Ontario. It was founded 1785-88. Its second church, still in a splendid state of preservation and serving as a parish hall, was built in 1790 Its successor, shown in the cut below, was dedicated in 1861 and solemnly consecrated in 1864. In its cemetery lie the remains of Simon Fraser, discoverer of the great river in British Columbia which bears his name, and the Hon. John Sanfield McDonald, Premier of Canada, 1862, and first Premier of Ontario under Confederation. The people of this venerable parish are staunch friends of China Mission Seminary through organized circles of generous helpers.

St. Andrew's Church, St. Andrew's West, Ont.

Nonsense
"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"
A. Kellor

He Knows.

"If I were you I'd be boss in my own home, or know the reason why."

"Yes, exactly," said the married man. "I know the reason why!"

Fish, Flesh, or Pie.

Mrs. Newlywed (indignantly)—"I've told you to keep out of the kitchen, Dick. Now see what you've done—knocked down my cookery book and lost my page, and I haven't the faintest idea what I was cooking!"—Epworth Herald.

Bus. Mgr.—"Well, Frank, how many orders did you get to-day?"

Coady—"I got two orders in one place."

Bus. Mgr.—"That's the stuff, what were they?"

Coady—"One was to get out and the other was to stay out."

BUT YET A WOMAN.

"Impartiality is supposed to be one of the prime requisites of a good school teacher, and indeed it is a quality which most of them possess," says David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University. "But even the school mistress is human, and may measure out justice with a due regard for extenuating circumstances.

"A little girl was discovered whispering in school," continued President Jordan, "and the teacher asked 'What were you saying to Mary Holmes when I caught you whispering?'

"The little culprit hung her head for a moment, and then replied: 'I was telling her how nice you looked in your new dress.'

"'Well, that—yes—I—know—but we must—the class in reading will please stand up'!"

Satisfied With Her Taste.

"Why do you allow your wife to pick your company?"

"She's a good judge—she picked me."—Vancouver Province.

The Vehicle of Knowledge.

Bill: "I say, Dave, you ought to buy an encyclopaedia for the kids now that they go to school."

Dave: "No fear, Bill. Let them walk, the same as I did."

The college lecturer said: "Sedentary work tends to lessen the endurance."

"In other words," butted in a smart student, "the more one sits, the less one can stand."

"Exactly," retorted the lecturer, "and if one lies a great deal, one's standing is lost completely."—The Maroon.

Explorer's Fright.

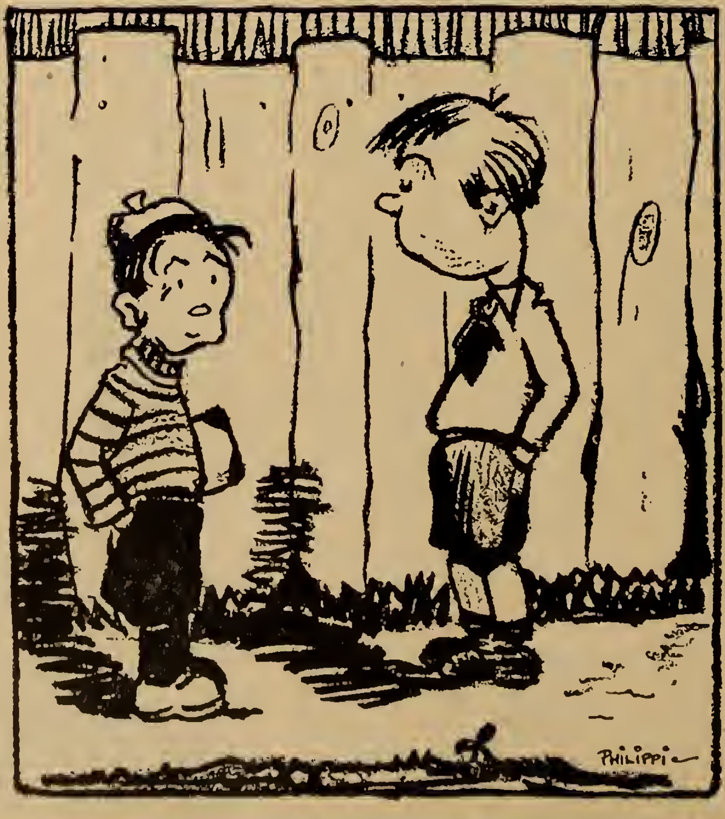
"Do you believe a rabbit's foot ever brought good luck?"

"You bet! My wife felt one in my pocket once and thought it was a mouse."—Life.

Quite Possible.

He: "Haven't I seen your face somewhere?"

She: "Very likely—it goes about with me a good deal.'



The most recent boy wonder. "How many days till Christmas?"

Beat It By Seven.

Underwood: "I've worked under the same boss for eighteen years."

Underthum: "I can beat that—it's my silver wedding next week."—Boston Transcript.

Discouraging.

Husband (arriving home late): "Can't you guess where I've been?"

Wife: "I can; but tell your story."

(Continued from page 132.)

Sungyang, with my neat little shack beside it. We are going to have a grand opening. Father John and all the other priests will come of course, so it will be indeed a jubilant reunion. May God bless Mrs. Teresa Small whose generosity made this great work possible. How gratified she would be if she could see how proud our good Christians are of the beautiful church, which is her gift to them. May every blessing of God be hers for her apostolic charity!

A Feast for the Gods.

In spite of the intense heat I am feeling fine. I have discovered that the best way to overcome the heat is to eat well. I drink quantities of warm tea, without sugar or milk, for the latter commodity is almost unknown here. My catechist Mr. Chi, is an excellent provider, and his good wife a first-class cook. They have a dear little two-year-old girl, named Teresa, after the Little Flower, and their earnest desire regarding her is that she will one day become a nun in Wenchow or Ning-Po.

Here is a sample of my bill-of-fare: delicious ham, fresh eggs, and occasionally a bit of chicken. There is a near-by delicatessen store in the shape of a neighbouring pond. The other day I indulged in a turtle fresh from this pond. I saw Mr. Chi weighing him before his execution. The head and feet and tail were then wiggling at a great rate, and the next I saw of him was in sweet white meat set before me at dinner. To-day I had frog for dinner! I saw him too before he was sacrificed for me, and he was indeed a beauty. He was a foot in length. Mrs. Chi was washing him while he was alive in preparation for his execution. She told me that the natives call the frog "Water Chicken," and indeed this is a most appropriate name, as you would agree if you were to taste the delicious white meat. I eat in Chinese fashion without knife or fork, and have become quite an adept in the use of chopsticks. I can pick up a pin with them. It was awkward at first for me to handle my rice with the chop-sticks, but now I am an artist at it and do not drop a grain. For soft-boiled eggs though, I have to rely upon the assistance of the good old foreign teaspoon.

And Raiment Fit for a King.

I dress now in Chinese style, namely in soft garments of silk!!! I have two suits of silk, one black and one white. But I am not wearing these for the sake of vanity, instead, I wear them for the sake of economy, as silk here is as cheap as cotton. Mr. Chi tells me that the white suit will last about ten years and the black one about six. The tailor rigs you out for a trifle above his food.

Among our many friends to whom we are deeply indebted for their generosity towards our mission work are two youthful missionaries, Jiles Wilson and Betty Bonney, from Blessed Sacrament Parish, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Their candy, ice cream and picture money they zealously put in Johnny Mite-Box and they send him back to the office gasping like a fat man pursued by a man-eating tiger. His shortness of breath proved to be due to a five-dollar bill stuck in his throat. Many thanks, Jiles and Betty.

DONATION LIST—OCTOBER.

Miss N. McGlone, $60; Estate of Mrs. Mary Fraser, $50; Mr. Edward O'Connor, $50; Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Theriault, in memory of a son killed in the war, $25; Mite Boxes, Infant Room, Mercy Hospital, St. John's, Nfld., $38; Mite Boxes, 3rd grade, Mercy Hospital, St. John's, Nfld., $18; Proceeds Moving Picture Show, Mercy Convent, St. John's, Nfld., $25; Mrs. J. Morry, $25; Friend, $15; St. Mary's Convent, Halifax, $14; Rev. J. B. Dollard, $15; Friend, Antigonish, $10.15; St. Joseph's Circle, St. Andrew's West, $60.

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"Similary a publication the subscription of which is low and from the subscription list of which the publisher does not regularly exclude expired subscriptions, will be considered as being circulated at a nominal price and therefore not entitled to transmission by mail at any lower rate than the printed matter rate of one cent per 2 ozs. or fraction thereof to each separate address."

Every month we place in the mails 1,300 pounds of CHINAS, 900 pounds of which is transmitted at the privileged rate of one cent per pound. If, because of overdue subscriptions we were forced to pay one cent for each two ounces of this 900 pounds, it would cost us $72.00 instead of $9.00 as at present.

In order to save this $63.00 every month for educating missionaries for China, we notify our subscribers from time to time as to how their subscription stands. We know that you are interested in the work of our missionaries in China and that you are willing to help them by renewing your subscription (50 cents a year)—every cent we receive. You will render the missions an added and a much appreciated service by attending to your subscription notice immediately upon its arrival.

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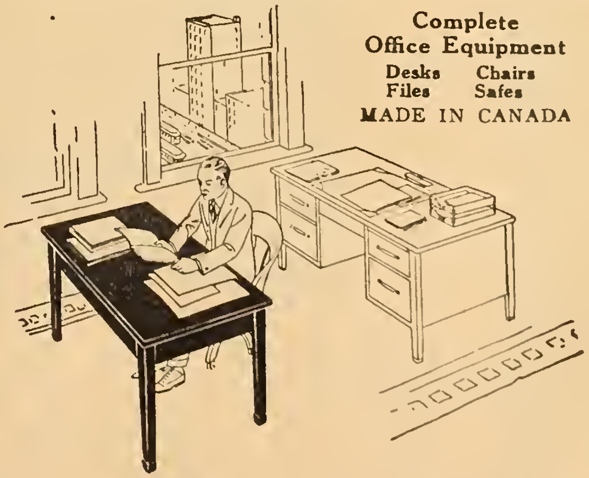

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$400.00 will pay for the building of the room.

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Five of the new rooms are already occupied by new students who are eager to give their lives to the work of the conversion of China.

Will you help us provide a home for our Missionaries in training?

Will you dear reader set aside a weekly or monthly allowance from your salary for this great work of charity:

In their prayers now as students, and later in the Holy Sacrifice as Priests on the mission field they will not fail to remember you and yours:

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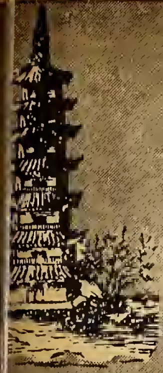

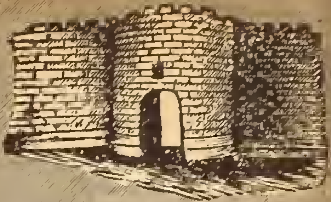

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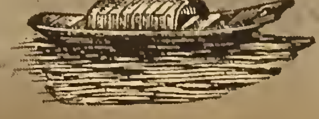

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Our Work.

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in colleges and in our Seminary.

At the present time it has in the neighborhood of twenty students on their way to priesthood, and four resident priests besides seven who are actually in China.

It supports parishes, churches, and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

"China" is the official organ of the Seminary. Subscription 50 cents a year.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We need your assistance, dear Reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John 13, 35, 15, 12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

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3. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.
4. They share in the prayers of our priests and students.
5. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.
6. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

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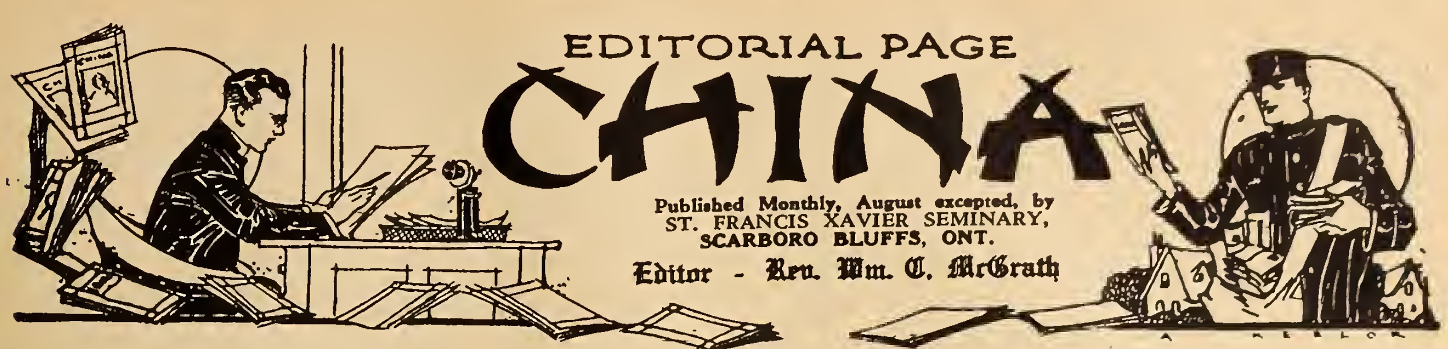

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SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.
Editor - Rev. Wm. C. McGrath

St. Francis Xavier Seminary was founded in 1919 by Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, for the purpose of providing secular priests for the Chinese Missions. It is under the direct supervision of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda and under the management of the Bishops of Ontario.

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"Greater Love Hath No Man"

"China" extends its sincere sympathy to the Chinese Mission Society of St. Columban's on the death of the Very Rev. John O'Leary, one of their pioneer workers in the district of Hanyang.

Father O'Leary joined the Society of St. Columban's shortly after his ordination in 1918. A student of exceptional ability, one of the most brilliant in his class, he had been called by the faculty to a post graduate course in the Dunboyne Establishment to obtain the coveted Doctorate of Divinity. Before him in his native land was a future of great promise, one that would make an almost irresistible appeal to human ambition, but God had other and far greater designs in his regard. In spite of the entreaties and persuasions of well-meaning friends, he threw in his lot with the little band then laboring to arouse throughout the length and breadth of Ireland an interest in the cause of the Chinese Missions. In due time the ambition of his life was realized and he set sail for China.

And now he has passed to his reward. Worn out from the ceaseless labors and nerve-racking care and anxiety attendant upon the dark and troubled times through which St. Columban's in China has passed, he has found peace with Him for whom he so generously abandoned home and friends and future of such promise. Had he elected to remain at home he would probably be living still, living amid the comforts and consolations of his native land. But Father O'Leary would not have life and comfort at home at the price of the eternal death of many pagan souls who but for him would never have seen salvation. All honor to the intrepid young soldier of Christ who has laid down his life for the Church in China.

Our Advertisers

We commend to the attention of our readers the firms whose advertising appears in "China." Their patronage assists us very materially and helps make it possible for you to receive "China" at the modest subscription price of fifty cents a year. We would appreciate your patronizing them and also aquainting them of the fact that you saw their advertisement in "China".

A Widow's Charity

Among the contributions given recently to one of our campaign priests was a donation of five dollars from a lady in St. John's, Nfld. Mrs. ——— is seventy-four years old, lives alone, and supports herself by working by the day. Many—who rarely give—could afford five thousand more easily than this charitable soul could afford a dollar. Yet her faith in Providence impelled her to part with what, humanly speaking, she could ill afford. 'Sure, Father, we have the faith and we must help those who are so much worse off than ourselves. And I am sure that He will not see me in want." Riches, after all, are a pathetic substitute for a spirit such as this. And it would almost seem that the two are incompatible.

"The Students' Mission Crusade"

Have you seen "The Students' Mission Crusade"? If not, there is a pleasure in store for you. We receive on our exchange list many periodicals of a similar nature, but none more filled with the spirit of zeal and refreshing optimism than this latest little new arrival in the field of missionary journalism.

In form it is unpretentious enough—as yet—but rarely have we seen compressed into four short pages so much ardent, irresistible enthusiasm. Just read it for yourself (you can secure a copy from Crusade Headquarters, 67 Bond St., Toronto) and see if you do not become suddenly alive to the fact that while we have been working hard for the missions both at home and abroad, we have been ignoring one of the greatest powers that we possess; we have been far and away behind our non-catholic neighbors in realizing and in developing to the full the tremendous assistance the children have to offer us.

There are none more generous, none more sympathetic, none nearer the heart of Christ than the children of our schools throughout the length and breadth of this vast Dominion. But we have been asleep. The great power they can exert in the war for Christ and souls has been allowed to lie dormant. Up to the present there has been no organization capable of marshalling into one mighty army the hundreds of thousands of our school children whose minds and hearts, unsullied by the world's contagion, can rise to a pure and Christlike appreciation of the work of the Missions at home or in pagan lands.

The advent of "The Students' Mission Crusade" marks the establishment at long last of just such an organization. "China" extends its best wishes for its success and its promise of whole-hearted co-operation in a work that means so much for souls.

The Sisters at Wenchow

Our readers will be pleased to learn that Father Venini has completely recovered from a recent attack of fever and is back at his mission work once more. His return to health is in great measure due to the skill and unremitting kindness of the Sisters at Wenchow, where Father Venini spent many weeks in hospital.

We take this opportunity to extend to the Sisters our heartfelt gratitude for their many kindnesses to all our missionaries who passed through Wenchow on their way to their mission fields and who, during the recent times of trouble and danger were obliged to seek temporary refuge there. Their heroic devotion to duty in the face of the gravest dangers and their refusal to leave their work in Wenchow even when counselled to do so by the foreign authorities, were at once a source of encouragement and an inspiration to all the mossionaries who shared with them the dangers now so happily passed. Many a tedious mission journey up the long Wenchow river was made more pleasant by their thoughtful kindness in providing varied articles of food difficult to obtain in that region, and many a missionary has felt his own heart grow stronger and his burden lighter at the thought of those heroic women, thousands of miles from their native land, facing unflinchingly the gravest dangers with a simple, sublime trust in Him for whom they are spenidng themselves amid the horrors and the squalor of war-torn China.

The troubled times in China have their dark and tragic sides but they have also served to reveal—and this fact is not lost on the Chinese people—that only those labouring for love of God and souls can rise above the weakness of mere human nature and daily look death in the face as they calmly go about their appointed tasks. And high, very high, in the estimation of missionaries and people ranks the quiet, unassuming heroism of the devoted Sisters of Wenchow.

Help Make Us Known

There are many people in Canada who know very little of our work for China. Perhaps some of them are neighbors of yours. If you secured just one new reader for "China" you might secure for us a lasting friend and for him a share in the merit that accrues to those who help and encourage the work of the conversion of the heathen. Supposing you were to try—to-day!

Priests, Theologians and Philosophers. 1927-28.
Front Row (seated): Left to right—Rev. Wm. C. McGrath; Very Rev. J. E. McRae; Rev. M. J. McGrath, and Rev. Wm. K. Amyot.

Campaigning for Christ in far off China

Father Serra.

"IN my last letter," writes Father Serra, "I told you of the robbers who came to Lungchuan and interrupted my work of visiting the people. After a short stay there they were paid, so I am told, $20,000, and without punishment of any kind were admitted to the Nationalist army.

Mission Visitation Resumed.

"It was then safer for me to resume my work of visitation and accordingly, on the 12th of the month I set out for Patow. Things had been quite a bit upset in my absence, but it took only a short time to reassure the Christians and now all is well. Now that they see the missionary return and things are going peacefully once more, the Christians are very happy. They asked me if it would be possible to secure for them a small organ such as some of them have seen in other mission Churches. They would like to have some music for Sundays and the greater Feasts of the Church. Perhaps there is some kind benefactor who will give this much pleasure to the good Christians of Patow!

Hard Going.

"The following day we pushed on towards Tsio-May. The road led all the way between precipitous mountains, richly clothed with bamboo and pine. The road is in a terrible condition and the extremely hot weather makes the going hard but the scenery is magnificent. At about two o'clock we came to a small house where we thought we would be able to have our dinner but the people were so poor that they could not let us have as much as a grain of rice. Although we had been on the road since seven o'clock there was nothing to do but prepare to go on.

Bread a Curiosity.

I happened to have with me a small piece of bread, which I shared with my chair-carrier. He had never seen any before and regarded it rather quizzically. 'Is it something to eat?' he asked. Upon being told that it was, he tasted it very circumspectly but soon had eaten the whole of it, declaring that he had never tasted such wonderful food in his life. Perhaps this was just the usual superlative that goes with Chinese politeness. Perhaps the hunger was really 'sweet sauce.' But anyway he seemed to enjoy his first taste of bread. We then set about finding something to drink. We thought sure we could get some tea from even the poor people here, but not even the offer of money could procure it. All we could get was a small quantity of doubtful looking water. The Chinese, as you know, never drink water, which is proof enough of their good taste, but which is not as sinister as it sounds.

Peppermint 'Tea'.

"I happened to have some peppermint with me and I told the carrier that we would have tea in a jiffy. I mixed it with the water, hoping the while that it might possess some hitherto undiscovered antiseptic properties. Together we quenched our thirst and I was immediately assured that 'never in his life had he tasted such excellent tea'. Had I been true to Chinese form, I should have assured him in turn that any concoction which my unworthy hands should prepare was not fit to pass between his most honorable lips. However, I took the compliment for what it was worth and merely smiled my gratitude as we resumed the journey. We soon reached a house where a welcome repast was provided.

Tsio-May.

"At six o'clock we arrived at Tsio-May. My first impression was anything but favorable. There is a woman employed to look after the chapel, but it seemed to me that there were many signs of idolatry even in the chapel itself. I had hoped to arrive unannounced and thus be able to judge for myself as to how she had been looking after things, but the Catechist of Lungchuan had written a note to announce my arrival. This village was almost completely destroyed by fire last year. Many of the Christians have emigrated to other parts and there are here only five who can really be called Christians. Many have fallen away, as it is long years since a priest has been in this place. I visited them all and also some of the long neglected Christian families on the outskirts of the village. They were overjoyed to see a priest once more and to know that I would be able to see them at least several times a year. I remained with this scattered little community twelve days, half of which time I spent walking from place to place. It was hard work but I was very happy and before I left my impressions of Tsio-May had undergone a consoling change. I can imagine the joy of the Christians scattered far and wide throughout the whole of our district of Chuchow when sufficient priests came from Canada to enable them all to enjoy the blessings of our Faith.

"There is now in the chapel here a Christian who, during a fire last year, refused to make the necessary offerings to the devil in order that the fire should be extinguished. He was accused of being an incendiary, he lost his house and was put in prison for ten months. He owned a grove of pine trees on the mountain and all his trees were confiscated to build new houses.

No Catechist.

"They have not had a catechist here for twenty years, with the result that the people have forgotten the prayers that they formerly recited in common. They remember the Our Father and the Hail Mary but they have forgotten how to say the rosary. This is due to the fact that the rosary was formerly recited only in the chapels. They asked me very earnestly to send them a catechist.

"On the 25th I left for Tsingyun. It was not too hot: an ideal day for walking. In a house at Tiu-ka they told me that about twenty-three years ago there was a fairly large number of catechumens in the place; they had a chapel and many adored the True God. The missionary used to stop and say Mass for them on his way to Tsingyun. One Friday a missionary stopped there and the master of the house prepared a splendid dinner of chicken and pork for him. He was a catechumen but could not understand what the missionary said to him in explaining why he was unable to partake of the dinner prepared. The word went around that the missionary was forbidding the use of fresh meat altogether and the catechumens thought this was too much to ask of them. Now all that remains is the story.

On To Tsingyun.

"The following afternoon we arrived at Tsingyun. Here there are over a hundred baptized but only about twenty practical Catholics. I spoke to the people on the seriousness of their obligation to have their children baptized. They were very much impressed, and a short time afterwards eight children were brought to be baptized. During the past seven years they were visited only three times by a missionary, but there is a resident catechist. I spent eleven days at Tsingyun. It is not so difficult to make the visitations here as the Christians are not so scattered as in Tsio-May.

A Patriarchal Family.

"On the twelfth day after my arrival we left for Tiedowtsa (haven of the mountaineers). There almost on the top of a very high mountain there is a patriarchal family, the father and mother with three sons who also are married. They own a great part of the mountain, and near the house they have built a very nice little chapel. They are all Christians except the wife of one of the sons and her 13-year-old daughter. She asked to be baptized, but I was unable to accede to her request because as yet she is not instructed in even the fundamental truths of the faith. The child also wished to be baptized, and I promised to visit them again and at least twice each year. I told them that after a few years at most they would be able to have a missionary of their own in Tsingyun and they were overjoyed. Before leaving I baptized one of the children, about two years of age.

More Missionaries Needed.

"From my experiences during my missionary journeys among those people, I have had it impressed upon me how urgently priests are needed in this part of the district. In many places Christians have fallen away owing to the fact that it is over twenty years since a missionary visited them and no progress was possible during all these years because there were not priests enough to attend even to the most urgent needs of the Christians. But soon, thank God, all this will be changed. The advent of our priests has already wrought a great and salutary change, and when I am prone to be discouraged at the helplessness of my own efforts among so many who know not God, I think of the transformation that will come over the face of this fair land as year by year more priests from Canada will come to strengthen and make more efficacious our efforts for souls.

"With best wishes and commending myself to the prayers of priests and students,

"I am,
"Yours sincerely in Christ,
"RAMON SERRA."

A GOOD WORD FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

From Father Fraser in Chuchow there comes a message of gratitude to the priests and people of Newfoundland for their kind donations and the assistance rendered Father McGrath in his recent campaign. Father Fraser writes: "May God bless the genuinely Catholic Clergy and good people of your native land. Who can enumerate all the benefits we of China Mission have received from their Christlike charity? May God, who is never outdone in generosity, grant as a reward that many of Newfoundland's youth may dedicate their lives to the spread of the Faith in pagan lands, for to become an apostle is surely one of God's special gifts, replete with every blessing."

Father Fraser's prayer is surely being answered, for this year two students from Newfoundland have entered our seminary to prepare for missionary work in China.

Skeptical.

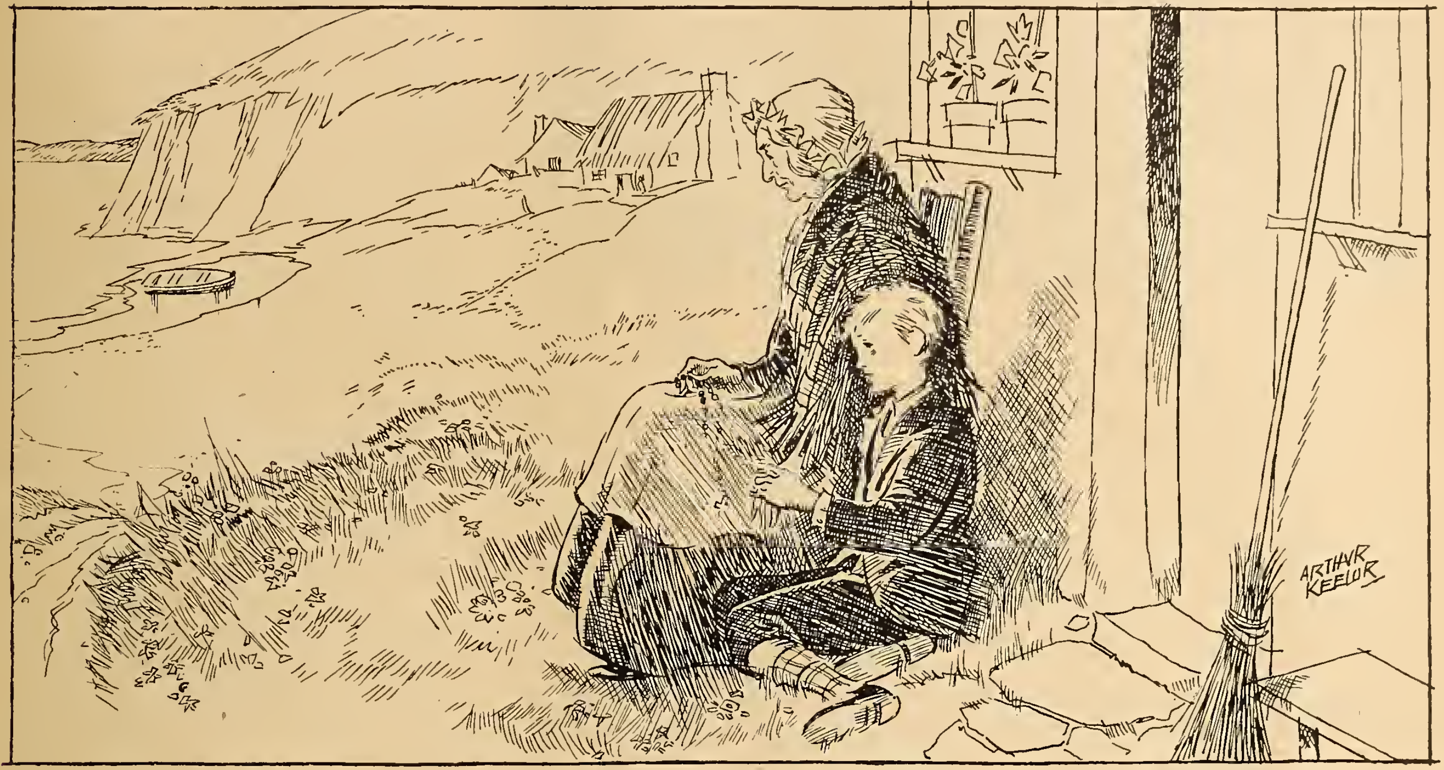
Suspicious Old Lady (in the country): "What's that funny stuff on that sheep?"

"Wool."

"Wool! Huh—I'll bet it's half cotton."—Stanford Chaparral.

FULFILMENT

A Short Story, by Mary Sullivan. Illustration by Arthur Keelor.



The blue sea heaved and sparkled with a gentle rhythmic movement and stole up the yellow sand in long playful sweeps edged with white. Around the dark headland to the south, it broke softly into featherly foam as if fearful of disturbing the peaceful calm. Over the blue, the great, snowy gulls wheeled and poised, and drifted away into space, the sun tipping their wings with gold.

Old Nancy's thoughtful eyes rested complacently on the scene.

"Glory be to God," she crooned, "'Tis a grand and beautiful world entirely, and meself to be in it for another Spring, with all the power of years that lie behind!"

A picture of perfect serenity and mellow beauty the old woman made sitting there in the shade by the cottage door, in her grey, homespun dress with the little bright colored shawl over her shoulders; her silver hair peeping out from under her white, frilled cap, and her worn hands resting on her fresh, check apron, holding the old brown beads. In front lay the wide, blue sea; behind, the dazzling white-washed cottage with its brown thatched roof, and beyond that, the hills.

There, in serene contentment, old Nancy reviewed the long vista "of years that lay behind," with all their sun and shadow, and the brief "to-morrow" that was yet to be. There was a radiant peace in her old eyes as her mind dwelt on these things, for the good "sagart" had been with her a long time that day. He had said wonderful, kind things to her that cheered her old heart. Nancy did not know why she had talked so much. She never said much about herself. But, somehow, the young priest had been so kind, and interested. So she had talked and talked, because he seemed to like hearing of those old, old days so dear to her, so long ago, when she had come to the little cottage first with her good man.

"It must have been hard on him, too," mused Nancy reminiscently, "to have patience with a poor old woman and she wandering through the years!" But he had listened, kindly and patiently, as she told him how they worked in those bygone days for sheer joy of life, in their great happiness; and of the little ones that had come. . . . and gone! and her good man, too—and how she had been left lonesome.

What a lifetime of trouble and strife; of pain and sorrow hallowed by love lay in a few words! But it had certainly eased Nancy's mind to talk to the priest so much, of the dear ones that lay in the quiet chapel yard; of the one that had married well and gone to America and had prospered — and died, leaving strange, wealthy, little "childher that never thought to write to their Irish granny." Most of all, she talked of "Larry," her youngest. How she had idolized him in his wild, innocent childish beauty; and above all, how she had set her heart on Larry being a priest.

Larry had broken her heart, instead—or had gone as near doing so as he could, and would have succeeded but for the steadfast faith that was old Nancy's! Larry, truly had sown his wild oats madly, selfishly deaf to her entreaties. He went to Australia "to seek his fortune." The brief accounts of his doings there were not much to his credit. Nevertheless old Nancy had said to the priest by way of excuse, "Sure he wasn't what you'd call a bad boy, only wild, wild. And God will be near him, in spite of all."

Through all the long years Nancy had prayed unfalteringly for Larry with trust and calm resignation, the heritage of her old Irish Faith that had made her accept all the sunshine and shadow of her life with a whispered "Welcome be the Holy Will of God." Tears sometimes dimmed Nancy's eyes as she thought of the old days, and many a silent one fell on the old brown beads that slipped so constantly between the worn fingers. But, "Thanks be to God! She was as happy as this world could make her—if only there might be good news of Larry before she died."

"Himself" had fixed up things so wisely that Nancy need never be dependent upon others. The little bit of money they had saved would just last her time in her frugal way of life, and bury her decently. So she was content. Pat Carroll and his wife who had bought the little farm at a low price when she was no longer able to manage it herself, were very kind to her. The children, too, gave her respect and affection. Young Paddy Carroll, indeed, who was just turning fourteen, and ready to be leaving school, was a favorite of hers. He reminded her of poor Larry. And for that reason Paddy got a share of Nancy's thoughts and prayers from time to time.

Nancy paid the Carrols a few shillings a week for a room, and "for them to look after her." They had been good enough even to leave her in her own little room, beyond the parlor with the tiny window that looked out over the sea.

Yes; Nancy was certainly as happy as this world could make her, if it were not for the sad thought of Larry. But that very day the kind young priest had given her new hope even in Larry's regard. Why, had he not compared her almost with a Saint of God, when she told him of Larry and her prayers.

"Keep to the praying. Nancy 'a stoir,'" he had said in his bright, urgent voice, "and you'll get the answer to your prayers. You know, a mother's prayer is always heard," he smiled. "Just think of St. Augustine's mother, St. Monica—for thirty years she prayed, and look at the answer she got in the end."

A feeling of great peace stole down on Nancy at the memory of his words. She had not been praying for Larry that long yet. So she must keep on.

A boy's shrill whistle broke suddenly on the clear, spring air, joyous and tuneful. Nancy looked round, smiling as she recognized the light, buoyant figure bound down the white road that bordered the low cliffs.

"Paddy Carroll back from the school," she murmured and watched the boy eagerly, as he advanced along the dusty road in all the exuberance of youth.

Old Nancy and young Paddy were indeed great friends. And now, as he leaped to her side there was genuine concern on his heated face.

"What way are you this evening, Nancy?" he questioned affectionately. "And what have you been doing with yourself all the day?" As he spoke he flung himself on the soft tufty grass, at her side, and with a sigh of relief, threw the heavy satchel of books from his shoulder.

"'Tis grand I've been, Paddy," she answered brightly; "but—idling a bit, maybe, thinking long."

"What do you be thinking of, Nancy?" questioned the boy eagerly, his steady, earnest eyes fixed on her face. His own expression became suddenly serious, and before the answer came his glance had turned out to sea. Immediately his lips parted excitedly.

"'Why, look, Nancy! Look at the big ship out there beyond, far, far off. I wonder now, where she might be going. She'll be rounding the headland, and out of sight in a minute."

Nancy looked out. Away over the blue, even her failing eyes caught the flash of the sun on the great liner.

In silence they watched her out of sight. Then Nancy, answered the boy's question, slowly—

"I do be thinking of many things Paddy ayic, as I sit here ending my days. I do be thinking of all I might have done in the years that lie behind. . . . Sometimes the ships do keep me company as they pass. I do be thinking of the folks that are in them. Some sailing over the seas for sport, some for gold, and some for the love of God. Betimes, Paddy honey, I do be saying a little prayer on the beads for all of them. For them that go out only for the sport and the gold, that they may get the sense to know that gold is not everything. For them that do go for the love of God. I do be praying that they may have the blessing of God forever on theirselves and their grand work."

Paddy looked up at her quickly, his dark eyes kindling.

"For the love of God. . . ?" he repeated passionately. "Sure that's the best reason of all for going, isn't it? And 'tis queer you to say that, to-day, Nancy." He continued in a quick flood of words that astounded Nancy by their fervor and unexpectedness.

"One of the Missioners came into the school to-day, and he was telling us a lot about far-away places where the poor people don't know anything about God, or even that there is One. He was telling us that some of the Missioners were going out to the people in these countries soon, to teach them about God and to help them. He asked us all to pray very hard for them. And that's one in for you, Nancy," he said with a quaint little smile, "for the prayers you do be saying on the beads. He said it was the prayers of those at home that helped them to do their work, and to get the grace. . . . and them that said the prayers were as good in their own way as the Missioners themselves. Then he asked some of the chaps what they'd like to be when they grew up. Tom Ryan made us all roar with the laughing because he said he wanted to be a millionaire. 'We'd all like to be that, Tom,' the Missioner said. 'Money is a grand thing—if it is put to the right use.' Then our Joe said he wanted to be a big farmer and make Ireland great and prosperous. And he told Joe that was the great spirit and it was the like of Joe that was wanted in the old country. Jimmie Burke told him that he'd always wanted to be a priest, and his father was going to send him to the College after the summer. And a lot of the other chaps said they'd like to be priests, too, or Christian Brothers."

Paddy's flow of talk suddenly ceased abruptly. Nancy looked down on him wonderingly. A far-away, wistful look had come into the lad's eyes. Nancy began to think.

"And did you say what you would like to be Paddy avic?" asked the old woman gently, letting her hand rest affectionately on his dark curly head.

"'Twould be no use," almost whispered the lad. "I didn't like to be saying that my father couldn't afford to send me to the college like Jimmy Burke. He's too poor. And I'm thinking myself that I wouldn't be half good enough to go maybe," he ended resignedly.

Nancy looked at him keenly. "Paddy, avic, sure you don't mean that you'd be wanting to be a priest?" she almost gasped.

Paddy gave a hopeless little nod of his head. Then, suddenly, he burst into tears, burying his flushed face in the folds of Nancy's cool check apron.

* * *

For a couple of minutes only the song of birds, and the musical swish of the sea broke the silence.

Nancy's old eyes glowed. This then, was the secret of that brave childish soul! Young Paddy with his strong, sinewy limbs; always ready to carry out any of the work on the little farm, in his power; up to any games; full of wit and fun! Who would have thought it, or have guessed at the secret yearning of that sturdy, boyish heart? True, Paddy had the "book-learning," and was never far from the top of his class. And, now, Nancy understood fully the real reason for his devotion to Mass and Communion on many an early morning, Winter as well as Summer. The faint click of the latch, as Paddy slipped out when she was still in bed, should have whispered the secret to her months ago.

Nancy began to speak confidently, almost prophetically, as she remembered the words of the good soggarth to herself that morning.

"Paddy," she said in her soft, old voice, "you must stick to the prayers. And, believe old Nancy, the Day will come, and the money, too! There'll be two of us at the praying now, and the Lord won't give the deaf ear to us both."

MANUAL LABOR HOUR.
Would you recognize this as the same place shown in the picture below?

A few weeks later old Nancy sat in her accustomed place by the cottage door overlooking the sea. In her serene, old eyes there was a subtle change. A new sorrow was fresh in their grey depths. Yet, it seemed to be a golden sorrow that begot a radiant joy. She had grown accustomed to the sorrow now, and only the joy remained. Gently she unfolded the letter that had come a week ago "registered," and with the Australian postmark. She had read it and re-read it in her faltering way through the blinding tears, until she knew every word of it by heart. Still, she liked to look at it again and again, "and it in the priest's own hand-writing that was with poor Larry when he died."

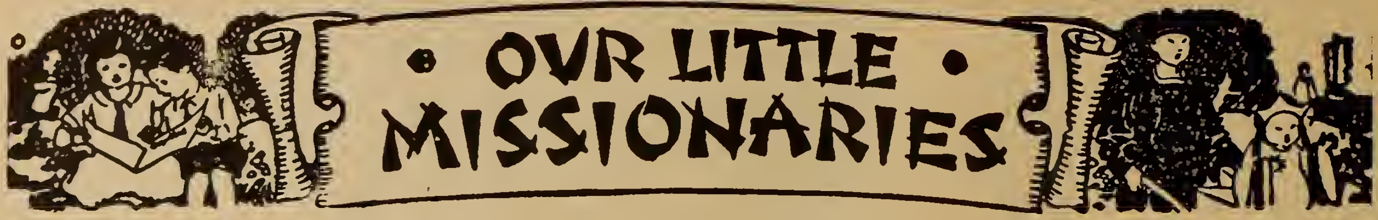
Yes! Poor Larry was dead. But, according to the priest himself, he had died a hero and a saint. He had given his wild life for another, a girl, who had been trapped in a burning building. While onlookers stood paralyzed with horror, Larry had rushed in and had accomplished the "impossible!" Both Larry and the girl had been badly injured. But the girl had recovered. The priest wrote very tenderly of Larry's last moments and of his complete abandonment to the Will of God. Sacred messages for old Nancy throbbed with the very Faith and love of his bright, childhood's days.

Enclosed with the letter was a draft on the bank for £500 from the wealthy father of the rescued girl. He said he hoped it might prove his gratitude and sympathy. The money might be useful, and compensate in a very, very inadequate way for her great loss.

"Five—hundred—pounds!" murmured Nancy, her dim eyes resting thoughtfully on the sea. Now indeed might she joyfully sing her "Nunc Dimittis." Larry was in Heaven, and, through his generous sacrifice, she had in her own hands

(Continued on page 157.)

When winter comes and manual labor has ceased, our "rink" looks like this. This year, for the first time, serviceable boards will mar the picturesqueness of the view.



OUR LITTLE MISSIONARIES

Owing to the intense heat, our missionaries wear white soutanes in the summer. This picture, taken in the garden at Chuchow, shows Father Kam and Father Morrison, who recently had an extension added to his famous Chinese pipe.

WE NEVER KNOW

I spoke a word.
And no one heard;
I wrote a word
And no one cared
Or seemed to heed;
But after half a score of years
It blossomed in a fragrant deed.
Preachers and teachers all are we—
Sowers of seeds unconsciously.
Our hearers are beyond our ken,
Yet all we give may come again
With usury of joy or pain.
We never know
To what one litle word will grow.
See to it then that all your seeds
Be such as bring forth noble deeds.
—John Oxenham.

A missionary must be a "jack of all trades", so some of our students take up painting in their spare time.

A WELCOME LETTER.

Hastings, Ont.,
Oct. 5, 1927.

Dear Rev. Father:

Enclosed you will find cheque for twenty-five dollars ($25.00) from the teacher and pupils of Hastings School for your China Missions.

By a vote of the class the pupils have honored me with the privilege of forwarding you this donation.

On behalf of the pupils of the school I thank you most heartily for CHINA. During the coming year we will endeavor to increase our donations. Asking your prayers in our behalf, we sincerely hope that God will bless your most noble work.

Signed on behalf of the pupils of the school.

WILLIAM J. BOYLE.

FATHER FRASER WRITES.

Tells of a new College in Rome for Chinese boys and of Chinese kiddies who gained Indulgencies of 7,080,000 days.

Dear Father McGrath:

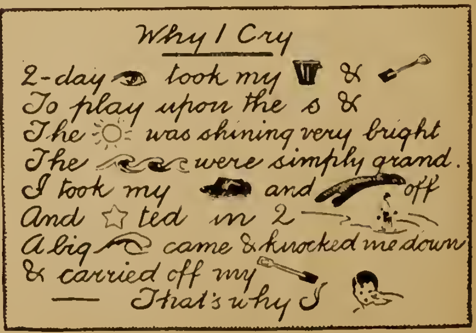
I am ashamed to have sent you so little "copy" for "China" during the past few months, but really of late there has been very little news. We have peace and quietness here now, disturbed only by a rumor of an impending invasion of Chekiang by the Communists of Kiangsi.

But now I have a bit of welcome news which, perhaps, might be inserted in "China." I enclose a copy of a letter recently received from the Apostolic Delegate of China. It was in answer to a letter I sent him enquiring if anything had been done with regard to founding a College in Rome for the training of Chinese native Clergy like the other nations have in Rome. You will remember while I was in Rome two years ago I tried to get the Cardinals and His Holiness interested in the undertaking; and when I met Archbishop Costantini last year before his voyage to Rome, I begged him to bring up the question again. You can imagine with what satisfaction I received his letter stating that the much-desired Seminary is an accomplished fact!

Two of our sacristans at Chuchow. Besides the office of sacristan, the gentleman on the left holds the office of Father Morrison's Chinese summer school professor. His brother will be ordained priest for our district next year.

Note that he urges me to consider the establishment of a little Seminary here in Chuchow, in order that in due time we may have subjects to send to the Chinese Seminary in Rome for the completion of their studies.

A few days ago I baptized two men and a boy, from a county



Why I Cry
2-day took my &
To play upon the s &
The was shining very bright
The were simply grand.
I took my and off
And ted in 2
A big came & knocked me down
& carried off my
— That's why I

(Imperial Life Guard)

where we have neither chapel nor catechist—Tsinyun. Some good soul must be praying for its conversion. They had walked thirty miles to beg for the Sacrament! They had already received some instruction from one of the several Christians there, and knew a few prayers. After supplimentary instruction received here, I sent them home happy and regenerated.

Yesterday I administered the last Sacraments, and to-day performed the funeral service over one of God's most miserable beings. A bright girl of seventeen, she became partly paralyzed last fall; then recovered somewhat. At the invasion of the soldiers, she had to flee to the country, and when the danger was over returned, but she was a wreck unable to move. She has lain in the corner of a shed for seven months almost neglected. You can imagine what little attention she got. The family was too poor to have a doctor (the doctors are no use here anyway) and the shack was a regular pigpen! The poor thing lay in filth for I do not know how long. When I heard of it yesterday and that she was dying (she had already received the last Sacraments months ago) I sent our catechist to investigate, and ordered that the place be cleaned up before bringing the Blessed Sacrament. It took quite a while to do it. She died this morning. Well, her long Purgatory is over, and let us hope that she is already with the angels.

We have only a few boys at the residence during the summer holidays—two living with us and two others who spend most of their time playing in our garden. The other day I spoke to them of the ease with which indulgences can be gained. I told them that the saintly Pius X. had attached 300 days' indulgence to the short ejaculation, "My Jesus, Mercy." It was news for them; they never heard indulgences explained in a practical way before, and how they could be applied to the souls in Purgatory. Without delay they set out to gain some. Within twenty-four hours they had between them gone the round of their beads four hundred times, repeating on each bead, "My Jesus, mercy!" By actual calculation they had gained 7,080,000 days' Indulgence! Not too bad for Chinese kiddies!

Yours very sincerely,
J. M. FRASER.

Friends from the Far West.

Boys of the 6th, 7th and 8th Grades, St. Louis College, Victoria, B.C., who are personal friends of Johnnie Mite-Box, and who recently presented him with $20.00.

Translation of the Letter of the Apostolic Delegate.

Dear Father Fraser:

I am very grateful for your kind letter of July 17, received to-day. I am pleased at the good news you relate. Let us labor, therefore, with renewed fervor **"in the work of the ministry in the building up of the Body of Christ."** Best wishes to your Brother Priests.

I am pleased to tell you that the project of the Chinese College in Rome is already an accomplished fact. Our Holy Father, Pius XI, has made the announcement to the Chinese Bishops. I visited the site and buildings where this College will be instituted; it is beside St. Peter's, opposite the Vatican, on the Gianicolo. The Vatican beyond St. Peter's can be seen from the place.

The Chinese College will begin to function as soon as the buildings, now occupied by the Collegio Urbano, will be free.

You will hear this news with legitimate satisfaction.

Begin to think about establishing your little Seminary, in order to have, in due time, fine, good students to send to Rome.

Remember me to the Missionaries and accept my cordial respects and good wishes, while I bless you and your Mission.

Celso Constantini.

To Rev. J. M. Fraser,
Catholic Mission,
Chuchow.

Corroboration.

A class in a London school was set to write about "Mother." When the teacher came to mark the exercises he noticed that two boys, brothers, had written almost the same words.

"John," he complained to the boy he knew to be the culprit, "you've written just what your brother wrote."

"Yes, sir," came the reply, "it's the same mother."—N.Y.C. Lines Mag.

ST. MARTIN OF TOURS CHURCH, GLEN ROBERTSON, ONT.
Due to the whole-hearted co-operation of Father A. L. MacDonald, pastor, during our recent campaign in the parish there are now in Glen Robertson one hundred and twenty-seven new readers of "China."

Nonsense
"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"
A KEELOR

He—Yes, I'm going to apply my talents; but I don't know whether to go in for art or for poetry.

She—Oh, poetry!

"Oh, you've heard some of my verses?"

"No, but I've seen some of your art."

Deserve the Worst.

Molly—Won't you play something more, Professor?

The Professor — It's getting late. I shall disturb the neighbors.

Molly—Oh, it doesn't matter about them—they poisoned our cat last week!—Passing Show (London).

First Cave Man (excitedly): Hurry, your mother-in-law is in a fight with a big sabre-toothed tiger.

Second Cave Man: Aw, chase yourself. What do I care about what happens to a sabre-toothed tiger?

Mother: "That child doesn't get his temper from me!"

Father: "No; none of yours is missing."

Sinister Suggestion.

Her Father (to suitor): "My daughter doesn't want to be tied to an idiot all her life."

Suitor: "Just so, sir. Why not let me take her off your hands."—Sydney Bulletin.

Taking His Advice.

Hubby—What's good for my wife's fallen arches?

Doc—Rubber heels.

Hubby—What'll I rub 'em with?

The Purpose.

Teacher—For what purpose is the skin of a cow used?

Tommy—To keep the beef in. —Tit-Bits.

Lawyer (helping pedestrian up) —"Come with me, my man. You can get damages."

Pedestrian (groggy)—"H'vens, man, I got all the damages I want. Get me some repairs."

A railway guard, seeing a navvy seated in a first-class carriage put his head in at the window and asked: "Are you first class?"

"Yes, thanks," replied the man; "how's yerself?"

Nasty, Nasty!

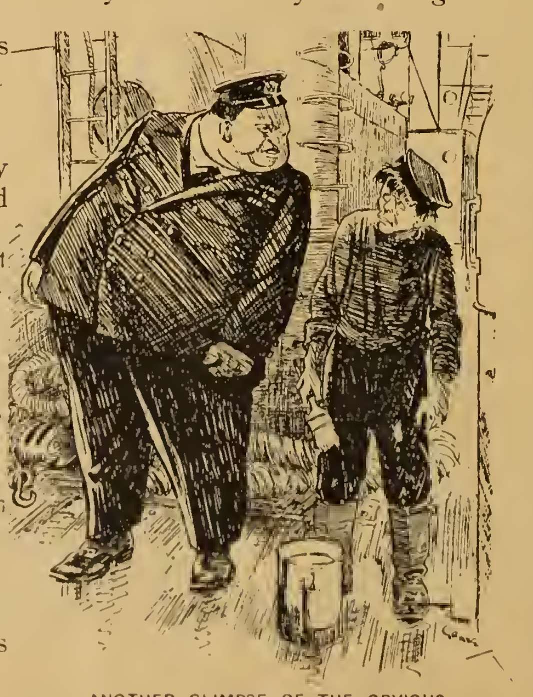
"Do you girls really like conceited men better than the other kind?"

"What other kind?"—London Opinion.

Affable Old Lady—"It's a fine day, Miss."

Youth—"It's a fine day, but I'm not a 'miss', I'm a 'mister'."

Old Lady—"Oh, I beg your pardon. You looked so much like a boy that I took you for a girl."



ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF THE OBVIOUS.

Bo'sun (to boy). "AN' WOT'S MORE, YOU DIRTY YOUNG BLIGHTER, I DON'T NEED NONE OF YOUR CHEEK!"

All Wrong!

"It's all wrong about those Irish being good fighters."

"Yeh?"

"Yeh. Last night me and my brother Gus and two other fellows licked one."

Tough Luck.

Customs Official at the Canadian Border (producing bottle)—I thought you said there was nothing in your bag but wearing apparel—what's this?

The Mrs.—Oh—er—that's my husband's night cap! — N.Y.C. Lines Magazine.

The Epicure.

The store was full of customers, but the small boy pushed himself to the front and cried out:

"I say, Mr. Brown, will you serve me quick? Dad's waiting for his dinner."

"Well, what do you want, my little man?" asked the grocer, leaving the customer he was serving.

"Two bars of soap and a package of washing powder."—Maritime Merchant.

The Fast Train.

Passenger to Conductor (after a long stop at an intermediate station)—This is a fast train, isn't it, conductor?

Conductor—Yes, sir.

Passenger — Well, would you mind seeing what it is fast to, and kindly release it? — Yorkshire Post.

"When the Devil Was Sick."

Lady—"I want a nice book for an invalid."

Librarian — "Yes, madam. Something religious?"

Lady—"Er—no—not now. He's convalescent."—Humorist.

A WORD FROM FATHER VENINI.

"The sweltering weather keeps up," writes Father Venini from our Mission headquarters at Chuchow, "in spite of all the weather prophets, and believe me it is certainly sweltering. The nights are mostly fairly cool, though, so we are able to sleep well. We are all well in spite of the torrid heat and are consoling ourselves that it will soon be cooler. Fathers Wm. Fraser and Serra are still at their missions, though we expect them here in a few days as we shall be going to Ningpo for retreat.

"The residence is much more quiet here than at Tsingtien. The property is larger and not hemmed in by the neighbors' houses, so consequently we are not in close touch with all the family troubles, as I was in Tsingtien.

Hard Labor.

"The natives are all busy harvesting their rice crops now. Here, if anywhere, they earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. The rice, before it is ready for the pot, has to be handled ever so many times. When the fields are prepared the seed is sown thickly and when it has reached a certain height the rice is transplanted in small clusters. The next question is to keep the fields under water. The grain is cut and threshed by beating the stalks on the edge of a large tub. A trip through a wooden fanning mill now separates most of the chaff from the grain, after which it is spread out on large bamboo mats to dry. It is then put once more through the fanning mill. When the grain is dry and clean it is put into a stone mortar and pounded to remove the different coverings of the grain. The more it is pounded the whiter it is.

Our Daily Rice.

"Finally it is ready to eat, after being boiled till soft. This is the fare of the mass of the people here, three times a day, eaten with a few vegetables or, if they can afford it, a little meat. Day in and day out, their whole lives through, it is the same thing, rice three times a day. The proverb, 'The more we have the more we want', seems very true to me, because I think it would be hard to have less than these poor people and still they are quite happy in their own way."

FULFILMENT.

(Continued from page 153.)

the money that was necessary to educate Paddy Carroll to be a priest.

Paddy came out of the cottage and sat down beside her on the turfy grass. He said nothing, but took her thin, old hand in his own —so strong and young. There was a wonderful new dignity and beauty about the boy, and his eyes were luminous. Nancy had told him of her decision, and joy and gratitude welled up in his heart.

Slowly the sun sank beyond the heaving waters leaving shafts of gold across a roseate sky.

"Paddy avic," said Nancy softly, "when you're a priest. . . . you will sometimes think of old Nancy . . . and say a prayer for her. . . and for them that belonged to her."

The grip of Paddy's young hand was like a vice on hers.

There they sat, in radiant contentment as the shadows fell—Winter clasped in the hand of Spring, each the completion of the other in the fulfilment of God's wondrous plan.

Breaking the Sabbath.

Pat: "Yis, sorr, wor-rk is scarce, but Oi got a job last Sunday that brought me foive dollars."

Mr. Goodman: "What! you broke the Sabbath?"

Pat (apologetically): "Well, sorr, 'twas wan ov us had t'be broke."

Daughter — Pa, our domestic science professor is teaching us how to spend money—

Dad (interrupting)—Next he'll be teaching ducks how to swim.

"A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD."

This is how a friend referred to a letter he received from the late Father John O'Leary, former Mission Superior at Hanyang, China. The letter was mailed towards the end of July but did not reach his friend, in Racine, Wis., until two weeks after his death. Father O'Leary's last message was one of optimism and of hope for a lasting peace in China that he was not destined to see:

"Our outlook for the future," he wrote (from where he died) "is beginning to brighten. For some weeks past we have been enjoying a measure of peace that we have not had for months. All trace of anti-foreignism seems to have vanished. Once again, as we go about in our daily work, we receive smiles on every side from the ordinary people in the street, where a few weeks ago we were scowled upon.

"When most of the non-Catholic missionaries left in obedience to their consuls' orders or suggestions, only the Catholic priests remained. This had a telling effect on the people. They saw that the priest had nothing to gain and everything to lose by staying with his Catholics, ready to suffer for and with them. As a result they have greater respect for the priest and that will lead to a desire to learn more of his work and the Gospel he preaches."

Father O'Leary did not live to see permanent peace in China. But the work must continue for which he gave his life.

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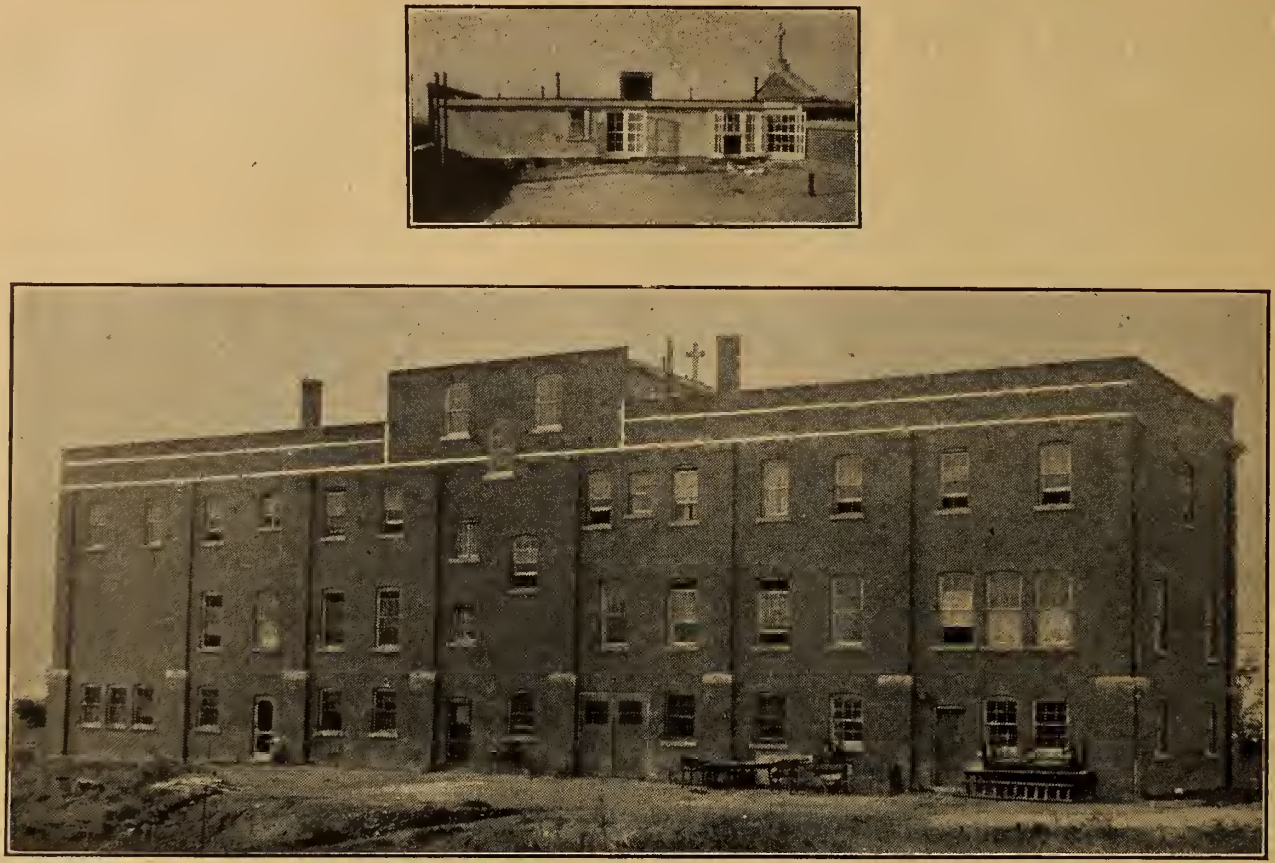

VIEW OF THE SEMINARY SHOWING NEW NINE-ROOM EXTENSION.

Inset upper picture shows portion that protrudes above present roof of Seminary. The white horizontal lines indicate the air space—3½ feet—between roof and ceiling, part of which is now filled by the new addition. It affords accommodation for seven more students and serves temporarily to relieve the congestion. It has been erected at a cost of $7,000.00, of which about $3,000.00 is still due.

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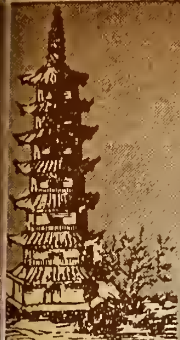

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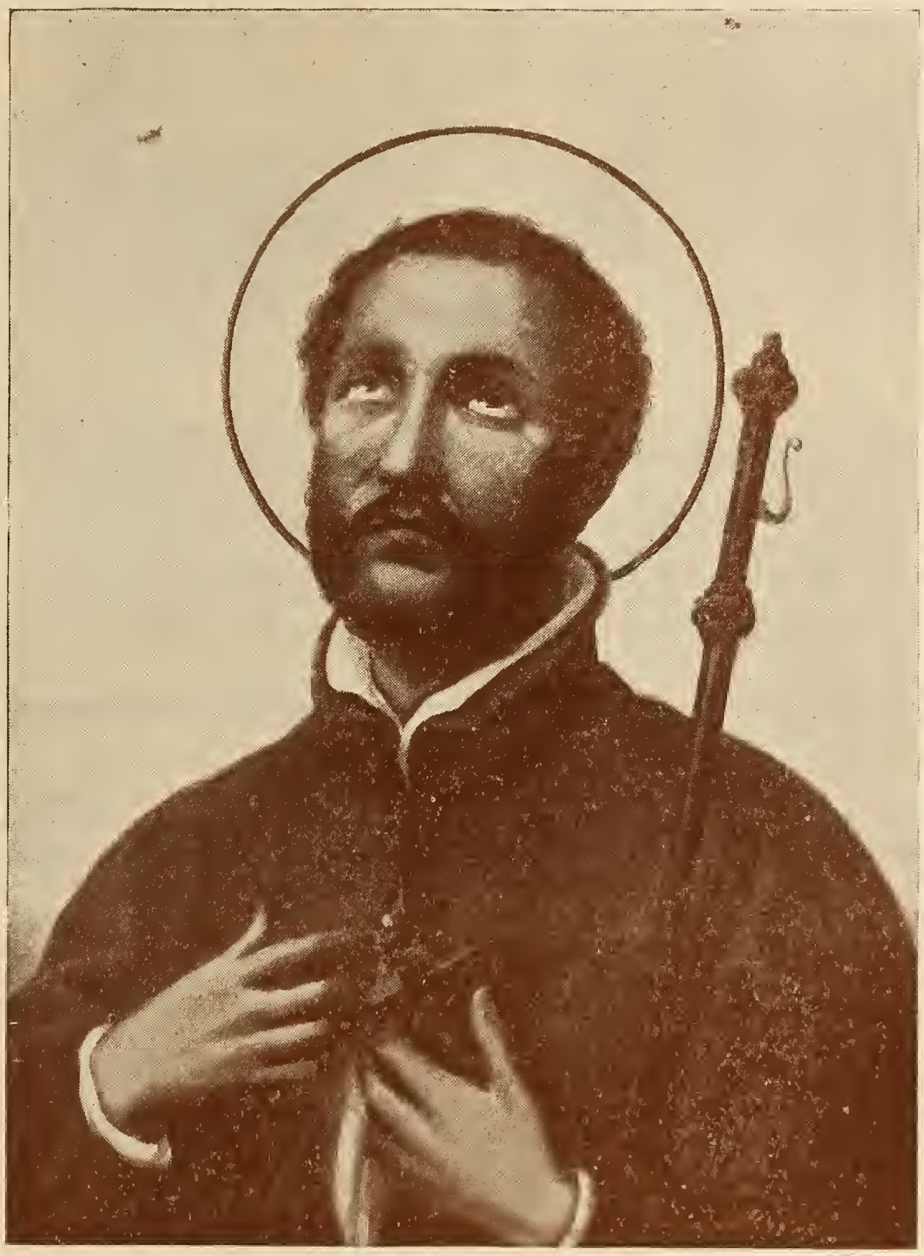

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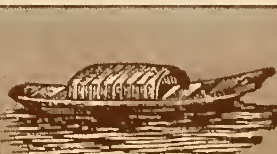

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EDITORIAL PAGE CHINA

Published Monthly, August excepted, by
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY,
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.
Editor - Rev. Wm. C. McGrath

St. Francis Xavier Seminary was founded in 1919 by Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, for the purpose of providing secular priests for the Chinese Missions. It is under the direct supervision of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda and under the management of the Bishops of Ontario.

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Mission Superior in China: Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, M.Ap.

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Christmas—and China

In China this year, Christmas will be celebrated by about 2,500 priests and something over two million Christians. For the rest of the population of the country, over 400 millions of people, Christmas day will be just another day of slavery in the struggle to keep body and soul together. No longer, it is true, can China be called "the land where there is no Christmas," but in comparison with its huge population—one-quarter of the inhabitants of the globe—how few faithful ones there will be to honor and receive into their hearts on Christmas morn the Saviour of the world.

A FORMIDABLE TASK.

Dear readers, what a task is ours and yours! To play our part in bringing to a knowledge of Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother millions now enthralled by the tyranny of Satan! We shall, all of us, have finished our work and passed to our reward, before that gigantic task is done. But while the power is ours let us realize that we have that part to play. It is not too much to say that every one of our readers might be instrumental in saving at least one pagan soul, perhaps thousands of pagan souls in China. But remember that if such a glorious privilege will be part of your eternal reward it will be accomplished only at the cost of effort and sacrifice. It will mean that you must do things you often do not want to do, must bend to your task when you feel like following the line of least resistance and leaving to others the problems and burdens connected with our work for souls.

It demands effort to go down on your knees and speak to Jesus in the tabernacle. Yet if you do not pray, souls will be lost for all eternity. It demands a spirit of sacrifice to part with what you cannot too well afford. Yet without your gifts and your charity our work cannot go on. We cannot dissassociate you from it because without you our efforts would be doomed to failure. And so at Christmas time, when the spirit of joy is in the air and the world is a happier place because a little more of Christ's charity seems to have found its way into the hardened hearts of men, we trust you will remember us who are striving to bring Christmas and the love of Christ to the derelict millions of unhappy China.

A Modern Martyr

Beginning in this issue of "China," the story of the life and the martyrdom in Tonkin of the Blessed Theophane Venard will be told to our readers. For the privilege of publishing this, the most touching mission story ever told, we are indebted to Very Rev. Jas. A. Walsh, M.Ap., Superior of Maryknoll, and author of "A Modern Martyr."

We are wary of indulging too freely in superlatives, but in the estimation of the present writer, there has never appeared, in all the annals of mission literature, a story more soul-stirring and sublime than that of this youthful soldier of Christ. Passionately devoted to his home and family, loving his "little sister" to whom he so frequently and tenderly refers as his "other self" with all the ardour of his affectionate nature, the youthful missioner did not hesitate to rend asunder forever the strong ties that bound him to home and loved ones, and give his young life for souls in fields afar.

The story of Theophane Venard has done much to inspire in the hearts of young men and young women a vocation to the missionary life. Many a priest and sister in foreign land to-day owe their vocation, under God, to the fact that they chanced to read the story of this beautiful life and heroic death. "China" will tell the story in the hope that it may be instrumental in leading even one youthful soul to the service of God in the missions.

Read it, dear friends, and you will never again feel that missionaries are men and women who have stifled their natural affection or who are cruelly indifferent to the sorrows of those they leave at home. Rather will you come to know of the glory of leaving all things for Christ's sake, to serve the most gentle and loving of Masters, not because they love home and parents less, but because they love Him the more.

Apostolic Delegate to China Addresses Students

Archbishop Constantini Speaks at Fall Opening of Catholic University of Peking

The doctrines of Confucius, great Chinese teacher-philosopher, received due praise from His Excellency Archbishop Celso Constantini, in his address to the students on the occasion of the fall opening of the Catholic University of Peking.

"The duties which each man has towards his neighbor," said His Excellency, "I may recapitulate in the beautiful words of Confucius, who says in effect: 'To obey my father as I would have my son obey me; to serve my sovereign—that is, the authority of the state under any form whatsoever—as I would that I should be served by a minister under my orders; to treat my elder brother as I would have my younger brother treat me; to deal with my friends as I would that my friends should deal with me'."

"Again he has summed our duties towards our neighbour in these words:—'not to do to others that which one does not wish others to do to oneself'."

Christ Perfects Teaching.

"Jesus Christ perfected this maxim," continued His Excellency, "by transforming a negative duty into a positive act: 'to do to others that which we would have others do unto us'."

Pray for Peace.

"We pray to God to restore peace to China. It is our one desire that this great people, so good and so industrious, should have the opportunity of living, in peace and that peace should bring in its train spiritual, moral, and intellectual advancement as well as material progress in the industrial, economic, and political spheres. We keep ourselves severely aloof from anything that savors of the political: because that is none of our affair; but we rather do sincerely and heartily desire that the legitimate national aspirations of China shall be fulfilled.

But here, my dear young men, within the precincts of the School, you ought to refrain from political agitation: here you are to study; here you must enrich your intellect and soul with that culture without which it will be imposible for you to render any notable service to your Country.

Develop Under Austere Discipline.

Here you must develop yourselves under an austere and rigid discipline, in order to become sound and strong elements in the leading class of tomorrow. China, like all other nations, has imperative need of capable and honest men, if it is to emerge triumphant from the present crisis and advance toward the goal of a prosperous regeneration. But capable and honest men are not produced amid the fanfares of futile student-demonstrations, but solely by iron discipline of intellect and will.

Those of you who are truly patriotic, will recollect themselves in laborious silence, and will seek by means of constant study to acquire the knowledge and ability that will enable them to offer to their country the service of their minds and hands. But avoid as something virulent those **anti-social** doctrines which are being imported into China from without and which promise not life but death and destruction.

Have I forgotten anybody?

No—not now that I've sent that cheque to St. Francis Xavier Seminary.

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CHRISTMAS
1927

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A MODERN MARTYR

ARTHUR KEELOR

By kind permission of the author. The life story of Blessed Theophane Venard, martyred in Tongking in 1861.

Birth and School Days.

JEAN Theophane Vénard was born at St. Loup on the 21st of November, 1829, the feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin. He belonged to one of those patriarchal families in which religion and honor hold the first place. His father, M. Jean Vénard, whose family came originally from Anjou, filled the post of village schoolmaster with as much ability as devotion to his duties. He gave up this fatiguing work only after thirty years of toil, to accept a position as justice of the peace in the department of which St. Loup was the chief town. There his experience in business and his good judgment made him invaluable to his townspeople, until the day when his laborious and useful labors were brought to a close.

His wife, Mme. Marie Guéret, was a gentle, pious woman, simple and loving in character, entirely devoted to the care of her own home. She had six children. Two of these died as infants, but the others, Mélanie, Theophane, Henry and Eusebius, will all play an important part in this little history. Under the direction of these good parents, Theophane Vénard made rapid progress in virtue. He combined the loving, gentle character of his mother with the firmness and resolution of his father. His contemporaries still talk of the amusing contrast between his small baby figure and his grave, quiet manner. His greatest pleasure was to watch the goats or the cows on the hillside, an occupation which fostered his love of solitude and his spirit of recollection. These hillsides and pleasant fields hold an important place in the story of the future missioner, for here the first thoughts of his vocation came upon him; and the feelings then inspired remained among the sweetest of his whole life.

The country around St. Loup is very picturesque, but it owes its great fertility to the rivers, the Thouet and the Cebron, which intersect the valley in opposite directions. Between the beds of these two rivers is a hillside called "Le Bel-Air," on account of its healthful situation and the glorious view on all sides. When Theophane was only nine years old, his delight was to pasture his father's goats on this spot with his sister or a friend. Here they would sing, or read books which they had borrowed from the pastor of the village. Among these books, the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith" had the greatest charm for the little boy. One day he was reading aloud to his companions the life of the Venerable Charles Cornay, whose martyrdom was then recent. The account of the sufferings and death of this martyr for Jesus Christ touched him even to tears, so that at the end he cried out, "And I too will go to Tong-king, and I too will be a martyr!"

BLESSED THEOPHANE VENARD

(Martyred in Tongking in 1861)

* * *

SHORTLY afterwards his father joined the little group, and Theophane, turning to him with a gravity very unusual at his age, said, "My father, how much is this field worth?" "Well, I really don't know exactly, my child," replied his father. "Why do you ask?" "Because," the boy answered, "if you could give it to me, and I could have it for my share, I would sell it, and then I should be able to go to college and study." His father, surprised at such serious thoughts in one so young, put him off with some simple answer; but he thought over these words which gave him a new light on the character and intentions of his son. He soon allowed the boy to learn Latin with one or two other children who went for that purpose to the presbytery, and Theophane succeeded so well that it was decided to send him to college for a regular course of study.

No sooner was he fairly settled at college, than Theophane gave his whole mind to the fulfilment of his duties. He was a model to the other students, not only through the hours of study but also during recreation, when he showed himself the gayest of the whole party. He bore an ill-nature or contradiction with such good humor that those who were at first inclined to tease him soon gave it up. The more people vexed him, or gave him pain, the greater was his kindness toward them, and he rarely failed to win their hearts and make them ashamed of their previous behavior.

He gladly entered into all the little private devotions of the students, which were in harmony with his taste and affections. Even as a child he had vowed a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin. He was inscribed among the children of Mary, at Notre Dame des Victoires, and enrolled himself in the work of the Propagation of the Faith, determined to help missioners as far as he could, until he became one himself. He tried also to lead, as much as he was permitted, a mortified life. When, on a winter's day, one of the masters, seeing him suffer very much from chilblains on his hands and feet, told him to go and warm himself by the comfortable fire in his room, Theophane refused, exclaiming, "The missioners you were talking to us about last night, sir, suffered much more than that!"

He had a passion for reading, and delighted in the lives of children of his own age, and especially of those who had suffered martyrdom. All these holy dispositions were fostered by the thoughts of his first Communion, which was approaching, and for which, unlike the average small boy, he prepared himself with the utmost anxiety and care.

"The day has almost come," he wrote his parents, "that day which I have so earnestly desired! the most beautiful day in my whole life! Please pray to the Blessed Virgin for me, that I may receive her Son worthily, for I feel I can never prepare myself sufficiently for so solemn an occasion. I beg you, therefore, to forgive me any faults I may have committed against you, and to give me your blessing."

Great as had been his previous doubts and fears, when the time came, his joy knew no bounds. "I remember him perfectly on that day," wrote one of his tutors. "He seemed not able to contain himself for happiness." From that hour began his great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. He would steal away for a visit during recreation. I often used to open the door of the chapel softly to see if he was there," wrote the same master, "and was always edified by his wonderful spirit of recollection. Sometimes I forced him to go out to play with his companions, as I thought it necessary for his health; then devotion gave place to obedience."

But a great sorrow was hanging over his head, for which he would need all the strength his Lord had vouchsafed to him in the Sacrament of His love. After two happy months spent with his family, he was obliged to part with his mother to return to college, and he foresaw that their parting would be a final one. Very soon after, in fact, she expired calmly in the arms of her husband, leaving him the care of their four little children. The blow to Theophane was terrible. Nevertheless, his first thought was how he could best console the mourners at home.

"Dearest papa," he writes, "when you wrote me that my darling mother was very weak and suffering, I flattered myself that our prayers and tears would win from God the preservation of her life. But just now the headmaster has told me of the terrible misfortune which has befallen us. O my God, help me to say, 'Thy Will be done' The hour fixed by Him has come and she has had to leave us, and is gone to be our protector in Heaven with the two little angels to whom she gave birth. Once more, may His Holy Name be blessed! It is thus He tries His creatures here below. Putting on the buckler of faith, we will have recourse to religion, which alone can comfort us in such sorrows. But it is very, very bitter. I have cried till I can cry no longer, and I have prayed with all my heart for her dear soul. May she at this moment be in the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision with His elect! May the Saviour whom she ever loved and whom she strove to serve, receive her into His kingdom!"

But our Lord reserved to Theophane a special consolation. Many years after the event, and at the moment when he was about to leave his family forever, he broke silence on the subject, and said, "I think I may assure you positively that our good mother is in Heaven. I tell you this for your comfort; but I have never spoken of it before, and I must beg of you not to repeat it to any one. At the time of her death, one night when I was watching in prayer, an angel took me by the hand and led me, as it were, into a great and wonderful Light, in the midst of which, sur-

(Continued on page 171.)

Every Seminary has its after-dinner problems and we discuss them too.

NEWS FROM CHINA

Father Venini writes from Ningpo, where Our Priests gather for Annual Retreat

Everything quiet at Chuchow

"Here we are once more at Ningpo, where we find things very quiet. The retreat for the secular priests of the Vicariate is being held in St. Joseph's College, which is not being opened this year on account of the upset conditions. There are twenty-seven of us. The retreat will be preached by Bishop Hou of Haimen" (Bishop Hou is one of the six native Chinese Bishops consecrated last year by the Holy Father, Ed.), "assisted by Bishop Defebvre of Ningpo.

Chinese for Meals.

"Everything is in Latin, with the exception of the reading in the refectory, which is in Chinese. An occasional sound, here and there, is all I can manage to grasp, but at least it is good practice.

Chuchow at Peace.

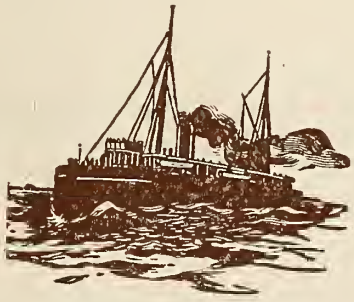
"We left Chuchow last Thursday morning, peaceful and in the care of Father Wm. Fraser. The soldiers have all come here to Ningpo, for what reason no one seems to know; perhaps they are also going on retreat, tho' I hae me doots if it will be very spiritual. They commandeered three boats at Wenchow but allowed several of the Chinese priests to board them.

Down to Wenchow.

"We had lovely weather down the river as far as Tsingtien, where we passed the night. The following day it rained practically the whole time, but this did not prevent our reaching Wenchow very early Saturday morning. We received the usual hearty welcome from the fathers at the mission. We spent Saturday at Wenchow, leaving Sunday morning.

Jingle Bells.

"We formed quite a cavalcade as we 'rickshawed' through the city, four native priests and as many 'foreign divils.' The rickshaw men held their breath when they saw Father Morrison's mighty form looming through the doorway and laughed heartily at the unfortunate 'chauffeur' whose car the latter chose to grace with his presence. We were held up by several traffic jams but finally reached our trusty ship, which, however, does not inspire too much trust.



A "Converted" Battleship (?).

"She was built many, many moons ago as a battleship for the Chinese navy, and then converted into a passenger ship. She rides on a more or less even keel,—more or less—but Father Morrison did not venture too near the edge, keeping well in the middle of the deck where it was not already piled high with chicken crates (empty or occupied), furniture and other cargo.

Convenient Freight.

"We were very well supplied with seating accommodation. There was a shipment of furniture aboard, simply heaped on the deck, but before we were far from the pier rocking chairs, arm chairs, stools and beds could be seen everywhere. How they keep track of their cargo is more than I can tell.

Last Minute Arrivals.

One of the greatest thrills on the trip is watching the last minute arrivals. Always, almost without exception, at each port of call someone arrives just as the boat is pulling away from the dock or is already under way. Perhaps some old lady, puffing down the wharf on her tiny, crippled feet, or often a husky, sun-burnt tiller of the soil, swaying along under the staggering weight of his load of produce or merchandise.

A welcome arrival during manual labor hour—the "Water Boy."

Mr. Captain, Stop the Ship.

Invariably the boat will hold up while the belated one clambers into a sampan and is rowed aboard. There were several such late-comers at Wenchow. All were successful in making the ship except one unfortunate 'John' who showed his coin a little too soon. Wishing to save time he prepared his money and placed it on the seat of the sampan. Alsa—it was not of the right color, being bronze. The sweating sampan rower desired something a little more shiny. Thence ensued the usual argument. The 'cap,' however, was not interested in the discussion and yelled for them to come aboard quickly. Nothing daunted, they continued to argue. It was too much even for Chinese imperturbability. The exasperated captain 'rang' full speed ahead. Just as the cautious passenger had 'come across' once more, to the satisfaction of the sampan owner, and the latter had consented to ply his oars again, our trusty dreadnought was racing at full speed. The sampan did give chase, but in vain. The last we saw of the pair was as they were heading for the dock and the irate passenger was hammering home his arguments with the top of a stout bamboo pole.

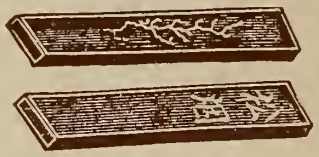
Arrived at Haimen.

"We reached Haimen towards midnight, going to the mission the following morning. It was the Feast of the Little Flower. They have a fine statue of her in the Church. The boat usually stops a full day here but this time we were well under way again by three o'clock. We arrived at Ningpo the following morning. We go on retreat to-night.

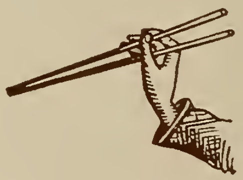
Chinese Curios.

I am taking advantage of our being near a parcel-post office to send you a few things Chinese. Foreign parcels cannot be mailed from our district, Wenchow being the nearest office that will accept them. They have little value but will help give you an idea of the customs of the people here.

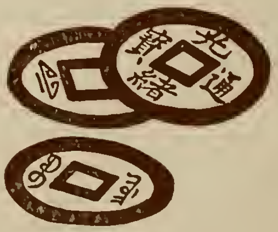
The Chinese pen, as you will notice from the one enclosed, is what we would call a brush. The hard ink (the little black oblong pieces, with the gold characters) is rubbed on an ink stone together with a few drops of water and into this the pen is dipped, or rather, rolled. The soap stone, of which the pen stands are made, is mined at Tsingtien, in our district and shipped to all parts of the world.



The chopsticks are made from many different materials, ebony, bone, aluminum, etc. Try them and see how easy it is to pick up an egg with them. I would advise you to boil it well first.



The money in the box is one of the species of false money used for burning in favor of the dead. The bronze coins are actual currency, about three of them having the value of a Canadian cent." (N.B.: The coin in the illustration above is a Chinese "cash," and is worth about one fortieth of a Canadian cent.)



"I have enclosed some Chinese tobacco, but it may be well to try it out of doors for the first time as you may not find the odor just exactly as agreeable as that of Old Chum."

Good-bye for now,
Yours sincerely in Christ,
J. E. Venini.

FATHER VENINI

"all dressed up and nowhere to go"

A Word from Father Morrison

Who Tells of Queer Chinese Customs

Nothing goes to waste in China. There are no garbage pails for there would be no use for them. The ashes of the stove is used for the "Ho Lu" (Hand Stove) which the Chinese carry around with them in cold weather. When their feet get cold they put the Ho Lu upon the ground and rest their feet on it. I tried one of them and found it comfortable, if a bit awkward. The rest of their body they keep warm by a dozen or so "Bu Sans" or overcoats.

The eggshells are used for making toothpaste and medicine for the mouth. The orange skins are skilfully employed in making sweet cakes of a sort of marmalade flavour while the pig's tongue is reserved for the banquets of the mandarins. And not even a watermelon seed goes to waste.

When you have read "CHINA" please give it to a friend.

They are all saved and roasted to form a special course at some dainty feast.

Some one has said that the modern packing companies use every part of the pig except the squeal. They have nothing on the average householder in China, the land where waste is unknown. It is a rather pathetic state of affairs that garbage should be highly valued and "flesh and blood so cheap." It is nothing unusual to see helpless children left on the streets to die, exposed to the merciless rays of a scorching Chinese summer sun.

The Devil Afraid of Holy Water.

The second night that we were here the Catechist and the sacristan who sleep in the same room, heard a queer noise above their heads the sound of steps as though someone were walking back and forth. They got up but could find nobody. Next morning they said that the Devil was in the house. I gave them some Holy Water to sprinkle in the room and some to keep in their fonts and the noises were heard no more. The Devil is afraid of Holy Water.

Chinese Superstitions.

Last night after prayers we heard the sound of trumpets and wailing and mourning. A big procession was passing our door. We went out to see what was going on. The procession was headed by two Chinese carrying huge lanterns and torches, behind whom marched two trumpeters. Two other men carried a canopied chair and the throng behind were all dressed in white robes with big cowls over their heads, something like the Ku Kluxers wear except that the face was not covered.

The meaning of the whole thing was that a recent family was bereaved of their father and they were going to the temple to ask the idol to restore his soul. The canopied chair was for carrying the soul back to his former residence. The relatives of the deceased were all dressed in white and they joined with the sons in petitioning the idol for the return of the soul of the dead man.

I asked if they had any sign whereby they might be assured of the souls return but they said they did not. The poor deluded people go on their own helpless, stupid way, believing that idols of clay can have power over immortal souls and this in spite of the fact that the August Idol has never yet acceded to their oft repeated requests.

HERE AND THERE AT THE SEMINARY

1. The Sanctuary Boys of St. Vincent de Paul Church pay us a visit.
2. Bringing down material for the rink.
3. Lining up the posts.
4. Material for rounded corners.
5. Putting on boards.
6. Clearing the surface of weeds.
7. The stream that must be "harnessed" for natural flooding process.

In place of these dark forbidding superstitions we are trying to teach them the love of the gentle Saviour. But Satan is strongly established in China and to be successful we must have the help of our good friends at home, especially the help of their prayers.

The Devil's Feast.

Today one of the Christians came running into my room and called me to witness what was going on right across from the chapel. The woman of the house across the street was preparing a big dinner for the Devil whom she expected that day as her guest.

She had all kinds of dishes prepared for his satanic majesty and she was seated on the doorstep burning paper money and calling on him to come and eat. Now and then I noticed that she would help herself to a small portion of the food and a sup from the decanter of wine.

At last she grew tired of waiting and set the spread before the whole family. The Christians told me that this is always the procedure and that if the devil were to appear he would find it hard to gain possession of his meal. The woman made the offering in the hope of securing riches and happiness from him.

How unreal and fantastic this must sound to all of you at home. But you are living in a land where the cross of Christ has conquered while here the devil is openly adored and his image carried in procession. And yet those unfortunates possess souls made to the image and likeness of God. Please pray for us, dear friends across the ocean into whose lives there never will come the sickening horror that we feel as we watch those thousands all around us who are living and dying strangers to the very God who made them. What an overwhelming sense of our helplessness is borne in upon us! But we can do all things in Him who strengthens us and we know that you will ever assist us with your prayers.

OUR LITTLE MISSIONARIES

Friends From Niagara Falls.

St. Patrick's School,
Niagara Falls, Ont., Nov. 9, 1927.

Dear Rev. Father:—

Our room, the Junior IV. Class, have started a Mission Crusade. We call it "Canadian Students' Mission Crusade." We have had two meetings and during this time have collected six dollars. Kindly accept this, please. We promise to send you more.

A view very familiar to our little friends from Niagara Falls.

Yours respectfully,

The Canadian Students' Mission Crusade.
KATHRYN SMITH, Sec'y.

(We are delighted to know that you have formed a branch of the C.C.S.M.C. We hope many other schools—all schools in fact—will do likewise. We are grateful for the help you are giving us and we know you will not forget the little Chinese children in your prayers.)

Help By Prayers and Offering.

1 Garfield Ave.,
Toronto, Nov. 8, 1927.

Dear Father:—

We are sending you a spiritual bouquet and $7.00. During the month we offered our Masses, communions and prayers for your work in China.

We read your paper in school and we are praying hard that many priests will be sent out from the Seminary to teach the poor Chinese about our Lord. Best wishes.

MARY LOU ROESLER, Sec'y.

St. Therese Mission Unit, Room 2,
Our Lady of Perpetual Help School,
Toronto.

(Many thanks for your generous offering and spiritual help. We are sure that your prayers will do much for souls in China.)

CAN THE CHINESE BEAT CANADIANS AT WRITING?

Can a Chinese pupil outclass Canadian students in the art of writing in Toronto public schools?

Trustee Brigden told the school management committee yesterday when he looked over the work of the McCaul school pupils the best writing he saw was that of a little Chinese boy. "It shows the tendency of the Mongolian to accuracy in imitation and the effect of those long centuries of artistic writing," he said.

—Toronto Star.

RICE.

I grow mid haunts of common men,
  Where peasants dig and barter;
I grew when Mongols ruled the land,
  And 'neath the cruel Tartar.
Within my watery bed I grew,
  And by the winding river;
For men may fight and men may die,
  But I grow on for ever.

Where bullocks move with heavy tread
  And muddy waters spatter;
While War-lords meet in far Peking,
  And scrap and plot and chatter,
When students stir the hearts of men
  With speeches wild or clever,
'Tis I who feed the hungry ones,
  For I grow on for ever.

While China suffers still from greed,
  From schemer and from scorner;
While merchants pile their dollars up
  And make of me a corner;
While starve the poor who cannot buy—
  In vain their best endeavor,
I carpet green the country-side;
  Yes, I grow on for ever.

Though China sink 'neath debt and war,
  Though bandits spoil and rend her,
Yet I, the rice that never fails,
  Am still at hand to mend her.
The patient peasant sows and tills,
  His labor ceaseth never,
So I'm the hope of China still
  And I'll grow on for ever.

HARD AT WORK

Which one of our youthful readers will occupy a room in our Seminary some day? It may be YOU.

Little missionaries and friends of China from Hastings School, Hastings, Ont.

(Continued from page 166.)

rounded by other glorified bodies, I distinctly saw her whom we so fondly loved, and for whom we had wept so bitterly."

* * *

FROM the time of this great sorrow the links which bound brother and sister were drawn closer, and a correspondence began between Theophane and his sister, Mélanie, which ceased only with death. Their letters remain as models of tenderness and holy inspirations, while they are most attractive in point of style and taste. Speaking on this subject, the Bishop of Poitiers says, "It is in this outpouring of heart to heart that we see his extreme delicacy of feeling, his loving thoughtfulness, his graceful imagination, and the good judgment which balanced all his other qualities. We have read these letters again and again, with ever-increasing pleasure, and we trust we shall be forgiven if we have watered some of them with our tears."

In the course of the winter of 1844, Theophane writes, "I must send you a few lines, my dearest sister, for there is not a day, nor scarcely an hour, when I do not think of you, who are so very dear to me. I know you too are thinking of me, and I suppose you will be saying, "Oh, my poor brother will be so cold this winter; and here am I enjoying a good big fire!' Be comforted. Though I have suffered from the cold, as you know I always do, yet I have had some fun out of it too, for we have had famous skating. And now the weather is milder, and I am thawing, and pouring out some of my thoughts to my second self."

Soon after his brother Henry joined Theophane at the College; and it was impossible not to be touched at the care which the elder took of the younger, so as to spare him the usual schoolboy troubles. In 1945, the Sodality of the Children of Mary was established in the College, and Theophane announced this event with joy to his sister. He was made sacristan of his chapel, an honor which he greatly coveted, as it not only gave him the care of the altar, but enabled him to steal away oftener for prayer. "Yesterday," he wrote to Mélanie, "I went to say my rosary in the chapel; and I don't know why, but I was very sad, and I began to cry like a child. Yet all the time I had a wonderful interior consolation, and everything appeared in a supernatural light. . . Very often, when I am at work, my thoughts fly back to you. I seem to see you going lightly about the house, singing softly as is your wont, and doing things for our father and the children and everybody. I follow you in thought everywhere. Although we are so far apart, our thoughts, our wishes, our aspirations seem to be one. Oh, what a blessed thing it is, this communion of souls, to be able to pray for each other, and to pray for our loved ones together! A sort of peace and calm comes over me with this thought. Do you know, the other day, on the Feast of our Patron Saint, as I was kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament at Benediction, the Blessed Virgin seemed to smile amidst her flowers and tapers, and I thought of you, who, I know, were then at the Sodality Vespers. I prayed so hard for you, and I felt that you were doing the same for me and that our prayers were one. And then I was so happy, so relieved. But I should like to be with you again in body as well as in spirit. Oh, when shall we cease to be separated? When shall we be able to live together as we did as children and share all our troubles and all our joys?"

It seemed as if a vision of the future were before him—that future which was to be so great a struggle to flesh and blood. But we must not anticipate.

(To be continued.)

THE LAND OF JESUS CHRIST.

The little pennies hoarded by for candy,
  As cherished as the miser's heap of gold,
Now put into the mite-box on the mantle,
  Are hidden by to save immortal souls.
Surely the good God smiles upon the children
  Who weighs the doer—more than what is done,
Though there be many greater sacrifices
  Of sacrifices better—there are none.

Only a penny in the eyes of many,
  But great its value in the mint of Christ
Marked with the effigy of the Redeemer
  It has become, indeed, a coin unpriced.
The children's penny—and the miser's millions,
  And yet the miser's millions are outweighed,
Strange coins with strange kings' faces marked upon them
  Buy nothing in the land beyond the grave.

But there the richest one may be the poorest,
  A man is measured by the love he brings;
Yon beggar standing there within the shadows
  Was one of earth's most favored, richest kings.
And so the little pennies of the children,
  The sacrifices made for souls unpriced,
These are a currency of wondrous value
  Within the mystic land of Jesus Christ.

H. F. X. S.

It won't be long now.

Nonsense

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"

Free Labor.

Johnny had been making trouble but promised that he would be good if he were paid a dime.

"What do you want a dime for?" demanded his little sister indignantly, "why can't you be like daddy and be 'good-for-nothing,' like mammy said he was?

Ringing the Changes.

Beggar—"Kind lady, I was not always like this."

Lady—"No. Last week it was your other arm that was missing!"—London Opinion.

Handy Wardrobe.

"I have a suit for every day in the week."

"Yes?"

"This is it."—Blue Dragon.

Boil the Pot—

AFRICAN CANNIBALS
. PLEAD FOR MISSIONARY
—Watchman Magazine (Nashville). Quoted in Literary Digest.

Gates Ajar.

"He put on speed, thinking he could beat the train to it."

"Did he get across?"

"He will as soon as the tombstone maker has it finished."—Boston Transcript.

Efficiency Stunt.

"What's that putty on your finger for?"

Plumber—"That's to remind me to forget my tools."—Answers.

Roll of Honor.

Gushing Lady — "Oh, Mr. Jones, we are collecting funds to help the starving heathen. May I put your name on the succor list?"—Christian Register.

Never Say Live—

HUNTER WHO
ESCAPED DEATH .
TO TRY AGAIN.
—(Quoted in Literary Digest).

Bad Dream.

Doctor (examining life insurance prospect)—"Do you ever talk in your sleep?"

Prospect—"No, but I often talk in other people's sleep."

Doctor—"But how can that be?"

Prospect—"I'm a college professor."—College Humor.

Watch Your Step.

He — "You must economize! Think of the future. If I were to die, where would you be?"

She—"I should be here all right. The question is—where would you be?"—Weekly Telegraph (Sheffield).

That's Different.

"Doctor, if there is anything the matter with me, don't frighten me half to death by giving it a long, scientific name. Just tell me what it is in plain English."

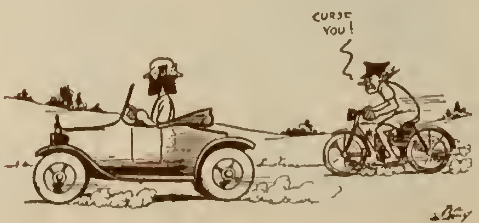
"Well, sir, to be frank, you are lazy."

"Thank you, doctor. Now tell me the scientific name for it. I've got to report to the missus."—Hardware Age.

Not Exactly Downy.

Mrs. Flannagan — "Was your old man in comfortable circumstances when he died?"

Mrs. Murphy—"No, 'e was 'alf way under a train."—Western Christian Advocate.



Why Janus never got a "Ticket."—Life.

Turn Out the Gas.

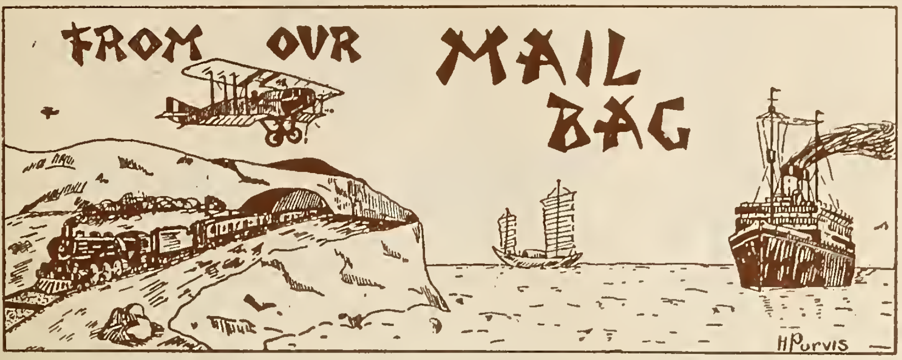
Eskimo Papa — "Great Scott, Mabel—is that sheik gonna stay all night? He's been here two months already!"—Life.

What Pat Announced.

Father Boyle was sick and unable to celebrate Mass. One Sunday morning he called in Patrick, the old sexton, and told him that he was sick and to inform the people explaining that, due to his illness, they couldn't hear Mass, and that that would be no sin on their part.

Patrick stood at attention, accasionally saying, "Yes, Father." As Patrick was about to leave, Father Boyle said: "Patrick, you might as well make the announcements for the week. Next Thursday confessions will be heard for the First Friday. Tuesday, feast of SS. Peter and Paul. Collection for the Holy Father, the Pope. A package has been found in church —owner can have same by calling at the sacristy. On Wednesday, John Clancy and Mary McCool will be married in this church; anyone knowing why these persons should not be married should make known their reasons to proper authorities."

Patrick carried out Father Boyle's instructions as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen—Father Boyle is sick and that is no sin. Next Thursday will be the First Friday. Tuesday will be the Feast of John Clancy and Mary McCool. The Pope will be here next Sunday to take up the collection, and on Wednesday, SS. Peter and Paul will be married in this church and anyone what sez they shouldn't be married will find their reasons rolled up in a package by calling at the sacristy."



Millgrove, Ont.

"I am taking the opportunity to inform you that I have not received my copy of China Mission Magazine. I am very much interested and enjoy reading it so much that I am completetly lost without it."

Woodslee, Ont.

"I sure love to read 'China.' It is getting more interesting each month."

Marquette, France.

"Enjoy reading the little paper and congratulate you on being able to make it so newsy and readable. This is a long way from Toronto, but I often think of you, your work and the kindness you showed me when I visited the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs."

Weston Super Mare, England.

"I love 'China' and have had it from the very beginning. It is like a friend's letter each month and I wait impatiently for news of your wonderful work. Father Fraser and his little band are never forgotten in my prayers."

Halifax, N.S.

"In 'China' are certainly embodied the pointed words of Bacon, 'Read, weigh and consider.' With much profit may we read the travels of Father Fraser; well may we weigh our conscience, to see where our duty lies with respect to aiding our mission, whatsoever may be our state of life; and lastly, consider what we have done and what we will do in the future. May God shower blessings, both spiritual and temporal, upon your work."

Stoco, Ont.

"During the past week our parish held a bazaar and the usual number of tickets were distributed to each family. We decided to hand in our tickets with "China Mission" on each stub. And was 'China Mission' lucky? You will have to judge for yourself when you see the grand blankets, the second prize, which will have reached you by this time."

Toronto, Ont.

"Your little paper is always welcome. Father Fraser is an old friend and news of him is always interesting."

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

"I feel deep admiration for the good and noble work being done at your China Mission Seminary. Your valuable magazine 'China' keeps us in touch with the fruits of your work in the Far East and no Catholic home should be without your instructive journal."

Brockville, Ont.

"I hope you will succeed and prosper in your noble work for God and souls. I like the little 'China' very much and enjoy reading about our own Canadian missionaries in China. I am sure they endure great hardships trying to convert the heathen in that far away mission field."

Almonte, Ont.

"I am enclosing ten dollars, the proceeds of a euchre I held at my home last week. I had twenty-eight ladies present and taxed each one twenty-five cents. I gave prizes and refreshments myself. It netted me $8.50, so I am making it ten. I started it, hoping some others might do likewise and help on your good work."

Priest Friend, Toronto.

"The 'China' is assuredly the most welcome paper that comes to my house—it is the only one that I read from A to Z. I would suggest sending a dozen or more copies for my book rack."

During the summer the Brothers of the Christian Schools made their thirty-day retreat at our Seminary. Front row (beginning third from left)—Bro. Austin, Provincial; Rev. Bryan, Retreat Master; Rev. M. J. McGrath, and Bro. Simon.

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Miss Alice G. O'Neill, Mrs. S. M. Frecker, Mrs. J. P. Moynihan, J. J. Carolan.

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H. Anderson, $1.25; Miss Mary Corkery, $1.50; Cong de Notre Dame, Tignish, $3; Miss Teresa Benns, $2; St. Agatha's School, Ottawa, $4; Holy Name Convent, Kenora, $4; Mrs. Rod MacNeil, $2; Mrs. M. J. Quinn, $2,50; Mrs. M. Donnelly, $2.50; J. Arthurs, $2; Mrs. Fitzgibbon, $2; "Molly Bawn," $2; Anna King, $2; Rev. J. M. Clair, $3; Mrs. Chas. Curley, $2; Mrs. McGowan, $2; Mrs. Archie Beaton, $2; Mrs. G. A. Sills, $1.63; Friend, Toronto, $2; Mrs. E. F. Kelly, Patrick Columba Houston, $1.75; Alex. M. MacDonald, $4; Alex. MacDougald, $2; Miss Mary Devine, $2; Mrs. Lucy McNeil, $2; Mrs. Pat Flannigan, $2; Mrs. Kelly, $3; Girls of Sacred Heart Academy, Heteghan, $3.35; Mrs. J. B. Sauve, $2; Miss Ella M. Dawson, $3; Mr. Rieger, $2; Mr. and Mrs. C. MacCormac, $2; Miss Mary Fetter, $2; Miss Sadie Queenan, $3.50; Ruth Allen, $1.35; Our Lady of the Rosary School, Crysler, $3.46; Mrs. J. H. Mosack; Mite Box, per Cyril J. Cassidy, $2; Mrs. Mary Keough, $2; W. J. Heenan, $2; Celestine Brennan, $2; John J. McKinnon, $2; Rev. F. D. Hayden, $2; Primary Crusaders, St. Helen's School, Toronto, $3.35; Miss Francesca Kehoe, $1.50; Mrs. Chas. O'Hara, $2; Mrs. John Broderick, $4; Miss Mary Austin, $1.50; Mite Box, Mrs. D. J. Lynch, $1.25; Mrs. LeHaye, $1.85; John Bannan, $1.54; Mrs. Tadman, $2; Mrs. Paul and Julia Bernaski, $1.25; Mrs. W. H. Durand, $1.50; Mrs. A. Carver, $1.50; Mrs. B. Murray, $1.50; Mrs. D. J. O'Quinn, $2.10.

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Perhaps Christmas Might Boxes will fill this space next time.

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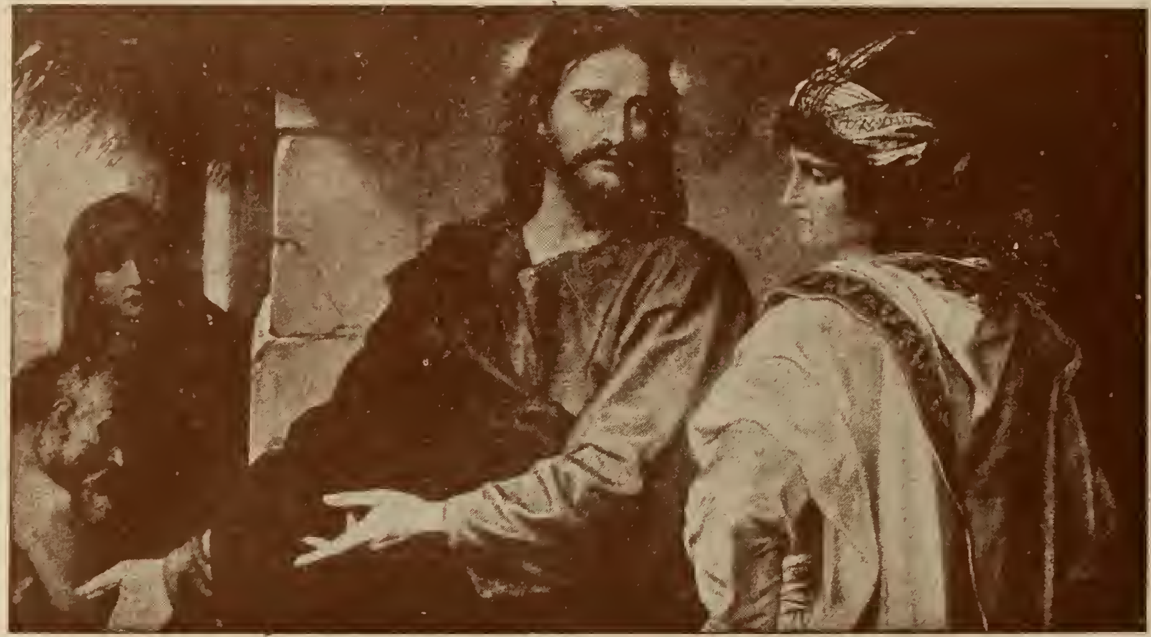
DOES THIS MEAN ME?



"And Jesus looking on him loved him, and said to him: One thing is wanting unto thee: go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me—who being struck sad at that saying went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions."—Mark 10, 21:22.)

"Alas, alas for those who die without fulfilling their mission, who were called to worship Christ and who plunged into this giddy and unbelieving world, who were called to fight and remained idle. Alas for those who have had gifts and talents and have not used, or misused or abused them.

"The world goes on from age to age, but the holy Angels and blessed Saints are always crying alas, alas and woe, woe over the LOSS OF VOCATIONS and the disappointment of hopes and the scorn of God's Love and the ruin of souls."

—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

I Have a Vocation to be a Missionary Priest

—if I have a desire to serve God and gain eternal reward
by working to save souls,
—if I have been living a good Catholic life,
—and if I have average mental ability.

You can join our Priests in their missionary work. There is a place for you among those preparing to devote their lives to the work of China's conversion.

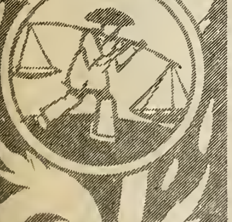
Do Not Postpone Taking the Step Delay May Mean Losing Your Vocation

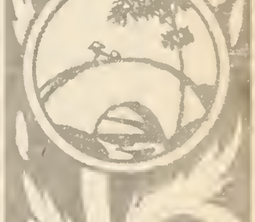
Write to REV. J. E. McRae, Rector,
CHINA MISSION SEMINARY—SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

There are More Pagans in China than there are Catholics in the World

CHINA

WHEN WINTER COMES IN CHEKIANG.

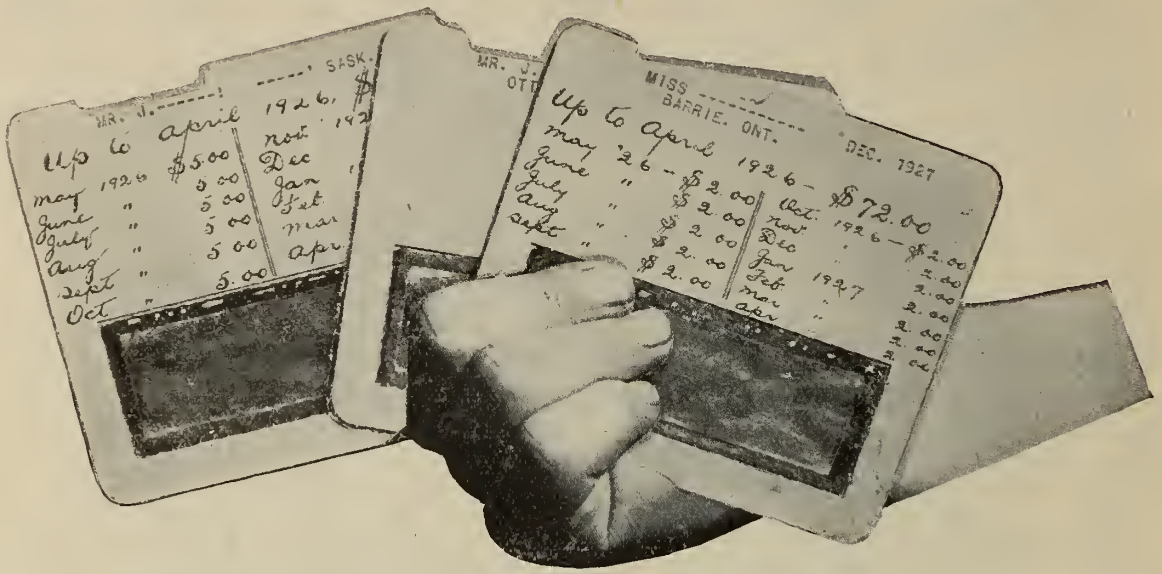




January, 1928

What are you doing for the Missions?

Your Stencil tells the Tale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How Does Your Stencil Register Now?

CAN YOU AFFORD IT?

Dear Reader:—

Our expenses are growing increasingly heavy, as our work in China grows and the number of our students increases. Instinctively we turn to you for help in solving the problem of running a seminary and supporting priests and students without any assured income. We are going to ask you if you can see your way to make a regular contribution towards our work, be it ever so small.

We believe that you have often intended sending us a contribution but just put it off from day to day as other and more pressing business came to hand. We can safely say that a monthly, half-yearly or yearly contribution towards our work for China would never be missed. God will not be outdone in generosity.

If you just say the word, we shall be glad to remind you when the time comes that you set aside to make your contribution. If you will do this for love of souls and as a slight sacrifice on your part for the work of the missions, kindly fill out the coupon below and return to us at your convenience:

Enclosed please find $.........towards the suppport of your work for China.

I will endeavour to make a regular contribution of $.........per..........(insert "month," "half-year" or "year.")

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EDITORIAL PAGE
CHINA
Published Monthly, August excepted, by
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Editor - Rev. Wm. C. McGrath

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Mission Superior in China: Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, M.Ap.

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THE AGE IN WHICH WE WORK FOR CHINA

We are living in an age of extraordinary things. It is the age of the spectacular, the age of thrills. Being old fashioned is one of the few unpardonable crimes, and things that our forefathers found interesting and entertaining are to-day, for the most part, inexpressibly boresome and dull. People are endeavoring to escape from life as it really is and as God intended it should be in this vale of tears. Hard work, self-sacrifice, monotonous routine, devotion to duty—these things are no longer popular. Their place is being taken by a perpetual round of exciting, and very often mechanical, amusement.

NOW THE WORK OF THE FOREIGN MISSIONS IS OLD FASHIONED.

IN FACT, IT IS 1900 YEARS OLD.

It involves by its very nature such old-fashioned ideas as the necessity of continual self-sacrifice, and tireless devotion to duty. And in consequence:

THE WORK OF THE MISSIONS WILL NEVER BE POPULAR.

There is another characteristic of this age in which our lot is cast. It is that quality, as such, no longer speaks for itself. Everything must be "put across", whether it be the most ordinary everyday commodity or the latest super-film from the land of make-believe. It must be forced upon the attention of the people by rude, merciless, inescapable advertising. Publicity experts are hounding to death the simple psychological principle that if you tell a good story often enough you will begin to believe it yourself, and the glaring poster and ubiquitous bill board are quietly extracting their millions from out the rich and inexhaustible mine of human gullibility.

NOW WE BELIEVE OUR WORK FOR CHINA IS VERY MUCH WORTH WHILE. SO MUCH SO THAT OUR MEN ARE WILLING TO GIVE THEIR LIVES TO IT. BUT WE CANNOT AFFORD NATION-WIDE ADVERTISING. Hence our work will remain comparatively unknown. We have our friends to whom we tell each month the story of what is being done for pagan souls. Into a field already thoroughly covered by high-class weekly and monthly publications with which it would be folly for us to attempt to compete, there ventures more or less timorously each month an unpretentious little publication called "China".

WHAT CHANCE OF SUCCESS?

Humanly speaking, you will say, our chances of success are slim. The odds are all against us. The spirit of the age, of the movie, of the radio, of world-wide advertising, is to ignore the very things we deem most worth-while. Fifty million people heard the account of the Dempsey-Tunney fight, round by round. The whole world knew at once when Babe Ruth smashed his home run record this year. And when an earthquake in China killed nearly a hundred thousand people and in many places destroyed the mission work of many painstaking years, it was not even brought to the attention of an apathetic public. So, while we prepare to meet our problems we must take into consideration the fact that a comparatively small number of people will ever hear of our work for China.

NOT DISCOURAGED.

Dear readers of "China", you are that small number. With us you feel that it is worth while to take Christ at His word, to believe that it is not folly but the highest wisdom for the very bravest and best of our young men and young women to "bury themselves" amid the filth and the hostility and the oblivion which is China.

YOU VALUE THE PRICELESS POSSESSION OF THE GIFT OF FAITH. YOU KNOW THAT YOU YOURSELF OWE IT TO THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY OF DAYS GONE BY. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING, TO HELP THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY OF TO-DAY?

It is upon you that we must depend if our work is to carry on. While the vast majority will always be indifferent, is it too much to expect that you will be prepared to make occasional sacrifices in our behalf? The cost of the upkeep of the seminary, of the education of our students and of the support of our missionaries in the field is always a tremendous drain upon very slender resources and it is to the donations of our friends from day to day that we must look for our necessary support.

The world will ever be indifferent to the work of the missions because the world is indifferent to the Sacrifice of Calvary. It is for those of us who know the price Christ paid for the soul of the pagan as well as for our own, to offer to the Sacred Heart, gladly and at the cost of sacrifice, our generous and whole-hearted support of the work of the missions. It is one of those unfathomable mysteries of Providence that God has so decreed that the salvation of certain souls is dependent upon our co-operation. If we do our part they will be saved; if we are indifferent their chances of salvation will be slight. For our priests and students the duty is to offer their lives, to go and engage like true soldiers of Christ in the battle for immortal souls. For readers of "China" the duty is to provide the munitions of war, to assist by your prayers and your material offerings the work in which it is our common privilege to share.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

There's a Way to Help Us Convert China

"It is a bad will that has not the name of God among its heirs."—Cardinal Manning.

Form of Bequest.

"I BEQUEATH TO ST. FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY THE SUM OF $.......... FOR THE EDUCATION OF MISSIONARIES FOR CHINA."

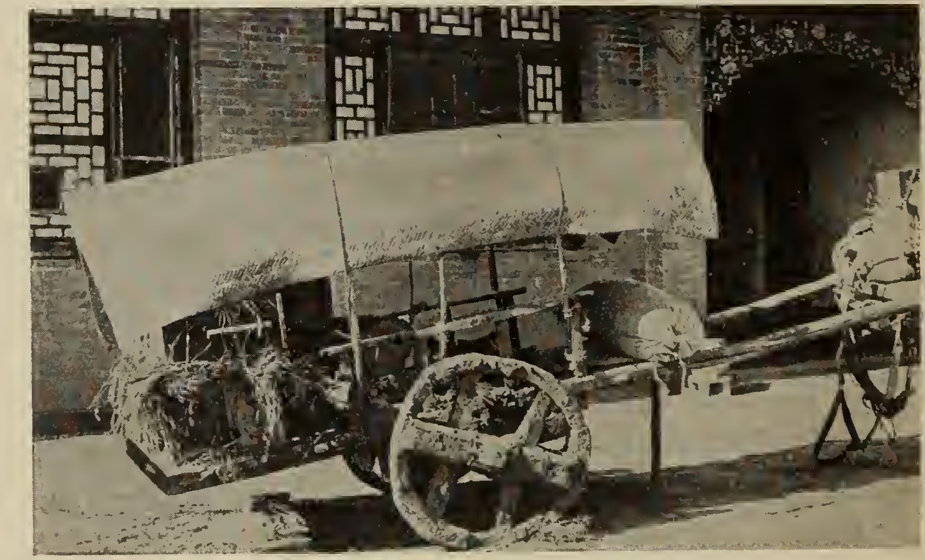
$250 will support a student in our Seminary for one year.

$1,500 will pay for a student's entire course of six years.

$5,000 will found a Perpetual Burse, on which not one, but a chain of students, will be educated for China—the Monument of Monuments to leave to your own or your dear ones' memory.

FATHER FRASER TELLS OF POVERTY IN CHUCHOW.

"One would have to see it for himself," writes Father Fraser in his latest letter, "to believe the depth of poverty and misery with which many of the Chinese are afflicted. The other day a boy fifteen years old sat on our doorstep (he could hardly stand) begging. He was clothed in rags, and covered from head to foot with sores; his hands especially were in a pitiable state, and trembled as he held them out for an alms. He could hardly speak from weakness, but questioned, he told us that he was left alone in the world two years ago, and since then had been on the road. Yet he is only one of hundreds of similar cases in our district; a house in which to receive and care for them is a crying necessity. The people are very poor generally, which makes the lot of the down-and-outs a pitiable one indeed. The other night at 8.30 when the pupils who sleep on our premises were going to bed, a boy who had also said night prayers with them, but who passes the night at home, said to me: "Father, I can't go to bed till 11 o'clock; father, mother and I make match boxes every night. It takes about three hours for us to make a thousand, for which we are paid four cents!" (Canadian money.) If coppers were worth dollars in China the pay would be passable, but they are not; you cannot buy much more for a copper here than in Canada. Some things are cheaper, but some things are even dearer. Manual labor is the cheapest of all. Some thousand families in and around Chuchow make match boxes. You can imagine how hard up they must be to work at such a low wage. Yet the match factory is not making a fortune—you can buy the matches retail at four boxes for a cent (Canadian).


"Lizzie's" Chinese Sister—The Pekinese Cart.

"I had a tailor working in the house for the past few days. Yesterday, having finished, he handed in his bill. I enclose it to amuse you. It reads:

"'Statement of Cut and Sew (Tailoring) Work.

10th moon:
11th day, one day's work
12th day, one day's work
14th day, one day's work
15th day, one day's work
16th day, one day's work
and two hours' night work—
at 40c Chinese money a day, including his own thread.

"'Total, work and thread, $2.10, Chinese money.'

In Canadian money, not quite one dollar! This is the standard wage for most trades in Chuchow, when the workman takes his meals in his own home. With pork at 12½c a pound, Canadian money, needless to say they cannot indulge to a great extent in that commodity. Perforce they must betake themselves to rice and vegetables at three or four cents a pound, and even then curb their appetite."

Yours faithfully and gratefully,

J. M. FRASER.

Flowers appear often on the table in China as part of a meal. Over 4,000 tons of the blooms of the day—lily—are used in the making of soup annually.

THE MARTYRDOM OF FATHER HOU

(Father Russo, an Italian Missionary, tells in one of his letters, the touching story of the martyrdom, on April 20th of this year, of Father Joseph Hou, a Secular Priest of the Lazarist Mission at Wan-An, Kiangsi).

"The pagan students," writes Father Russo, "obeying the orders of their superiors, invaded Father Hou's church each Sunday on the pretext of indulging in patriotic propaganda. On Easter Sunday, especially, their effrontery was almost unbearable. They had the hardihood to nail to the walls of his house and church all kinds of placards and posters ridiculing christianity and threatened Father Hou with dire reprisals if he as much as tore down a single one of them.

Christians Suffer Patiently.

"The christians kept their patience as best they could, in accordance with the exhortations they had so often received from Father Hou. But occasionally, outside the residence, there were clashes and in one of them one of the students was slightly wounded.

Father Hou Captured.

"Father Hou, on his way to police headquarters to seek justice and protection for himself and his people, was seen by a band of students and was captured forthwith. He was forced to mount the rostrum where ordinary plays and comic shows are put on and there he was hung up by two ropes in full view of the crowd. The same treatment was meted out to his servant, and while they were hanging there, for several hours, the students harangued the crowd and urged them to mock them and their christianity. In the meantime, the house and church were pillaged by the people, from cellar to roof. The prisoners were then taken by boat to the court at Wan-An. The students, their professors and the principal members of the Soviet in the vicinity followed in two other boats.

"As Father Hou, with good reason, denied being the instigator of the disputes between his people and the students and the cause of one of their number being wounded, he was flogged first by the underlings of the court and then by the students. The assistants, a hundred of them, and all revolutionaries, applauded loudly as the merciless beating of the helpless priest proceeded. After the first few strokes his flesh was torn by the lashes and the blood flowed freely from his wounds. Father Hou invoked the name of Jesus and bore his sufferings with patience. His servant was treated in the same manner and they were then carried to prison as neither of them was able to walk.

The Will of the People!

"After a summary investigation of their case, the mandarin asked the authorities of the Provincial capital what he should do. The answer was: 'Carry out the will of the people.' The people! It was the will of the Soviets that was to be carried out and the Soviets desired the death of the two innocent prisoners.

Like Unto His Master.

"The tragedy lasted several hours. At first, all the members of the new unions were called to witness their execution. There were workers, peasants, women, and above all, students everywhere. Altogether, there were several thousands of people. They were taken from prison and made walk to the place of execution. As they were leaving, Father Hou turned to the mandarin and asked that justice be meted out to them. For answer, the latter tore away from him some of his clothes and treated his servant in the same way. Then, seeing that there was no more hope from men, Father Hou placed all his trust in His Master. He invoked the names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph as they continued on their painful journey. The students and pagan teachers who surrounded them, and whipped them continually with thongs, ridiculed the priest because he was praying:

"'Ah!' they cried. 'Death is before his very eyes and he still prays to his Jesus to come and deliver him. Since he calls on Him so much, why does not Jesus come to save him now?' How like unto the mockery of the Jews of old: 'If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross. . . 'He trusted in God, let him now deliver him' (Matt. 27:40).

The Execution.

"When Father Hou arrived at the place of execution, he was placed on his knees, and two bullets were fired. He dropped instantly. Of the two shots fired at the servant, the first missed and the second only wounded him in the shoulder. The young man was still conscious and was even speaking as they placed him in his grave. On that account the students would not permit him to be unbound, like Father Hou who was already dead. They were buried in a shallow grave and passers-by could hear the groans of the poor boy who had been buried alive.

Father Russo Himself a Prisoner.

"As I was a prisoner at the time I was unable to see them before their death. The following day, accompanied by two police officers, I was able to visit their grave.

Protest of the Elements.

"During the whole of this barborous execution the weather was terrifying. Even the pagans noticed that the elements seemed to be voicing their reprobation of the wicked injustice. But the students and their professors said laughingly: 'They must be executed whether it please the heavens or not.' The bad weather had at least the advantage of shortening the ceremony and of sparing the victims several further outrages that had been planned against them.

Father Hou's Last Letter.

"I am enclosing a copy of the letter that Father Hou wrote me in pencil, on April 19, from his prison. I received it on April 21, the day after his death: 'I have been sent to prison by these demons because I love God and my christians. On the night of April 18, I received twice fifty strokes of their lashes. Do not be grieved, Father, because I have prepared myself for martyrdom. But I ask you to entreat my christians to pray for me, that God may give me strength sufficient for the ordeal. If I die we shall meet in Heaven where we will be happy forever'."

A MODERN MARTYR

ARTHUR KEELOR

By kind permission of the author. The life story of Blessed Theophane Venard, martyred in Tongking in 1861.

CHAPTER II.

At College—Doue and Montmorillo.

On New Year's Eve, 1847, Theophane wrote to his father from Doué:—

"Here we are in the midst of piercing frost and cold; but if the winter numbs our limbs, at least it does not freeze our hearts. Whatever happens—whether my chilblains disappear or not—I can't let New Year's Day pass without scribbling a few lines to repeat once more to you with my hearty prayers and wishes for your happiness. People declare that New Year's Day is the day for telling lies. Let those say so who tell them. As for me I always welcome the return of the anniversary as an occasion for renewing the expressions of my old childhood's love. In one word, dearest papa, I wish you many, many happy New Years."

At this time Theophane was eighteen. Although he had given himself up to God from his youth, the devil filled him with doubts and temptations when it came to a question of deciding on his future vocation, and, as usual, his sister is the confidante of his troubles:—

"My dearest Mélanie,—We must talk a little of the Blessed Virgin, for I feel as if I had not spoken enough of her this year. Can it be that I have changed? I think not; but other thoughts preoccupy me just now. I am nearly at the end of my classes here and yet I seem to have no clear conception of my future. This worries me very much. I always thought I was called to the priesthood. Sometimes I say to myself, 'What a glorious thing it is to be a priest! What it must mean to say one's first Mass!' But then for that, one must be so good!—so pure!—like one of God's angels. That is why I hesitate. Please unite your prayers with mine, that I may discern God's will in the matter. Will you? But why do I ask? I know you will, and I want you to give me your Communion the first Sunday in Lent with this intention, and I will prepare myself for the same."

A little later he writes, "O my dearest sister, do write to me at once, for I look only to you for comfort. Bring back hope to my poor sad heart; that is your mission, you know. As regards me, I should like to laugh and be merry with you; but I have not the heart. I wait for your letter with the greatest anxiety."

Still his heart turned towards Mary in the midst of his greatest distresses: "O Mary, how I love the word! Mary, refuge of sorrowful hearts! Mary, under whose wing we have both sheltered ourselves, like little children with their mother at the approach of the enemy! I love Mary, but I think you, my dearest sister, love her more." . . . Then he comes back to his previous sorrow. I get so weary of life and everything, I don't know what to do. It is only to you that I dare own such a thing. But you, you are half of myself. You are more than my sister—you are my guardian angel!"

BLESSED THEOPHANE VENARD
(Martyred in Tongking in 1861)

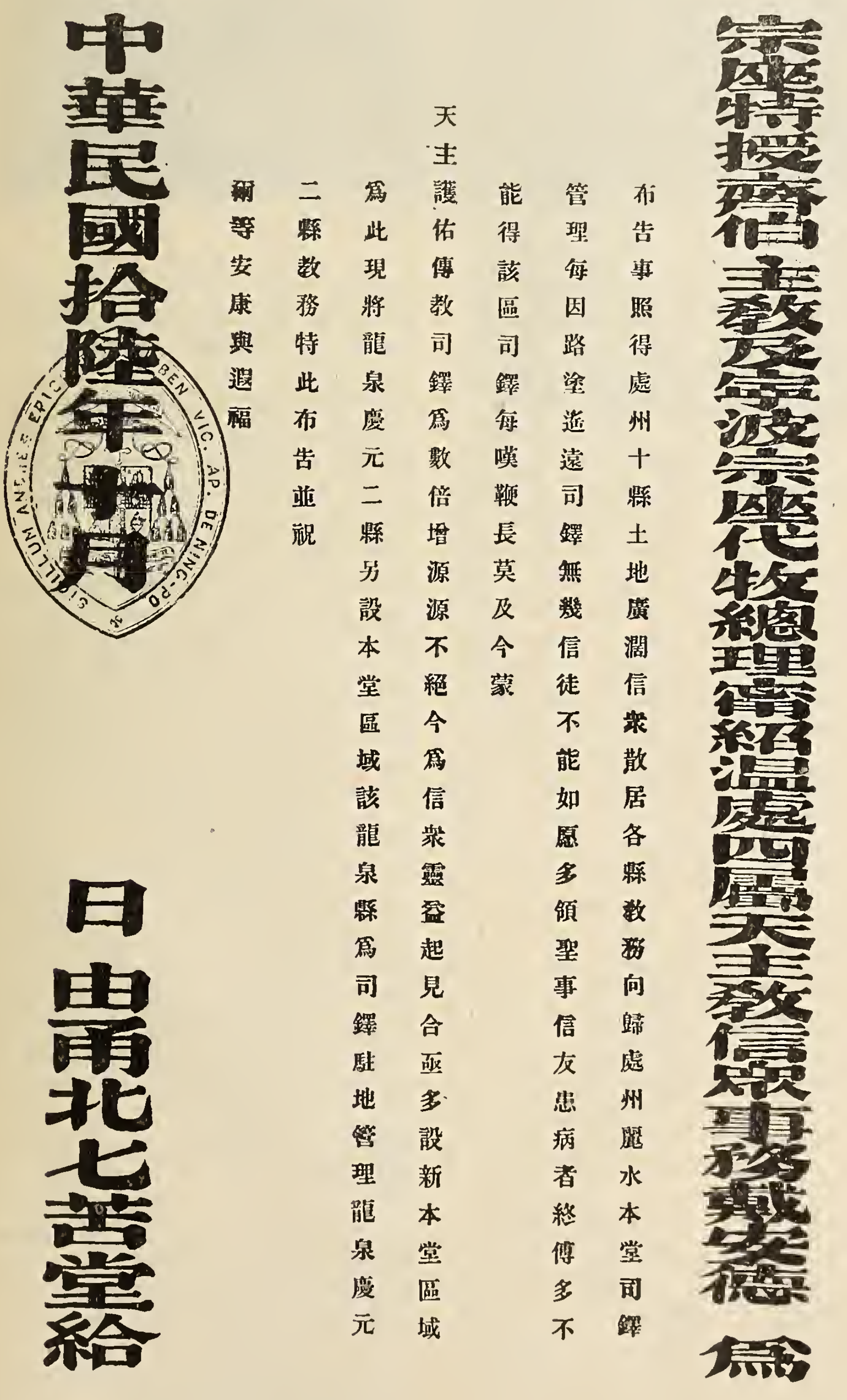
At last, by God's grace, peace came back to his soul, and he writes,—

"Dearest Mélanie,—Thank you, my good little sister, thank you a thousand times for your delicious letter. Oh what good it has done me! Once more I thank you with all my heart, that's all I can say. Here is the month of Mary nearly over! It is high time we should talk about her a little. We too have special devotions every day for Mary's month, and I delight in decorating her altar. We have a quantity of beautiful roses in the garden here. The largest and sweetest, you may be sure, I keep for our tender, good Mother, and it is a great pleasure to offer her fresh ones every morning. I fear the hands of the heart that bring them are miserably unworthy; but she is so good, she receives everybody! Well may we call her 'Comfort of the Afflicted' and 'Refuge of Sinners.'

"Oh, if you did but know how my poor old head works when I am all alone, and can't sleep for thinking! Oh, how happy I should be in a quiet coun-

(Continued on page 8)

NEWS FROM CHINA



宗座特授齊佰主教及寗波宗座代牧總理甯紹溫處四屬天主教信衆事務戴安德　爲

布告事照得處州十縣土地廣濶信衆散居各縣教務向歸處州麗水本堂司鐸

管理每因路塗遙遠司鐸無幾信徒不能如願多領聖事信友患病者終傳多不

能得該區司鐸每嘆鞭長莫及今蒙

天主護佑傳教司鐸爲數倍增源源不絕今爲信衆靈益起見合亟多設新本堂區域

爲此現將龍泉慶元二縣另設本堂區域該龍泉縣爲司鐸駐地管理龍泉慶元

二縣教務特此布告並祝

爾等安康與遐福

中華民國拾陸年十月　日　由甬北七苦堂給

No, this does not convey the Missionaries' Christmas Greetings to you—it is a reproduction of the official document sent by Bishop Defebvre of Ningpo to Father Serra appointing him Pastor of Lungchuan and Kingyuen.

FATHER SERRA APPOINTED PASTOR OF LUNGCHUAN AND KINGYUEN. FATHER KAM GOES WITH HIM AS ASSISTANT.

His Lordship Bishop Defebvre has been pleased to erect our districts of Lungchuan and Kingyuen into a separate parish and has placed Father Serra in charge. Father Serra will be assisted by Father Kam. Following is the letter of appointment:

Andreas Defebvre

Bishop of Gibben and Vicar Apostolic of Ningpo, with Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction in Ningpo, Shaohsing, Wenchow, and Chuchow, Peace.

The ten subprefectures of Chuchow being very extensive and the Christians scattered, and the care of souls in each subprefecture in the past being entrusted to the Rector of Lishui (Chuchow), it happened continually, on account of the great distance and the scarcity of priests, that the faithful were unable "ad libitum" to receive the Sacraments frequently, and the sick Extreme Unction; the said priest continually lamented his inability to meet the situation.

Now, that, through the blessing of God, the number of missionaries has increased and will continue to increase in future, it is necessary for the good of souls to establish a number of resident pastors.

Wherefore we establish Lungchuan and Kingyuen as a separate parish, with Rector's headquarters at Lungchuan, for the care of souls in the two sub-prefectures of Lungchuan and Kingyuen.

Imparting a blessing for peace and happiness.

Given at Ningpo, Church of the Seven Dolors, 10th month, 16th year of the Republic of China.

* * *

Two Catholic papers, the "Ting Ming Pao," and the "Catholic Observer," one in Chinese, the other in English, have been established in China to help the Catholic Chinese Missions. Both publications are printed in Shanghai. Several missionary societies are backing the enterprises, which have the approval of the Bishops of Shanghai

THEOPHANE VENARD.

(Continued from page 6)

try parish with my Mélanie! I would guide the good people to try to save their souls, and you would have care of the church; and together we would labor for God, and talk of Him and of His Mother, and of all those we have loved and lost. But one thought troubles me in the midst of these castles in the air. All this is very good and very pleasant certainly; but when it comes to the point, what is the Priesthood? Is it not an entire detachment from all worldy goods—a complete abandonment of all temporal interests? To be a Priest, one should be a Saint. To guide others, one must first learn to guide oneself. Then should not the life of a good Priest be one of continual sacrifice, self-immolation, and mortification of all kinds? How in the world should I ever have the courage to embrace such a life,—I who am so little advanced in the paths of virtue, or of penance?

"These are my thoughts, darling sister, and they always come back to the same thing.

"But when I pray God to enlighten me, I seem to hear an interior voice singing, 'Thou must be a Priest; God gives His grace to all who ask Him.' Then a great peace seems to come over me, and I find myself happy and contented. You will say, 'What on earth am I to conclude from all this?' Why, that the choice of a vocation is a terrible thing, and that whoever thinks of it seriously is in a desperate difficulty.

"But as concerns myself, I hope, in spite of my unworthiness, that God will have pity upon me. Our God is a Father, and a most tender Father; and we have besides a powerful Advocate in one who deigns to be our Mother."

BUT in Mélanie's own heart the struggle was going on likewise as to the choice of a vocation, and the mutual difficulties and the entire confidence which they had in each other bound them, if possible, still more closely. In Theophane's mind his sister appeared more and more holy, while his own love for God was unconsciously increasing in like proportion.

He writes again to her, "You may be quite sure that I am true to my promise, and if you pray for me I feel often as if my life were one prayer for you. But though you will laugh at me for saying so, I can't help sometimes, when I am asking God and His saints to enlighten us, I can't help, I say, wishing for what you do not desire. I hear you say, 'But this is not right; this is not really loving me.' Don't be angry, the thought is repented of as soon as conceived. But the fact is, I cannot bear the idea of a total separation. I am afraid this arises from selfishness on my part; never mind, it is only a slight shade. No, dearest Mélanie! believe this,—I will never try for an instant to turn you from any generous or holy project. I should be afraid of robbing you of your crown! But I tell you frankly that to lose you would be a terrible sacrifice on my part. Every time the thought comes across my mind, I beg for the grace of God to enable me to bear it, if it be His will that you should go and leave us. I wish only for your highest happiness. You say that God calls you. If so, so much the better for you! I can only envy you your lot, and hope that some day I may have the like favor. Let us leave it to our dear Lord and Master to direct our future; our only business is to strive to correspond with His grace as far as we possibly can."

"We wish our benefactors a Happy New Year."

Theophane was going upwards with rapid strides, and not content with the Prieshood, was beginning to thirst after the higher glories of the Apostolate. He himself said later that he was, as it were, led by the hand, not knowing whither he was going. The following memorandum, found among his copybooks, and dated June 17th, 1847, shows the working of his mind at that time:—

"To-day in the chapel of the College at Doué, I made a vow to Mary, Refuge of Sinners, to say my rosary every day, *in order to obtain a special grace from God.*"

In the following letter to his sister, he gives an enthusiastic description of the procession on the Festival of Corpus Christi, and concludes with the words, "If religious services on earth are so glorious, what must they be in Heaven? Eternity! Have you ever thought of this word? Eternal, eternal! a thing which will never end, never end! Reflecting on such subjects sometimes overwhelms me, although I am still inclined to be giddy and thoughtless. I try occasionally to find some kind of theory about it which I can comprehend; but when I have made my plan I only feel, 'Oh what a goose I am!' and then all my fine building crumbles away."

THEOPHANE had remained six years at the College of Doué, and he already gave promise of great ability. His frank, sweet-tempered nature made him a universal favorite, while his piety, sound judgment, and high principle won the respect and confidence of his tutors. Although kind to every one, he kept his love for his own family and for two or three of his companions; and on these he lavished all the wealth of his affectionate, loving heart. This devotion to his family and to one or two congenial souls far exceeded any ordinary love or friendship, and seemed to be permitted by God in order to show the full power of His grace, which hereafter would wean him from all human ties, and say to him, as to Abraham, "Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I shall show thee."

As to his person, although under medium height, he had a peculiarly pleasing and taking appearance, with a frank expression, a clear complexion—slightly tinged with red—bright eyes, and a very fascinating manner.* He was above the average in his studies, always bringing home the first prizes, and he had a great talent for poetry and other kinds of composition.

At the vacation in 1847 he left school, and in the month of October entered what is called "Le Petit Séminaire" at Montmorillon. He was very happy here, and wrote to his sister, "From the bottom of my heart, dearest Mélanie, I do assure you I never was so happy. . . . †'Cor unum et anima una',—this is the motto of the congregation! Such words can come only from God Himself! Is not that the link which unites all Christians to one another? Is it not this feeling which creates the Missioner, the Priest, the Christian Brother, the Sister of Charity? Cor unum, we can apply it to ourselves, for our love and our hopes are one. Oh, yes! Cor unum et anima una! We can say so now, and we shall be able to say so still better later, if God calls you to serve Him more distinctly. Go, go, my dear, good sister. I will never stop you, notwithstanding the sorrow I cannot help feeling at the idea. But think a little bit of our father, our dear, good father. I pray for you every day, that God may deign to enlighten us both and to show us His Holy Will."

THERE was nothing gloomy or repelling in his religion. On the contrary, he was always cheerful and merry, especially at Montmorillon, where his entrain and gaiety became proverbial, and where the little feasts of which he was the presiding genius will be remembered as long as his generation remains.*

In spite of his gaiety and fun, however, Theophane had a strong groundwork of serious and deep feeling, which came out in his letters to his little brother, of which we will give some extracts here:—

A missionary in China, attired in his very best, on his way to pay an official visit to a mandarin. Father Casuscelli is at Hanchungfu, Middle Shensi, China.

"My dear little Eusebius,—Well, how do you like school? Are the lessons very hard? Very disagreeable? Courage! you are just now at the bottom of the ladder. Very soon you will get on, and see the fruit of your work. Have you found any fellows that you like? Have you jolly games together? Tell me all. I so often think of my poor little brother and wish I could be with him, especially in these first weeks of his school life. . . . It is half-past six in the evening. The wind blows through the chinks of the door; isn't it bitter? But I feel so for you, my poor little man. I am sure your poor toes and paws are all over chilblains, as mine used to be; and the tip of your nose is all frozen, isn't it? Ah! but that's the true life of a schoolboy! We go to learn to bear; but let us leave the winter behind, and wish one another a very, very happy New Year, and Paradise by and by, though I hope not just yet, as I don't feel disposed to give up my little brother so soon. I recollect how in old times you used to long for New Year's Day, but then that was all for the presents and sugar-plums. Now, alas! there are no presents and no goodies—only lessons. Oh, dear! But by and by you will be glad to have learned something, so as to be fit to fulfil the duties God will appoint for you in life, and thus win Heaven. For that, dear Eusebius, and that alone, must be the object of all our actions. Work hard, work well, not to get praise, or honor, or prizes, but because you will thus please God. Take this as the maxim of your life: 'All for our good God.' Don't neglect your prayers. Be docile to your superiors, for they are set over you by God; be loving and kind to your companions, and then everybody will love you, and you will be really happy."

Then came his little brother's Communion, and Theophane writes,—

"MY dear little brother has just made a great step in life, and a step towards another world. For one little moment you paused and pitched your tent, and looked back to all your childish faults, faults which the world counts little, but which a Christian judges differently; and kneeling at the feet of God's priest, you told him all these little failings and shortcomings, and he lifted the burden from your shoulders with the words of absolution in the name of the Thrice Holy God. You have now become once more innocent as a little child, and the friend of the angels; and you have received Him whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain. Oh, the inexpressible happiness of the child's first Communion! Who can describe that mystery of love? Only angels know that language.

(Continued on page 13)

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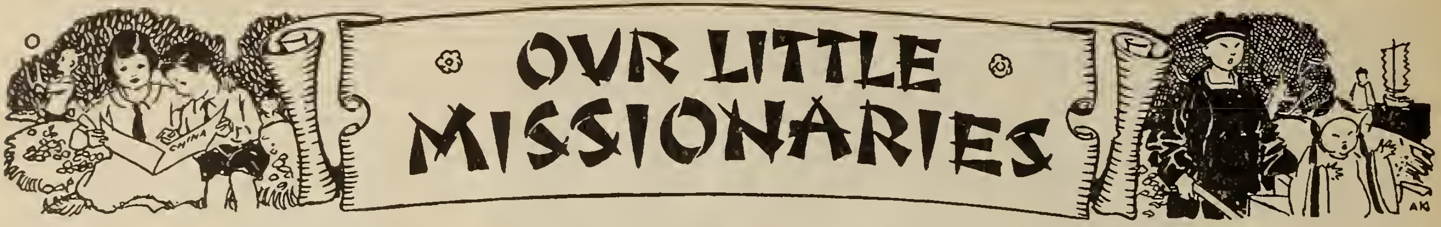
*The hair was dark, almost black. The writer has in his possession several relics, brought from St. Loup, and among them are some locks of hair, cut before Theophane's departure. A daguerreotype which formerly hung in the home of Fr. Eusebius Vénard at Assai, gives the truest likeness.—(Ed.)

†One heart and one mind.

*Montmorillon is only a short journey from Poitiers, and in the early part of July, 1905, the writer spent a pleasant day and night at the "petit séminaire." Several new frescoes adorn the chapel, one describing in detail the martyrdom of Theophane Vénard, the others being devoted to two more of the alumni who have also won the "martyr's crown." The members of the seminary faculty, a body of bright, active young diocesan priests, were most gracious and attentive to the American who was interested in their saintly pupil, and the students of English on this occasion enjoyed the novelty of hearing English spoken without a French accent. The traditions of the house have hardly changed since Theophane and Eusebius Vénard lived there.—(Ed.)



OUR LITTLE MISSIONARIES

Cast of "The Rivals" at Loretto Abbey College, Toronto. Left to Right—Top Row: Isobel Devlin, Josephine Brophy, Mae Rouselle, Tillie Jackman, Viola Harris, Madeleine Hamilton. Front Row: Sarah Dwyer, Helena McGrath, Frances Fitzpatrick, Helen Radigan, Monica Boyen, Muriel Smith. In a performance which critics acclaimed as the last word in dramatic art, these talented young University students won glory for themselves and their Alma Mater and obtained for our Mission work the handsome sum of Fifty Dollars.

WONDERFUL CRUSADERS.

The High School Crusaders of Loretto Day School, Toronto, are most zealous workers for the cause of the missions, both Home and Foreign. Last year as a result of their efforts for the Canadian West, $500.00 was donated towards the erection of a chapel and a magnificent chalice, made from gold and silver ornaments collected by the youthful crusaders from their friends, was presented to His Grace Archbishop Sinnott.

This year they are working for China, and as an earnest of their desire to help the missions, they presented Dr. McRae, at their last meeting, with a cheque for $250.00. And their assistance is by no means confined to the generous material offerings gathered by the pupils themselves, by their entertainments and sales of candy, etc. The members pray regularly for the success of the missions both at home and abroad and thus render invaluable assistance in the work for souls.

The work of Loretto Day School Crusade Unit is a revelation. It serves to show us just what marvels might be accomplished and what wonderful assistance rendered to Home and Foreign Mission work if only the Crusade were organized in all the institutions throughout the country. Few units would assomplish as much as has been done and is being done by our zealous little friends at Brunswick Ave. But our children would become alive to the needs of the missions and the results of their sympathy for, and interest in, those who are giving their lives for the salvation of souls would be far-reaching and incalculable.

We are very proud of our young Crusaders of Loretto. Their splendid achievements will prove an example and an inspiration to the other Crusade Units throughout the country.

If I knew that a word of mine,
A word not kind and true,
  Might leave its trace
  On a loved one's face,
I wouldn't speak harshly:
        Would you?
If I knew that the light of a smile
Might linger the whole day through
  And lighten some heart
  With a heavier part,
I wouldn't withhold it:
        Would you?

AT CLOSE OF DAY

When the saffron-glow of evening comes a creeping o'er the land,
Golden, crimson, mellowing, changing is the canvass of the sky,
And the twilight comes a stealing and the sun-god's chariot wheeling,
And the ripe red lips of sunset kiss the fleeting day goodbye.

Then the twilight draws the curtain on the windows of the day,
And the hands of night are softly, slowly hauling down the shades,
As the blue-bells' cups are closing on a world from toil reposing,
And with stealthy steps the truant day steals softly through the glades.

'Tis an hour made for dreamers as the long day's toil is ending,
And the angelus is tolling for the passing of today,
While the hearth-stone's coals are gleaming and strange spectres go a streaming,
On the walls about my study, goblins, hunchbacks, demons, fays.

Then I often sit and ponder on the One who made the picture,
As the ploughshare of the sunset makes a furrow in the sea,
While a ruby lamp is throbbing, an imprisoned artist sobbing,
For the countless lost vocations—for the priests that ought to be.

Men have blotched his wondrous canvas with their pagan gods and pleasures,
And their many-storied temples rear themselves against His sky,
While the fiends of hell are grinning and the whole wide world is sinning,
As the twilight comes a stealing I can hear him sob and cry.

Oh, the marred and ruined canvass of the souls which He created!
There within His altar-prison He is crying out for priests.
That the God who made the sunset and the twilight and the starlight
May rebeautify the canvass of his greatest masterpiece.

H. F. X. S.

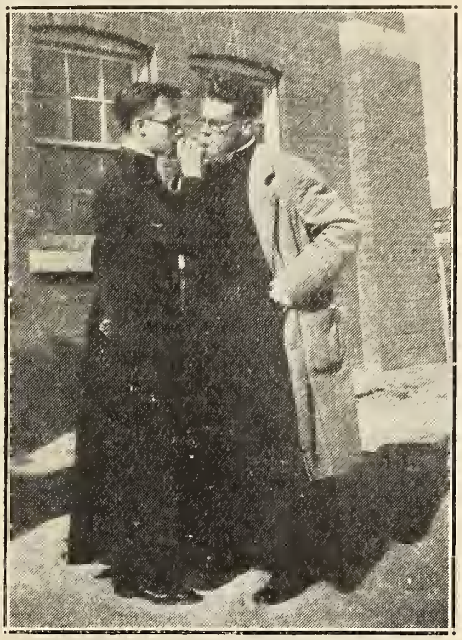
FATHERS MORRISON AND KAM VISIT PAGAN TEMPLE.

After the celebration of one of our Holydays here Father Kam and I proposed to go to the Yan Jan Shan, a mountain about fifteen "li" distant, and there spend the day. On the top of the mountain is a famous Buddist Monastery, four hundred years old, and this we selected as our rendezvous. So on the morrow we arose at four, said Mass by the light of the candle, and were soon on our way, acocmpanied by the local catechist, Mr. Wong, and one of the little boys from the seminary at Ningpo, who was staying with us during the vacation. All went fine till we reached the base of the mountain and then we began a long and very tiresome climb of fifteen hundred feet. It was not till 8.30 that we reached the summit.

After resting a while to cool off, we partook of some hot tea and then went to inspect the monastery. At the entrance is the idol of the laughing Budda, surrounded by figures distorted and indescribably ugly. In the inner court is the sitting Budda and on each side are twenty-four idols keeping guard over their master, among them being a figure representing St. Thomas the Apostle. How did he find his way into such choice company, you ask? Well, St. Thomas brought the faith into India. The Buddists there imitated many of the Catholic practices and finally claimed St. Thomas as their own. So in every temple a figure representing St. Thomas is placed among the idols. There are numerous shrines and niches scattered around, each with its own proper idol and plenty of paper and incense sticks so that the devotees may have every opportunity of worshipping at their favorite shrine.

Meal Time.

Towards eleven o'clock the working hands began to come in for "Chow" and of course they had to have a "look-see" at the foreigners. The catechist availed himself of this opportunity to discourse upon the falsity of the Buddist religion and the truth of Christianity. The Subprior also came and listened. He said that although he held this office he knew nothing whatever about Buddism. He was asked by the Father Abbot to come and he, of course, willingly accepted, for then he was assured of a place to sleep and his daily rice. He was suffering from a serious malady and he asked us to give him some foreign medicine. Father Kam promised him some so the next day he sent one of his workmen to the residence for it. He says that if he is cured he will embrace the Christian religion.


High lights in student life.

Our cook prepared a splendid dinner for us, to which we all did justice. After dinner we went to the highest part of the mountain to take some snaps. It was only the persuasive powers of Father Kam that prevailed upon the Father Abbot to come and join us. He thought we were worldly people and he had long since fled from the world to a life of seclusion in the temple. He was very reticent and not inclined to enter into a discussion. However, he showed us the cells of the monks, in each of which there is only a chair, a miserable bed and an altar with the Budda and the ever present incense sticks. For sheer poverty they are equal to the cells of the monks of old, but I venture to say that the cells of old were a little cleaner and not so infested with cobwebs and cockroaches.

Prepare for Return Journey.

At five o'clock we had supper, after which we prepared for the descent of the mountain. The Father Abbot came to see us off and we gave him a little tip for which he was extremely grateful. As we left the gates he smiled and bowed us farewell. There are thousands of those Buddist monks to whom their religion means little more than a means of providing them with food and lodging. One of them told Father Fraser sometime ago that he would become a Christian if he had any assurance of being kept alive after leaving his monastery. There is really little they could do. They are not afraid of austerities. In fact, the "ordination" ceremony, or part of it, in the case of a Buddist priest, consists of burning five holes in the top of the head, right to the bone. If they cannot bear the pain they are unworthy to be Buddist priests.

Home Again.

We made rapid descent and within one hour were within the western gate of the city. We headed straight for the river and had a refreshing plunge. We usually take a dip every evening after the heat of the day.

Chuchow is hot in summer but with the fall the weather becomes much more pleasant. Even in the intense summer heat one can manage if one is careful in regard to food and clothing. White is the best color, and as for food, it pays to eat very little meat and more of the Chinese vegetables and fruits. There are plenty of watermelons here but as they are a fruitful source of typhoid we leave them severely alone.

We ask you all to remember us in your prayers, especially during these troubled times in China, that the heart of this great pagan nation may open to receive the seed of Divine faith and may bring forth fruit a hundredfold.

Yours in the Lord,

VINCENT MORRISON.

Sorry He Spoke.

The doctor had forgotten his patient's name, but, not willing to admit it, said: "Is you name spelled with 'i' or 'e'?"

The astonished patient answered: "Why doctor, my name is Hill."—Western Christian Advocate.

The ability to speak several languages is valuable, but the ability to keep your mouth shut in one language is priceless.

Nonsense

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"

Well Told.

Clerk (showing customer golf stockings)—Wonderful value, sir. Worth double the money. Latest pattern, fast colors, holeproof, won't shrink, and it's a good yarn.

Customer—Yes, and very well told.—Montreal Gazette.

Grabbed Its Pelts.

"What is an opportunist?"

"One who meets the wolf at the door and appears the next day in a fur coat."

Had Bridget's Number.

Plumber—"I've come to fix that old tub in the kitchen."

Youngster—"Mama, here's the doctor to see the cook.—Cynic.

Still Safe.

Agitated Wife—I'm positive that that was a man we ran over.

Motorist (in the fog)—Good. Then we're still on the road all right.—Passing Show.

Much Repair Work.

"He certainly gets a lot of fun out of that old car of his."

"You are perfectly correct. He doesn't get much in it."—Calgary Herald.

Useless Vocabulary.

Magistrate—The police say that you and your wife had some words.

Prisoner—I had some, sir, but I didn't get a change to use them!—The Humorist.

Cookery with a Kick.

Young Wife—I'm afraid, dear, my pie is not all it should be. I think I must have left something out.

Husband (with a grimace, after sampling it)—There's nothing you could leave out that would make it taste like that. It must be something you put in.—Boston Transcript.

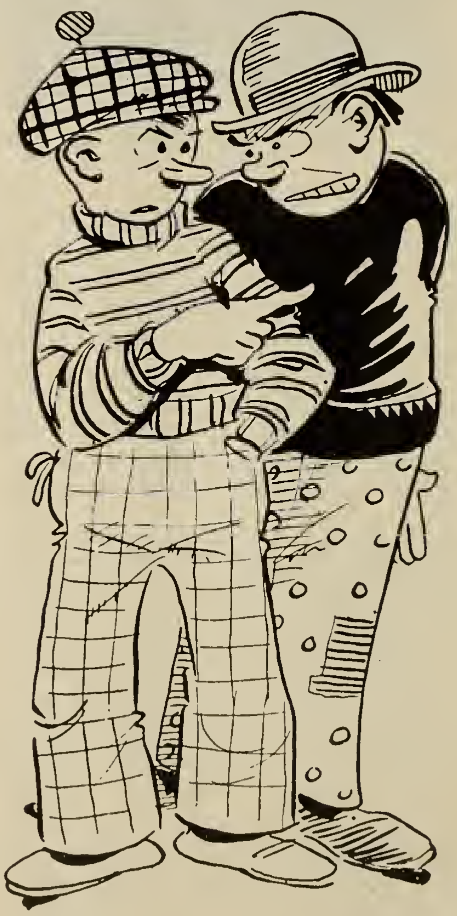
An Opportunist.

She—And what did papa say when you told him you couldn't sleep for thinking of me?

Jack—He offered me a job as night watchman in his factory.—Boston Transcript.

Coward!

"A shockin' coward my husband is. I was telling 'im off proper outside th' public library, when off 'e run inside an' stood near one o' them 'Silence' notices."—London Opinion.



"That man is wanted in Chicago."

"What for?"

"He's a crook."

"What do they want more crooks in Chicago for?"

Fixed Him That Time.

Mrs. Ritz—Nora, was the butcher boy impudent again when you telephoned your order this morning?"

Nora—Sure, but I fixed him this time. I sez: "Who the blazes do you think yer talkin' to? This is Mrs. Ritz talking."—Tit-Bits.

Canning the Patter.

A barber was much surprised to receive a tip before he had cut his customer's hair.

"Thank you, sir! It isn't many who tip us first," he said.

"That isn't a tip," snapped the man in the chair. "That's hush money."—Answers.

A Poor Substitute.

Unfortunate Motorist—Madam, I fear your puppy is dead. If you will allow me I will replace the animal.

Owner (icily)—Sir, you flatter yourself.—Birmingham Gazette and Express.

Poor Fish!

A fishy, fresh fisher named Fisher
Fished for a fish in a fissure
When the fish with its fin
Fetched the fisherman in;
Now they're fishing the fissure for
Fisher.—(The Globe).

Pretty Dicky.

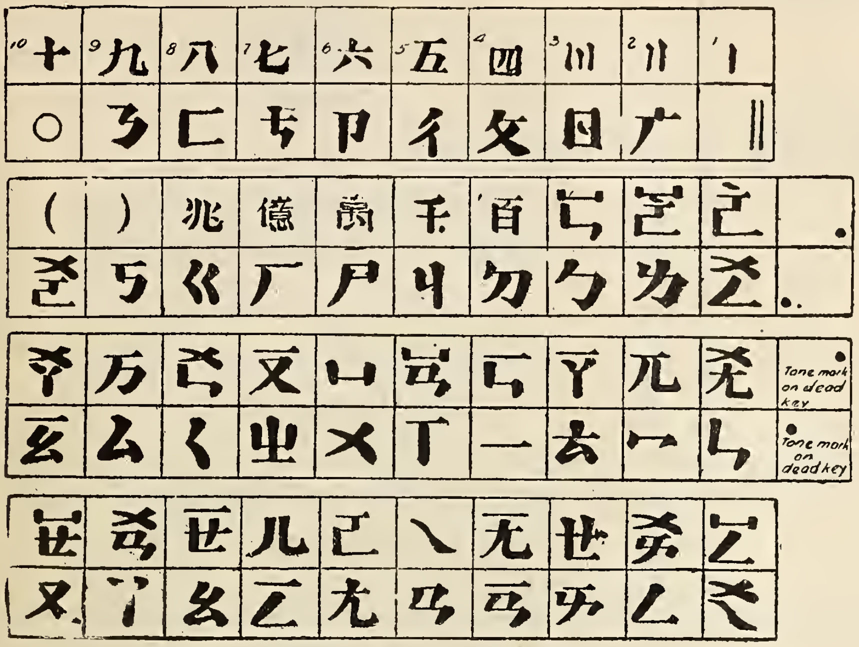
Mistress—the master was very happy this morning, Jane. He went off to the city whistling.

Jane—Yes, mum, it was my mistake—I made his porridge of birdseed!—The Passing Show (London).

Returning the Compliment.

Professor's wife—I suppose you have forgotten that this is the anniversary of your wedding.

Absent-minded husband—Eh! What! Dear me! Is it really? And when is yours, my dear?



Keyboard of new Chinese typewriter.

AT LAST—A CHINESE TYPEWRITER.

A typewriter for the Chinese has been perfected at long last and after many years of futile experimentation. It has been made possible by the introduction into China of the new alphabet known as the "Chu Yin Tsu-Mu" or national phonetic alphabet which is now being taught in all the Chinese schools.

Learned men from all sections of the country "put their heads together" in an effort to devise a simplified Chinese alphabet. The result of their efforts is the creation of one of forty symbols which represent elementary signs. These signs are modifiable by tone marks which give a different meaning to a word according to the inflection they designate.

The Chinese typewriter has 48 characters on its keyboard, comprising all the phonetic symbols, 21 compound signs, Chinese numerals, tone marks, a symbol indicating emphasis, parenthesis marks and a period.

THEOPHANE VENARD.

(Continued from page 9)

May you understand it, too, my dear little angel on earth!"*

Theophane was now eighteen. His year of Philosophy was over, and he was about to be transferred from the "Petit" to the "Grand Séminaire," but first he was allowed to go home, and his joy found vent in the following words:—

"In a month more I shall see the sky of my native valley. How happy the thought makes me! My friends at the 'Grand Séminaire' begin their vacation a month sooner, which makes me rather envious. Well, the time will soon slip by. My schoolboy life is at an end; it has not been without its trials, but it has had its sweets too. For the moment I feel as if I wanted the fresh air of my own dear home to strengthen me, body and soul. Till now I have not lived, so to speak. I am going to begin. Every living thing seems to me to follow its vocation. The river flows to the sea, and the plant germinates, and the animal feeds and grows, and man lives and draws daily nearer to God. But each man walks after his own fashion. The business of one is to cultivate the soil; another, the intellect. Handicrafts supply the material wants of mankind; politics, the social. One and all gravitate towards their end, which is death, although each follows a different path. In one sense man has a free will, but he can scarcely be said to choose his career; it is almost always marked out for him. If he wanders from it, nothing but confusion is the result. Well, I am longing to work and to find my place in the world, to spend and be spent for my brethren. Whatever course be proposed to me, I always come back to that—to be a Priest. No other career has the least attraction for me. Yes, one day I shall be the soldier of Jesus Christ, and fight under the banner of the Church, and the day will soon dawn for the fulfilment of that wish. That is why I feel so happy at the thought of going home soon. A week or two among my own people, and then to my cell and to my vocation forevermore."

(To be continued)

---

*Eusebius Vénard was, until his death, February 24, 1913, pastor of Assai, a small town about five miles from the railway station at Airvault, and less than four miles from the paternal home of St. Loup.—(Ed.)

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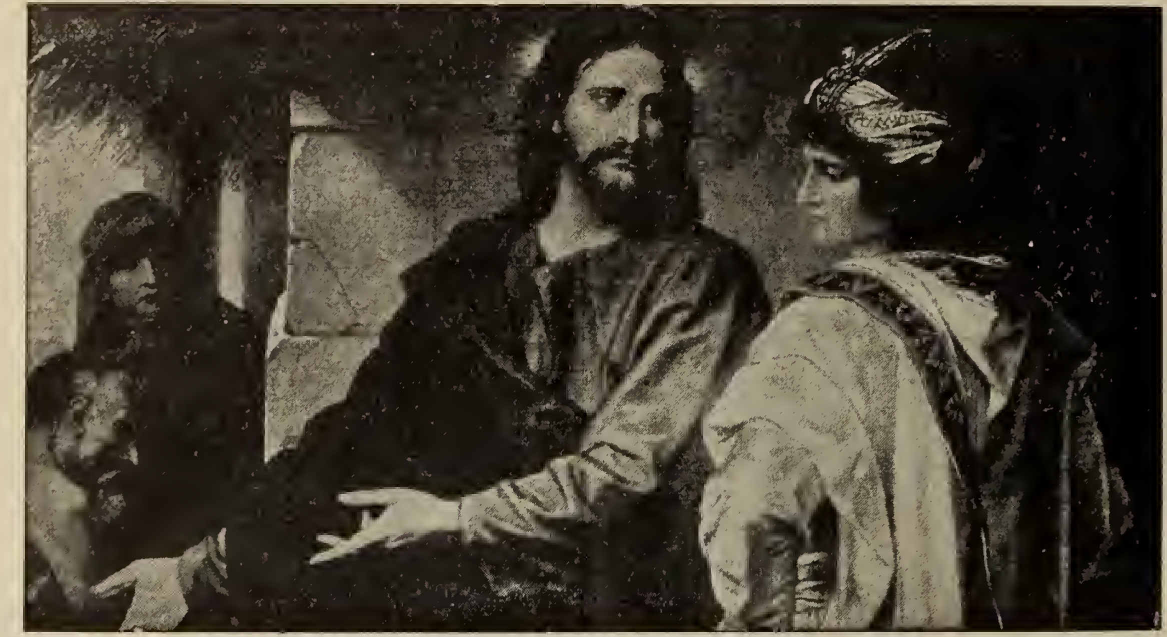

"And Jesus looking on him loved him, and said to him: One thing is wanting unto thee: go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me—who being struck sad at that saying went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions."—Mark 10, 21:22.)

"Alas, alas for those who die without fulfilling their mission, who were called to worship Christ and who plunged into this giddy and unbelieving world, who were called to fight and remained idle. Alas for those who have had gifts and talents and have not used, or misused or abused them.

"The world goes on from age to age, but the holy Angels and blessed Saints are always crying alas, alas and woe, woe over the LOSS OF VOCATIONS and the disappointment of hopes and the scorn of God's Love and the ruin of souls."

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EDITORIAL PAGE
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Editor - Rev. Wm. C. McGrath

Vol. IX. No. 1.

St. Francis Xavier Seminary was founded in 1919 by Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, for the purpose of providing secular priests for the Chinese Missions. It is under the direct supervision of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda and under the management of the Bishops of Ontario.

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Losing Ground

In a recent issue the magazine "Liberty" said editorially that Christianity throughout the world was losing ground. By way of example it pointed to Russia, Mexico and China and went on to say that in view of the very real danger from forces seeking the destruction of Christianity it would be better for the Christian Churches to cease fighting among themselves and unite against the common foe. A praiseworthy conclusion, you will agree.

* * *

After all it would be something of an anomaly to suppose that "Christian churches" should find it difficult to cease fighting. A cessation of the acrimony so much in evidence today in certain quarters would hardly seem to imply any great sacrifice of Christian principles. A real union of the churches, however, is an impossibility for the simple reason that there can be no compromise between error and truth. Where there are fundamental principles fundamentally opposed there must be error somewhere. Either Christ was the Son of God or He was not. Either He was or was not born of a Virgin Mother. How can there be compromise on such matters? Surrender is the only compromise if error and truth are to unite.

Is "Liberty" right when it says that Christianity is losing ground? We think not. By Christianity we presume it means the sum total of doctrines and practices of all the sects professing to be followers of Christ. But that is anything but Christianity, which must necessarily consist of logical and harmonious doctrines. On this all will agree but as to where it is to be found is another matter. Even Webster's New International Dictionary defines Christianity as "the system of doctrines and precepts taught by Christ." That definition can hardly include in its scope the conflicting doctrines of hundreds of sects and the chaos that inevitably ensues. No, it is not Christianity that is breaking down but the hopeless labyrinth of error and heresy and it is the mistake of regarding this as a real breakdown of Christianity that may one day make easier the onward march of Bolshevism.

* * *

"Liberty" cites Mexico, Russia and China as examples and thus hints that Catholicism, (the only real Christianity), is also losing ground. This we most emphatically deny. Prosecution, as far as the Church is concerned, is anything but synonymous with failure or defeat. On the contrary, we know that the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians and history shows us that the faith is never more strong than when tried in the crucible of persecution, never more vigorous and enduring than in lands that have been reddened with martyr's blood. Catholicism is not losing ground either in Mexico or Russia or China.

* * *

Calles may plunder churches, desecrate convents and butcher priests by the score. He is only intensifying the love of the faith in the hearts of the persecuted Mexican people, only preparing the way for a glorious resurrection of the Church long after he has passed to join the "gallant" band of Neros and Caligulas of days gone by. Russia may proclaim aetheism. as the state religion and send priests and sisters to exile of unspeakable horror. But it is not thus that the faith is destroyed. Rather is it made stronger by efforts intended to bring about its destruction.

As for China we need only say that during the past fifteen years missionary activity has been more intense and results more gratifying than at any other time in the country's history. During those fifteen years there have been more converts to the Catholic faith than there were Catholics in the whole of China at any other time. From a population of less than a million fifteen years ago the Catholics of China have grown in numbers until today they number two million three hundred thousand. And that surely is not "losing ground."

Among the Mountains of Chekiang

Come, with Father Venini as your guide, for a tour through the mountains of Chekiang. New faces, entrancing scenery, customs weird and quaint! You will enjoy this picturesque story of the travels of our Missionaries in their quest for souls in China.

"BIG HILL BEHIND"! ALL CHANGE! NEXT COACH FOR BANGA TOMORROW MORNING!

"Big Hill Behind" is a tiny village of mud and stone houses, the first Christianity after leaving Tsing-Dee. It is well named, because it lies in a bowl shaped valley completly surrounded by high hills. We deserted Tsing-Dee early this morning. Father Fraser going on up to Chuchow and Father Kam and I, starting out on our visitation.

Pilgrims.

Immediately on crossing the river at Tsing-Dee, we started the ascent of our first range of mountains to be crossed. The path is very good, but oh so long. We met hundreds and hundreds of pilgrims going to Tsingtien, old men, and women with their crippled feet, sturdy young men and women, and many groups of children, all wending their way to Tsingtien, to adore their gods of clay, this being the first day of the Chinese month.

One would have to be both artist and poet, to describe the wonderful panoramas that lay spread before us, as we turned each bend on the road, or surmounted each crest. The path is exceptionally fine, being built by the offerings of the devotees of a temple at Big Hill Behind, in order to facilitate the pilgrims visits.

Keen Appetites.

Father Kam and his chair bearers. were soon far behind, as our boy and I forged ahead, over hill and dale. My it is fine to go swinging along up and down the mountain sides amid such beautiful surroundings. We reached Big Hill Behind, about one p.m., after nearly four hours good tramping, and I will leave you to imagine the state of our appetites. There is only one family Christian in the village, in fact only a few of the male members are Christians, but this did not prevent the women-folk from getting busy, and they soon had the table decorated with many bowls, pork, fish, vegetables, especially sweet potatoes, which are fine. The only trouble is, potatoes are considered the food of the poor, and we always have to tell them to prepare potatoes or we will be out of luck. We divorced our knives and forks at Tsingtien, so for the next two weeks we shall really live, "a la chinoise."

Curious Crowds.

It is not very often the natives of "these here parts" see a "foreign devil," so it was up to me to meet the demands of their childish curiosity. Where do you come from? What is the name of your country? How old are you? What is your name? Do you have chickens in your country? Then they examine the stuff in your clothes, your book, etc; but the camera was the most puzzling of all. One old fellow just couldn't understand how they got any one's image in there.

Paganism Not Dead.

One of the Christians took the afternoon off from digging potatoes to show us the "sights." They consisted in the temple which is very famous. Many of the natives from hereabouts have emigrated, mostly to Japan, and a good part of the earnings they have sent home have gone towards embellishing this temple, in thanksgiving for the favors received from the many gods sheltered under its roofs. There is quite a squad of men occupied about the place, painting etc., and there are many new gods, carved out of one solid piece of wood, life-size, ready to be painted and set upon their ledges. Paganism is certainly not dead in this vicinity. They tell us, that on the special feast day of the gods, ten thousand dollars are spent for the festivities.

I saw some very large gold fish in the tiny creek that runs through the village. They were fully eighteen inches long, and this is no fish story.

An Interrupted Nap.

There is very little dusk here, night coming on quickly as soon as the sun has disappeared behind the mountains. Supper over Father Kam heard the Christians' confessions, while I made myself a cozy nest of rice straw. I had just nicely dozed off, when I suddenly found myself blinking at a flaming torch of bamboo or reeds. It seems my room was also the "chapel" for private devotions, and the men folk had come to recite their usual night prayers. It is nothing short of miraculous how the natives wander about their homes with these crude torches, without setting fire to the place. There is straw, and bamboo baskets etc., heaped everywhere, and a spark would be enough to start the works blazing.

It Might be Worse.

You may be sure we enjoyed a good nights' sleep, with the exception of the time lost bouncing the rats off the bed clothes. Luckily though they were only rats, as there are many wild beasts in the mountains, and only a few nights, ago, a tiger, so they say, killed two cows.

The carriers had us up early next morning, as the day's march was to be rather stiff, and they wanted to get

(Continued on page 25.)

A MODERN MARTYR

ARTHUR KEELOR

By kind permission of the author. The life story of Blessed Theophane Venard, martyred in Tongking in 1861.

CHAPTER III.

Lack of space prevents our describing in detail Theophane's happy years at the grand seminary. How happy these years were we may gather from one of his letters to his sister Melinie.

"Everything speaks to me in my cell," he writes to his sister. "I love it as a mother loves her child. Everything about it encourages me to charity and devotion. I come in; to the right is my holy water stoup, and it seems to say to me, 'Your cell is your sanctuary; nothing impure must enter it,' and so I leave my worldliness at the door, and purify myself with holy water. I walk towards the window and look out on the sky, and I say to myself, 'Up there a place is reserved for you; work and struggle hard to win it.' Then I beg of our Lord to bless my labor, and lest any strange thought should disturb my mind, there hangs my Crucifix, preaching forever by the Divine example. Then above my book-case, the Cross streches out its arms and covers me with its shadow; and soon I shall have also the picture of Mary Immaculate watching over her Child. You fancy that I may have some troubles in my present life, dear Melanie? No; I do assure you this place is to me a paradise upon earth. Everyone is happy here, even those who, like me, are far from being saints!"

At the same time he was ever mindful of his home ties, and seized every little opportunity for opening his heart to his family. "How good you are to me!" he wrote one day, "and how I love you for your tender thought of me! I said, 'I want some sleeves,' and in a trice here they are! 'I should like a curtain for my window,' and there it hangs, keeping out all curious eyes. I desired some money, and behold, here it is, without my asking! as well as half a dozen minor things which make my little establishment complete. Only one thing is lacking and that is time! A little quarter of an hour to say, 'Thank you!' and again 'Thank you!' "

On one occasion he describes to his family the departure of one of the seminarians for the foreign missions, and his secret wish for the first time breaks forth: "Several vocations of the like nature have declared themselves," he exclaims. "It is quite glorious! We are in a state of excitement and enthusiasm about it not to be described." These words awoke some fears at home, especially in the heart of the sister who knew him best; and he writes in reply, "So my news troubled you, dear little sister, did it? But is there anything so very extraordinary in the fact that one among us is going to devote himself to the salvation of the heathen? Why, one talks of going to be a Jesuit; another, to La Trappe; another to China; and so on! Oh, if you think there are no events and no gossip in the Seminary, you are very much mistaken. But you have created a whole world of hope and fears out of that one little sentence of mine! I can scarcely help laughing. Another time don't let your imagination run wild, but sleep in peace."

In this humble and hidden life, like that of his Master at Nazareth, nothing is so striking as the way he passed from the natural to the supernatural. Everything spoke to him of God. One day after telling his brother how at Easter he had changed his room, and altered the arrangement of his things, he adds, "It is quite an event for me, this change; and now I am going to work away with fresh courage, for one thought pursues me, and seems to me to be at the bottom of all college life.

"Why have I come here? Ad quid venisti? Why come to a theological seminary? It is to go through a certain course of instruction, you will say. Well, but that course comes to an end; and then? .. .. .. Oh, when that thought comes to me, I can simply bow my head, and beg God to answer me. I will do as He shall appoint."

The vacation came round again, and Theophane took the opportunity to open his heart more entirely to his sister, both for his own consolation and because he knew that her faith would triumph over all human considerations ,and help him to overcome the shrinkings of his loving heart as he thought over a separation which would probably be final. He spent almost the whole time at home, and employed part of it in helping his brother to make a little grass terrace at the foot of the garden,[*] where, he fancied, after his departure they would be able to sit and think of the absent one whom they had freely given for God's work. On his return to the Seminary he seems to have redoubled his efforts to profit by this last year of study and preparation for his future career. But he did not neglect others in thinking of himself, and his letters to his little brother and to his sister are more frequent than ever. To the former he writes on the beauty of piety in the young, adding, however, "Now don't imagine it necessary to put on a sour face, or to look sanctimonious. True devotion is natural, gay, and bright, according to the words of St. Paul, 'Gaudete in Domino semper; iterum dico, gaudete.' "

To his father he writes, in view of his approaching vows:

"I am now at an age when my future career must be decided upon, and perhaps there may be a question of my marriage. All this might have been a subject of great anxiety and trouble to you. But, my dearest father, I have chosen my own path. Do not seek an earthly partner for me. Our Lord has called me, utterly unworthy as I am. He has asked for my whole heart, my body, soul, and spirit, and can I refuse Him what is His? And then I turn in thought to you, from whom, next to God, I have received all—to you, my darling father, and I ask, do not you wish the same thing for me? Are you not willing to give me up to God? To give me up without reserve; to make a complete sacrifice of your child? Oh, I am sure you will say yes! For if you have a father's heart, you have equally the heart of a fervent, loving Catholic. .. .. But I would add one word more. Is it not the father who takes the bride to the house of God, who gives her to her spouse? Do not her friends and relatives accompany her? Oh, I am sure you will do the same thing for me? Are you not willing my marriage, the mysterious union which joins a human soul to its Creator. You will come to offer to God the child He has given you. You will come and bless me not only in your own name, but in that of her who I feel sure is now helping us with her prayers before the Throne of God. You will bless me for my mother.

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[*] The Venard home at St. Loup was in possession of the family until the death of Fr. Eusebius in 1913. According to the custom of the country, a high stone-wall encloses the long, narrow garden in the rear, where Fr. Eusebius pointed out to the writer, on one of his visits, vegetable beds, rose-trees and lilies,—the many fruits of Theophane's vacation labors. —Ed.

But silently God's grace had been working and shaping his life in a manner which was becoming ever increasingly clear a young seminarian. Passionately as he loved his home he felt that God was asking of him the completest renunciation of all family ties—the leaving of home forever to work for souls on the Foreign Mission Field.

CHAPTER IV.

Breaking Home Ties.

Theophane's departure for the Paris Seminary was definitely settled, and it became necessary to break the news to his family ,and especially to his father, who, proud of his son, had already made endless plans for his future advancement. Theophane knew this; and although he thoroughly appreciated his father's courage and generosity, he yet shrunk, as his favorite child, from inflicting a blow which, he well knew, would annihilate all his father's hopes. Nevertheless, he could not bear that a strange hand should give the tidings, and so he summoned courage to pen the following letter, which we give in its entirety.

"February 7, 1851.

"My Dearest Father.—It is a little more than a month ago that, to my great joy, you came to witness my consecration to the service of God. You yourself, as it were, presented the victim at the altar. A poor and miserable offering indeed! yet such as it was our Lord in His infinite mercy accepted it. And since that moment how the time has flown! God guides the hearts of men, and they follow as He leads. God, as it were, took me by the hand, and spoke to me with an irrestible voice. 'My son!' He said, 'come, follow Me, fear nothing; you are little, and poor, and weak, and miserable, but I am the Almighty God. Come, I will be with thee!' And I, can I have a will in presence of the will of God?

"My dearly-loved father, have you understood me? One day God said to Abraham, 'Take thy only-begotten son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and go into the land of Vision; and there thou shalt offer him for a holocaust upon one of the mountains which I shall show thee.' And Abraham obeyed without a moment's hesitation, and without murmur; and his obedience was most pleasing to God. Now, my dearest father, do you begin to understand me? Here am I, the child whom you love; I have not borrowed a strange pen to tell you the truth. I come openly, without any subterfuges unworthy of us both. God calls me; yes, it is His call. Oh, call me likewise; say that you, too, are willing that your Theophane should become a missioner!

"Poor father! the word is said,—the Foreign Missions. Do not let your human nature shrink from the thought. Rather kneel and take your crucifix, that crucifix which received my mother's last breath, and say, 'My God, I consent, may Thy holy will be done. Amen.'

"O my father, forgive me for having struck the blow myself! Some people will tell you I am mad, ungrateful, a bad son, and I know not what besides. My darling father, you will not think so! I know you have a great and generous soul, and one that has drunk deeply at the only true source of real strength and greatness—that of Religion and Faith. I have saddened your heart; my own is sorrowful and heavy too. The sacrifice asked of us is hard—most hard! But, O Lord Jesus! since Thou dost will it, I will it likewse, and so willeth my father.

"Courage, then, my dearest father—courage, and resignation and confidence in God and in His Holy Mother. Let us pray for each other. Father, I kneel at your feet. Bless your child, and believe in his respectful devotion and dutiful submission.

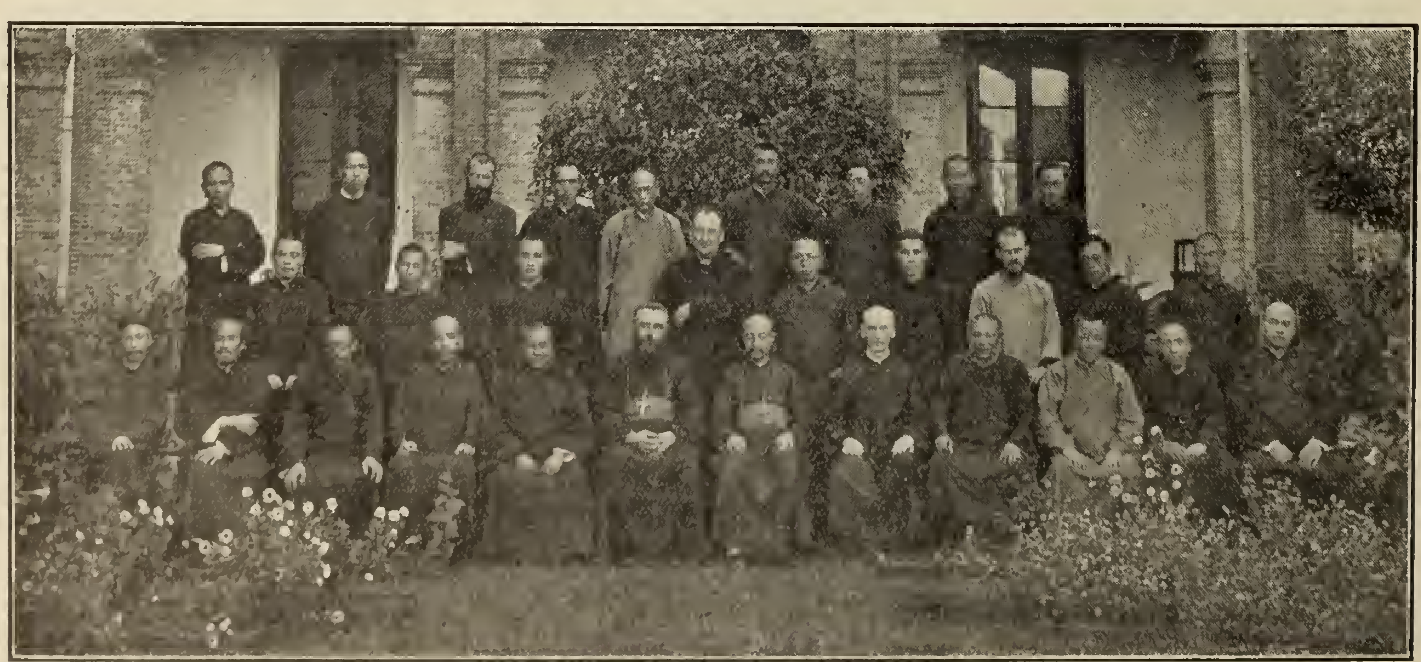
Theophane Venard, Sub-deacon."

As he knew beforehand, this letter came upon his father as a thunderclap; nevertheless the blow did not leave a sting behind, for M. Venard was a large-hearted and generous Catholic. His answer, which we subjoin, was one of consent, and a consent so heartily given that it rivalled the sublime virtue of his son. One day, when a friend was trying to console M. Venard by assuring him that his son's vocation had been abundantly weighed and proved by his superiors before they gave their assent, he exclaimed, "And what would become of the prophecy of our Lord Jesus Christ, who declared that His Gospel should be preached throughout the whole earth, if directors of colleges and heads of families were to check the aspirations of all the young students who wish to embark for the foreign missions?"

Such was the frank, loyal, generous nature of the father of the future missioner, and his character is well shown in the following letter:—

"St. Loup, February 12, 1851.

"My Dearest, Well-Beloved Son,—I will not attempt to describe the emotion your letter caused me. I fancy you had calculated beforehand the force of the blow. You may well say that the sacrifice is hard. Your ordination cost me nothing. On the contrary, it fulfilled my fondest wishes for you, and I was quite content. But now everything is changed.



Secular Priests of Ningpo, Taichow and Chuchow, on retreat at Ningpo, October 4-10, 1927. Bishop Defebvre and Bishop Hou (seated, centre front row) were retreat masters. Father Fraser is seated next to Bishop Hou; Father Morrison, standing, centre of second row, while Fathers Venini and Kam are third and second from the right, second row. Note the number of native Chinese priests.

THE WATERWORKS AT CHUCHOW

One cent a load—that's his price for carrying water from the town well to our mission residence.

All my plans are upset. Well may people say, 'Man proposes, and God disposes.' I had flattered myself that you would some day have a parish near me, that I should be able to make over everything to Henry, and then come and finish my days quietly under your roof, so that you should close my eyes. Happy, but, alas! hopeless illusions.

"My child, I cannot attempt to try to turn you from your great and holy resolutions. Neither will I sadden your heart by reproaches. I will content myself with asking if, at your age, you think you can really arrive at so serious a decision, and not regret it hereafter. But if you are resolved, if you feel that God has indeed called you, then I would say, 'Obey Him without hesitation.' Let nothing keep you back, not even the thought of the poor old father whom you leave in his sorrowful desolation, nor of the paternal roof which will no longer shelter you. Enough; I know that he who puts his hand to the plough must not look behind him; I know also that he who leaves father and mother to follow his Lord will receive an eternal recompense, and such reasons are unanswerable. .. .. .. I could not reply to your letter at once, my dearest son, for poor human nature would have its way at first. But to-day I am a little calmer, and I hasten to fulfill your wishes. You ask for my consent. I give it to you without restriction. My blessing—O my dearest boy, why should I refuse it to you? You know that I belong only to my children and that you may always reckon on me. All that gives you pleasure gives it to me likewise, cost what it will. My sacrifices began when you first went to school and I was separated from you; they went on increasing year by year, and now God knows where they are to end! Well, I can only resign myself and leave all in the hands of Him who perhaps, will give me back my Isaac, as you have compared me to the Father of the Faithful.

"Do not let my letter sadden you too much. I cannot put my ideas down as I wish, but you will guess my thoughts. Let us hope that God will sustain us both in this great trial. Although your sister knew of your intention beforehand, she was terribly affected by your declaration, for she flattered herself the day was still far off. But, as you say, the time is short. .. .. .. Henry saw at once that there was something the matter but I have told him nothing as yet. And poor little Eusebius, whom you were to mould and form, is he to lose his model and his guide? Forgive my saying this—forgive your poor old father, who lives but in his children. I feel I have gone too far, and that I shall give you pain, and you don't deserve it.

"Bear in mind, then, that I freely give my consent to your plans. Be at peace, and do not trouble about me. The hand of God is everywhere. I love you with all my heart and embrace you tenderly.

Venard."

So the future missioner could go to the Foreign Mission Seminary withou fear, and instead of the anger of his father, he was to meet with nothing but love and blessings. Theophane's feelings found vent in the following letter to his sister:—

"My Darling Sister,—Oh, how I cried when I read your letter! Yes, I knew well the sorrow I was going to bring upon my family, and especially upon you, my dear little sister. But don't you think it cost me tears of blood, too, to take such a step, and give you all such pain? Who ever cared more for home and a home life than I? All my happiness here below was centred in it. But God, who has united us all in links of the tenderest affection, wished to wean me from it. Oh, what a fight and a struggle I have had with my poor human nature! But then our Lord, who asked the sacrifice at my hands, gave me the strength to accomplish it. He did more. He gave men the courage to offer myself the bitter chalice to those I loved. I undertook it because I knew you all so well, and I was full of faith and hope; and that hope has not been disappointed. And now I can only adore His mercy, and praise Him who has led me so tenderly through this terrible trial.

"Can it be, then, that family ties and family joys are not holy and blessed? Has God forbidden them? Or were our hearts too absorbed in them, so that God, to punish us, wished to withdraw them altogether? Or have we all gone crazy? No! no! a thousand times no! Let the world say what it will. What matters it to us, children of grace, who have received the heavenly promises? The world and its maxims have long ago had their condemnation from the mouth of our Divine Lord Himself. Ah! Lord God, Thy thoughts are not as our thoughts, and Thou walkest by paths of which the world knows nothing.

"See, my dearest sister, how He has led us until now. We had a good and darling mother, and she was taken from us just as we were entering upon life. How we have cried for her! But God took pity on her children. He has given you strength and wisdom to take her place in the family. Then another sacrifice was asked of us. You, my good little sister, had long given yourself to God. You wanted to do so altogether, but Providence contented itself with your will and your submission, and did not exact the consummation of the sacrifice. But God was watching over your poor brother. He was conducting him as by the hand in a path traced out by Himself. Oh, miracle of grace! Oh, the depth and the riches of the goodness and mercy of God! He who needs not human instruments to accomplish His great designs, chooses the vilest, the most miserable of His creatures to do His work. I, wretched little I, receive the mission and the inspiration of the Apostolate. .. .. .. Dearest sister, say with me that our God is good—infinitely good. Let all the earth echo the words and repeat them in a transport of gratitude and joy. See how our Lord loves us. See how He showers His gifts upon us. One more sacrifice is asked of us; but does not our Lord prove those He loves so as to make them more worthy of Himself? Must we not all pass through the crucible? A cross is given to us. Let us embrace it generously, and thank Him. Our tears must flow. Well, let us offer them up to Him who has called them forth. This earth is after all but a valley of tears: and the Divine Master has said, 'Blessed are those that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' And then, even if we do part here for a little time, it is only our bodies that are separated. Our souls are united more closely than ever in thoughts which know no space or distance. We shall meet one another in heaven. 'Yes, all of us shall be together then. Let us trust in God, and make the sacrifice generously. And then you have Henry: and God will watch over poor little Eusebius. Let us pray and trust and hope, and remain united to each other in the hearts of Jesus and Mary. .. .. And now I must add a line to my dear father. You don't know how proud I am to be his son! I long to feel myself in his arms, pressed to his heart. .. .. .. My father, with your great courage, firm faith, burning love—all for God—even your Theophane! Dearest father, these souls that I am going to strive to win for our Lord, I offer them all to you, next to God. They will be your crown and your glory in the Home of the Elect.

"I am going away, but I leave you an angel of consolation—a loving guardian angel—in Melanie. When the time of your pilgrimage is over, Melanie will close your eyes, will pray by your bedside, and will speak to you of your poor little missioner; and you will bless her and him too. But why do I speak of death? Oh, please God, you will live many, many years yet to be the joy and the providence of your children! The little missioner will get letters from you from time to time, and news of all the family, and that will be a great joy to him. I hope also to spend a good long fortnight with my dear ones at home and enjoy them thoroughly before I start."

The "little missioner" accordingly went home on Saturday, the 15th of February. He arranged to walk from Parthenay, so as to meet his brother Henry and have a talk with him before they saw their father. The only idea of something extraordinary about to happen was from a little note which Theophane had written to both his brothers in these words: "I implore you to say the 'Memorare' for me every day till we meet, that I may obtain a great grace. You will soon know why." But the poor children were far from guessing the truth.

Henry, being then eighteen, at once understood the gravity and importance of the step which his brother was about to take. As for poor little Eusebius, his uncertainty came to an end the next day when Theophane called to carry him off for a fortnight from his studies. He had set his heart on having the whole family together on this occasion, so as to enjoy for the last time the happiness which such a home circle alone can give.

It is easy to understand how trying these last few days were to them all; but to Theophane they were the hardest. He had to be tender, affectionate, and loving to every one, and yet firm and determined in his resolution to leave them. At times he could scarcely contain himself, and he had to do incessant violence to his own heart to maintain any kind of decent calm. But he acquainted himself marvellously.

We cannot attempt to describe his first meeting with his father. They embraced each other closely in silence, without tears or sighs. Only after a time the words, "My dearest boy!" "My good father!" burst from the lips of each. These few words said all to those who could feel and understand what was passing in two such loving hearts.

These touching scenes were renewed very often in the course of the trying fortnight, especially towards evening, near the fireside after dinner, when there would often be a dead silence, the father contenting himself with pressing his son's hand and not daring to trust himself to speak. The future missioner would try to cheer them all by droll stories, or interest them in the countries he was so soon to visit. At last he excited them so much on the subject of China and the missions, that nothing would content Melanie and her brothers but the thought of going too. They made a thousand little plans, in which each was to share in his labors. "And what is to become of me?" at last exclaimed their father, who had been silently listening to their fine projects. "Am I to be left like poor old Zebedee to mend my nets? Rather than that, I will go too." Indeed he several times told his son that nothing but his duty to his other children kept him back, adding that he had no longer anything else to bind him, and that all he asked of God was to be allowed time to launch his children in life, and then sing his "Nunc Dimittis."

So the days sped on, only too rapidly, and each evening became more sad as it grew nearer to the one which was to hear the last farewell. Poor Melanie felt the strain especially, and every night would linger after the others to get the last kiss and the last word. There was always something more to say and the last night of all they made no attempt to retire. Melanie had several little things to add to his outfit; and he sat watching her, saying as many loving things as his sad heart would allow. Ten years later, Theophane, then a Conferror for the Faith, remembered every single incident of that night, which consoled him even in the bottom of his cage. Only two days before his martyrdom, he wrote to his sister, "It was alone with you that I passed that delicious night of the 26th of February, 1851, that night at home which was the scene of our last interview on earth, spent in holy, helpful, consoling talk like that of St. Benedict and his sister."

The day of departure came at last. The whole family sought strength where alone it could be found, and received Holy Communion together. Theophane served the Mass with a rapt manner and expression, which made him look more like an angel than a man. Then came farewell visits to friends and relatives, when he tried to turn aside sorrowful thoughts and anticipations by a bright, gay manner, and occasional little jokes; yet he owned afterwards that he was nearly suffocated with sorrow. One visit cost him many tears,—it was to the churchyard, to the tomb of his mother, whom he had so idolized, and from whom he had been separated at the hour of her death, so that he had never had her dying blessing—to him a cause of eternal regret. He could scarcely tear himself away from those precious remains. And yet the thought of this visit was most consoling to him afterwards, and he always spoke of it with tears of gratitude.

The hour of departure was fixed for nine o'clock in the evening. Theophane had chosen that time to avoid a crowd of anxious and sympathizing friends; his brother and one old friend were to drive him to Parthenay, where he would take the night train. The family sat down to dinner earlier than usual, the good old pastor of the village having joined them; and Theophane, by almost superhuman efforts, succeeded in making the meal cheerful, almost gay. But a few words from his father towards the end brought back sad and sorrowful thoughts, and they all became more and more silent. The dinner was over and the time of departure was drawing nearer every moment. As usual they said the rosary together, then read a chapter from the Imitation, after which they knelt for evening prayers. No one had the courage to lead except Theophane himself, and as he went on the sobs and tears of his little audience became more pronounced. Whatever restraint we may put upon our feelings before men, the barrier breaks down when we find ourselves alone with God! Theophane with difficulty finished the prayer, and approaching his father, said, "The hour is come; we must part. My father, will you not bless your son, your poor little Theophane?" As he spoke, he threw himself at his father's feet, embracing his knees. The poor father lifted his eyes and his hands to Heaven, and with a broken voice, making the sign of the Cross on his child's head, said, "My dearest son, receive the blessing of your father, who offers you a willing sacrifice to our Lord. May you be blessed forever and forever, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen!"

The Christians at Chulong ("Nine Dragons"), the oldest
backgrou

Then Theophane rising, knelt for a moment in the same way for the good old priest's blessing, and rapidly kissed his whole family, as he did each evening before going to bed; but this was for the last time! Henry went out to se if the carriage was ready. Eusebius threw himself into his brother's arms, sobbing as if his little heart would break. Melanie, kissing him and crying "Only once more," fell back almost fainting on her chair. The poor father, still and immovable from excess of sorrow, leaned heavily on the arm of his old friend, the Cure.

"Courage! let us be generous in our sacrifices!" murmured the poor missioner. He could bear no more. With one last kiss to his half-unconscious sister, he seized his cloak and hat, and rushed into the carriage. Then several friends and townspeople crowded

(Continued on page 31.)

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

(Continued from page 20.)

away to a good start. Masses and breakfast over we were ready, and after the usual arguments with the carriers we were off. We continued to work into the mountains, the scenery becoming always more rugged and picturesque. There is always one consolation, at least, in climbing a mountain, of going down the other side. About three o'clock we came to a small hamlet and we made a halt, for a sip of tea. While we were refreshing ourselves with this, the panting carrier came up, all in. He said he was through, so a new argument started to obtain some one to replace him. One man of at least sixty moons, on his way to the general store, with his lamp, in his hand to buy some oil, jumped at the chance to earn a little spare cash, so he shouldered the load, and away he goes.

Father Venini's carriers, high in the mountains of Chekiang, above Banga.

centre of our district of Chuchow. The building in the chapel.

Up and down, up and down, our path led us, and I easily left the others behind. What a sight from the top of many of those mountain passes! I had hopes, while I was in Italy of taking a hike through the Italian and Austrian Iyrol. My hopes were not realized, but I feel that I have been fully compensated by this excursion, because for me it is a real excursion, all the work falling on the shoulders of Father Kam, thanks to my ignorance of the language.

Just before reaching our "eating place" we passed through a village called O Cootee. I think it must be a corruption of the original English or (Armenian). The place, no doubt was so named by somebody who found the peculiar parts, so named, rather more active than the ordinary run of species.

Silver Village, was the place decided upon, to halt for dinner. I reached there long before the others, and after searching in vain for any traces of the precious metal, settled down to say a bit of office, but I had reckoned without the natives, who soon discovered my hiding place in the little wayside shrine, and soon had me completely surrounded, some trying on my sun helmet, others trying to open my kodak; one old fellow with a paralyzed arm, wanted me to cure it for him, right on the spot.

We ate our dinner here, amid the usual throng of curious gapers, who watched our every move. We had to hide our camera and breviaries in an old fanning mill to keep them away from the dirty hands of crowds of youngsters, young and grown up.

Silver Village is situated on the bank of the river running to Banga, and we followed its tortuous course to our halting place, for the night. The river has, in the course of ages cut a deep ravine through the mountains. In many places the path has been washed away, and we had to pick our way amongst huge boulders, the playthings of the swirling waters, in flood time.

The natives are all busy drying their potatoes. The men folk carry them down to the river, where they are washed ,and then cut into tiny strips, by the women and children, who use an instrument very much like a large cheese grinder. They are very adapt, at it, and in no time at all, reduce a huge pile of sweet potatoes to small strips, which are then spread on bamboo mats, or on the large cocks in the river bed to dry. They dry crisp, and as brittle as chalk, and some are ground into flour. They are the staple food of the poor people, rice, for many, being more or less of a luxury.

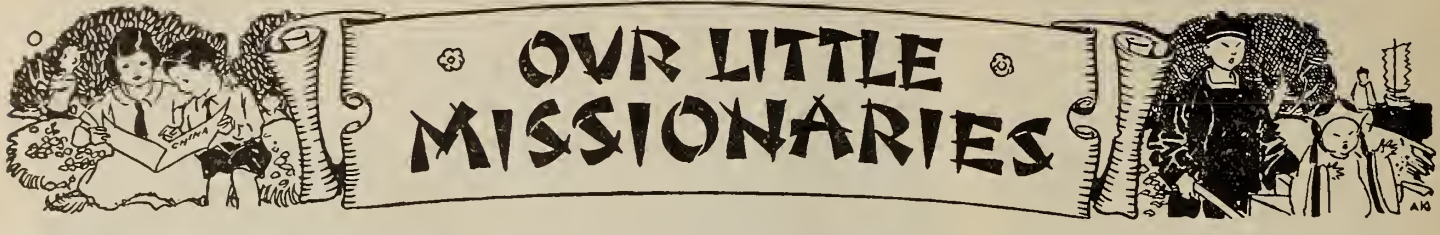
Our baggage carrier had gained ground on us while we were having our dinner. It is simply amazing the way these men hurry over the hardest of roads, with their heavy loads on their carrying poles. I overtook him, though, resting on the roadside, at the village of North of the Mountain. It is only a short distance from here to White Rock, where there is a catechist, and a small rented attic that serves as chapel. It is a very decent little place but it is right on the "main street," so good-bye to a peaceful night's rest. A wedding feast was going on a few feet up the street, which certainly didn't help to tranquillize affairs.

Up at 4.30 next morning, as we had to cover twenty miles before dark and the days are very short now. We followed the river course for a short while, and then again started up the mountain sides. We will have crossed at least ten mountain ranges twice, before we arrive back at Tsing Tien.

Passing through a mountain farm, we espied a persimmon tree, loaded up with its luscious fruit. We did not have time to stop, but on our way back we shall make it our business to find time for a halt here.

(Continued on page 29.)

"An old sorcerer knelt before the table, mumbling his prayers." See page 31, Fr. Venini's letter.



OUR LITTLE MISSIONARIES

Stanley Tomalski, of St. Mary's School, Toronto, who very thoughtfully forwarded a luminous dial Big Ben to give our missionaries "a good time."

A WEE FLOWER OF CHINA.

By Rev. Wm. Fraser, Sungyang.

Let me tell you about the baby daughter of my catechist. Her parents are devout Christians, and it is consoling to see how readily these Chinese converts appreciate and assimilate all that is high and heroic in our holy Faith. The Chinese have a deeply-religious nature, and a simple, natural refinement; this may be why the chastely-beautiful lives of the Saints make to them a direct appeal. Once they have grasped the truths of Faith, they find no difficulty in believing that such a faith engenders heroic sanctity. To them, this is but a natural outcome of the Catholic Religion. "Little Therese" is a wonderful favorite with the Chinese because of her unique charm and winning personality. The parents of the wee maid, about whom I started out to tell a story, were indeed pleased and proud when I baptized their baby-girl "Marie Therese."

And a real little Chinese flower she is, fragile, dainty and innocently-sweet. In her baby fashion she begs to be carried to the chapel for evening prayer. As she is not yet two years old, she cannot stand alone, but she braces herself against a seat, and, her little round face now grown solemn and demure, she picks up a prayer-book as she sees the others do, opens it with a wise expression, and fixes her eyes sedately upon the page of hieroglyphics that would be quite undecipherable to many a learned professor of languages. Then, high above the deep chanting of the men, the piping treble of her child-voice floats like a bird-song. I often look at the rapt angelic face and wonder what is then passing through the baby mind. Unintelligible to us may be this little one's prayer, but consoling is the thought that a true, fond Father understands the prattle of His little one, and will not reach out a stone when it begs Him for bread.

"Ma-li-a" (Mary), she pronounces distinctly, and she makes a heroic attempt with my Chinese cognomen, "Lao-Vah-Kong" ("Father Fraser Senior," to distinguish me from Father John). To Marie Therese I am "Ta-Ta-Tong." We are great friends. She insists upon seeing me at frequent intervals, and will sit quietly by, satisfied if "Ta-Ta-Tong" is within sight. Little Therese has not fully recovered from a recent serious illness, and she is wont to rebel, and get a bit fractious when the medicine bottle heaves in sight, for like all other medicines, Chinese medicine is anything but palatable. To induce her to swallow the bitter draught, her father resorts to a strategy. "If Teresa takes her medicine nicely and quietly, Father will take her to see Ta-Ta-Tong." Down goes the obnoxious dose at a gulp, and the little victim is carried to me, now all smiles and happy prattle.

What, I wonder, does the future hold for this wee flower of China? Well, let us leave her, under God, in the strong, beautiful, capable hands of the Little Sister of the Missions —Saint Theresa of Lisieux, whose intercession brings many a grace to us poor toilers in fields afar. Here is a recent striking example of her power with God: Some time ago, it looked as if the Chinese Communists were to have things their own way in Sungyang. They made no secret of confiscating our property here, and of taking possession of our beautiful church, then nearing its completion. Here they would assemble their hearers to listen to their doctrine, and here they would enlist the towns-people under the red flag. It was a big job to give the gentle Little Flower, the expulsion of Communism from Sungyang, but the God of Nations seems to find this humble little one irresistible, for she took our cause to Him, and lo, only last night a high Chinese official with a band of soldiers arrived from Hang Chow, rounded out the Communist leaders who so blatantly planned to take our church, bound them hand and foot, cast them into a river-boat, and now they are on their way to Hang Chow with at least one of their pet theories rudely shattered: all men are not equal; their only common possession is death. How good is God thus to relieve the anxiety of our good Christians here, and to give them once more peace and consolation. A beautiful, thornless Rose, was it not, that fell from Little Therese's generous hands.

Toronto.

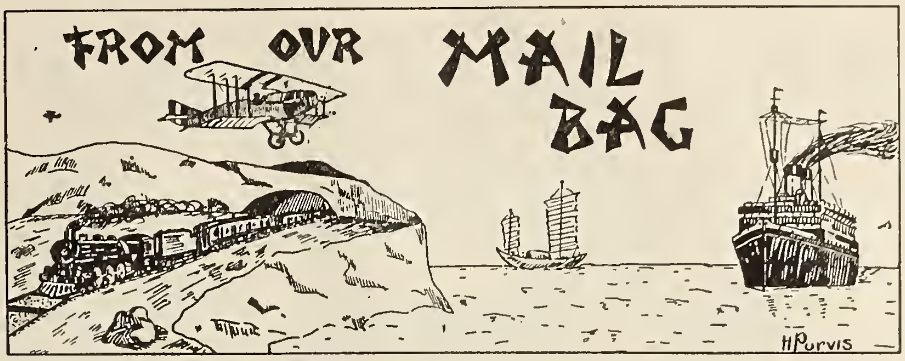
The Autumn semestre was brought to a very happy termination at St. David's School Toronto. The closing exercises, conducted by the executive of the senior unit of the C.C.S.M.C., were in form of a mission program. "The Divine Guest"—a Western Mission play—was very artistically presented by the girls o fthe Senior Fourth Class. "The Bandit's Son"—a play portraying mission work in China during the recent disturbances —was very realistically portrayed by the boys of the Senior Fourth Class. "Scrooges Christmas" dramatized by the Junior Fourth Class so thoroughly imbued the audience with the Christmas spirit that an intermission during which we could have expressed our good wishes to all, would have been very acceptable. A feature which we consider unique, was an orchestral selection with repeated encores by the Stokes family, Elzee, Walter, Freddie and Tommie—all pupils of this school. Two vocal numbers—a duet by Mary McCarthy and Estelle Dupuis and a solo by Mary Duffy, very beautifully rendered brought the program to a close. In thanking the audience fo rtheir patronage the President announced that the proceeds of the concert had been voted for mission work.

Toronto.

I am enclosing cheque for — dollars from the mite box collections of Holy Family School which we would be pleased to have applied for the education of a priest for China. Sincerely yours,

Sarah Battaglia, Sec'y.

The itinerant cobbler in China repairs your shoes while you wait. Note customer with one shoe off.



Haimen, China.

Dear Father McGrath:

Your letter of recent date enclosing cheque for mass intentions to hand. I wish to acknowledge the 250 intentions cabled on Nov. 30.

You will be glad to know that on the 12th, 13th and 14th of November we had the official reception of our Chinese Bishop, Msgr. Hou. It was wonderful to see how all the notables of the city desired to co-operate with us to make from this festival a record. Our ambitions were realized. No one here ever witnessed a festival so splendid.

It is impossible for me to tell you how much we thank you for the mass intentions. You are really a Providence for us. His Lordship Msgr. Hou also charged me to thank you very much. On the Chinese New Year a newly ordained priest will join us here. More than ever will we need your splendid help—mass intentions—and more than ever I will remain,

Very gratefully yours,
Theo. Van Oijen.

[Ed. Note.—Father Van Oijen is the superior of a group of ten mission priests laboring in Chekiang Province and, as his letter shows, you good people who have forwarded mass intentions to us are practically his only support. Remember that on the missions the mass stipends are the missionaries' sole means of support, and our system of cabling makes possible the prompt acquittal in China of all intentions received.]

Calgary, Alta.

Enclosed please find a donation to your work and two years subscription to CHINA. The letters appearing in CHINA from your priests at the front are most interesting. We of course are much interested in the work of Father Venini because a few years ago he was a member of our K. of C. hockey team which won the Alberta Amateur Championship. More power to you in your good work.

Mt. St. Bernard College
Antigonish, N. S.

I have very much pleasure in send-you together with the good wishes of the season, a small cheque to help you in your great missionary work.

St. Joseph's School C.C.M.C. Unit
North Bay, Ont.

You will please find enclosed—dollars for the Chinese mission. With every good wish for a happy and prosperous New Year we remain.

Mt. St. Vincent, Halifax, N.S.

On Mission Sunday, it was our pleasure as well as our privilege to give a little entertainment for the benefit of the Propagation of the Faith. To whom, then, should our thoughts first turn for the distribution of the funds thus gathered, if not to our own Canadian Seminary and to dear Father Fraser? Will you kindly forward the sum of the enclosed cheque to him in China, with our best wishes for a very happy Christmas and our earnest prayers for his success?

Please tell Father Fraser, also, that we read with great interest the account of the year's accomplishment in the Canadian Mission Field. All difficulties considered, it was a most fruitful year in the harvest of souls, and above all in a rich store of merits for the saintly men who are spending their lives in the service of those poor pagans. Time is nothing to God, and in a little while we shall see the sterile land watered and tilled at so great cost, spring up into a valley of fruitfullness.

As members of the Student's Mission Crusade, we are eager to help you; and while our money contributions are but a mite in the face of the great needs of the Missions, our prayers and spiritual alms can bring what is far more important to the missionary, the grace of God, with courage of heart, and such love as perseveres even to the end.

Sincerely,
The Freshmen Christian Doctrine Class.
Per Kathryn Burgess.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

At this glad Christmastide we are pleased to offer you the enclosed cheque—our mite box donation from the pupils of Notre Dame Academy. May the Infant Saviour shower His choice blessings upon your noble work and give to it abundant prosperity throughout the New Year.

St. Bonaventure's College, St. John's, Nfld.

Enclosed you will find — dollars (contents from badly battered C Mite box) from the boys of Preparatory A class. Wishing you every success in your noble work, and with kindest regards, I remain, sincerely yours.

Toronto.

Enclosed please find cheque for — dollars—the mission savings of The Little Flower Club of St. Vincent de Paul School.

Niagara Falls, Ont.

This is our first letter to you this term. We have been helping other mission fields since September. Now we enclose — dollars as our Christmas gift to the Chinese Missions. Wishing you a happy Christmas and New Year,

per Eleanor Shea.
Senior Third Crusade Unit.

St. Stanislaus School, Hamilton, Ont.

Enclosed please find — dollars for the China Missions. The pupils enjoy "CHINA" very much and look forward to ts appearance each month. Wshing you all success in your work and trusting that you may receive all blessings for Christmas and the New Year, I remain——.

St. Joseph's Convent, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Enclosed please find ——, the proceeds of our mite boxes for the first term of the school year. Praying that God may grant the China Mission Seminary a very happy and prosperous new year, and asking your blessing on our work for 1928, we remain——.

C.C.S.M.C. Unit.
Saint Augustine's Seminary, Toronto.

We held our regular "Mission Day" for November on one of the last days of the month. Our general intention for the day was, "More Missionaries for China." I take great pleasure in presenting this bouquet of prayer and works to St. Francis Xavier Seminary as a testimonial of the interest our unit is taking in your institution and also of our desire to encourage and foster vocations for the Chinese missions. May St. Francis hear our supplications and grant an increase of a hundred fold in the Church teaching in China.

St. Augustine's unit presents this spiritual offering to St. Francis Xavier Seminary:

Masses heard	468
Communions	428
Rosaries	476
Way of the Cross	317
Visits	1,281
Ejaculations	8,965
Little Office	36
Divine Office	43

Space forbids our publishing separately the spiritual offerings of a host of kind friends whose offerings of masses, communions, rosaries, stations, visits, ejaculations and recitation of the office amount to the grand total of 947,365.

Nonsense
A. KEELOR

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"

Certainly.

Governor of Prison: "No. 99, his Majesty has been pleased to commute your sentence to penal servitude for life.

Condemned Man—Well, sir, they say no noose is good news, and I'm hanged if it isn't.

A Frail Flower.

"Yes, my boy, I reckon you can have her," sighed Old Man Hawkins to his daughter's suitor. "But take good keer of her, for she's been riz kinder tender-like. Eight acres is all I ever ast her to plow between sun-up and dark. She can do light work such as well-diggin' and steer brandin' but she ain't used to no rough stuff, so you'll have to be gentle with her."—Exchange.

An interesting photo of the students who voted for the abolition of mid-year vacation.

"Some Frost."

A farmer engaged a young lad from a large town. One cold winter's morning the farmer told the boy to harness the mule to the cart.

The lad took no light with him, and he was unable to see that there was a cow in the stable with the mule.

After a long delay, the farmer grew impatient, and shouted: "Billy, what are you doing?"

"I can't get the collar over the mule's head," yelled back the boy. "His ears are frozen."—The Legionary.

His Duty.

A Boy Scout was doing his good turn by acting as cloak room attendant at a hospital dance.

One of the guests, a student of the brain, wished to test his memory process. So when the Scout handed him his hat he said:

"How do you know that this is my hat?"

"I don't," said the Scout.

"Then why do you give it to me?"

"Because it's the one you gave me!"

NEEDED SLEEP.

"Please ma'am, may we borrow your phonograph?"

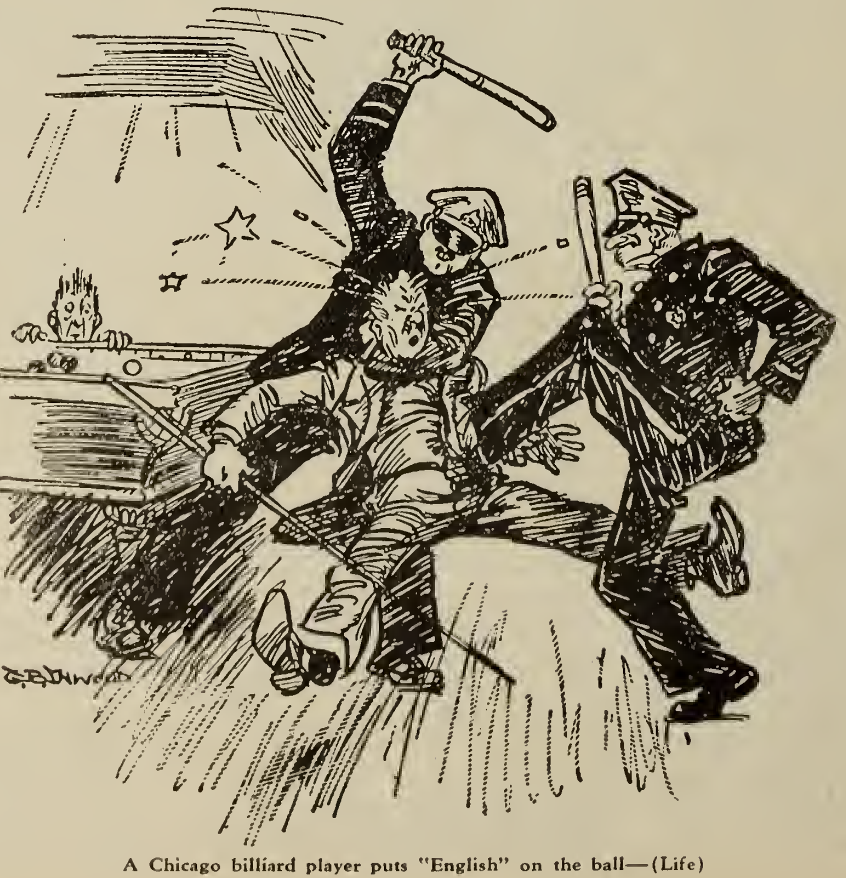
"What, at this time of night! Do you want to dance?'

"No, we wanta sleep."— Belleville Ontario.

HYGIENIC STUFF.

"I am very careful; whenever I quarrel with my wife, I send the children for a walk."

"Dear little things, one can see they get a lot of fresh air."—Lustige Zeitung Cologne).



A Chicago billiard player puts "English" on the ball—(Life)

CHANGED HIS DESTINATION.

First Colored Lady: "Yo' husban's in de hospital? Ah thought he was jus' only off on a jag."

Second Similar (with pride): "He was, but Ah interrupted him."

NOT FAR ENOUGH.

Reporter: I suppose that as the 'plane fell all your sins flashed before your eyes?

Movie Actress: Oh, dear, no! Why, we only fell two miles.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

(Continued from page 25.)

I have had on this trip the first real good drink of water, as Mother Nature gives it to us, since coming to China. Down on the plains it is always necessary to boil and sterilize the water, but there is no danger of the water being contaminated at these high altitudes.

We came upon one of the most pitiful sights I have ever seen; a man born without either eyes or eye-sockets. Two tiny hollows where the eyes should have been were all that saved his face from being a total blank. He also had a fearful sore completely covering one jaw. Another interesting case was a man with only one leg. He was bitten by a snake, and the leg had rotted away so that all that is left is a short stump.

Our route is particularly rugged from here to our final destination. It was necessary to hire another baggage carrier. Many, many times I almost imagine I am back at Carnargo, or Grass-ming-ging. There is practically no difference between these tiny mountain villages and those of our Lombardy Alps. The same stone houses with a tiny piazza before them, with their stacks of wood and straw. The mountains are also more or less wooded here, as there is no market for the wood within a practical distance, while along the river from Wenchow to Chuchow, there is hardly a tree of any size to be seen, except on the ground of some pagan temple.

In spite of the great altitude and the rocky soil, every available foot of ground has been forced to yield, at least a few potatoes, and here, as well as in the valley, the farmers were busily engaged "making potatoes while the sun shines."

A fine summer camp could be built here, in these lovely high woods. Water and fuel are very convenient, and food could be brought up from Banga, only two or three hours distant. When the heat starts next summer, I would not be surprised to find myself camping here.

Stream Rock Ocean is our halting place for dinner. Who is responsible for the name is not known, but he must have had a wonderful imagination. There was plenty of rock about, many streams, when it rains, but for the ocean, I give up, unless he meant the rice paddies to represent the ocean. There were some fine large gold fish in them.

While waiting for the dinner to be prepared, we were attracted to the neighboring house by the the explosion of many crackers, and the loud squealing of pigs. We could not just find out the reason for all the noise, but could only gather that a sacrifice was being offered, either for the recovery of a sick person, or in thanksgiving for his recovery. In any case, the gods had been consulted and had demanded the sacrifice of two pigs and two chickens and it was at this moment that we arrived. In a very few minutes four husky men seized the two enormous pigs, one at a time, threw them on a low bench, and held them there, while one of the men ran a long knife into the throat of the unlucky animal. Two chickens quickly followed suit. Into a large vat of boiling water went the pigs, to be afterwards shaved, and to find themselves, snowy-white, placed on the sacrificial bench. A table was prepared nearby on which were placed the chickens, rice, cakes, incense, etc. An old sorcerer knelt before the table mumbling his prayers and seeking to know the will of the gods by the aid of two brass, concave dishes tied to

(Continued on page 31.)

FATHER FRASER WRITES.

I had several sick calls lately. One five miles from here on foot over cobblestones. The poor old sick men was so polite he rose from his bed to receive me, but he could hardly stand. I urged him to lie down without delay, but it was only after he summed up all his strength to offer me a chair that he consented to do so. He might as well have been out in the open for all the shelter the miserable shack he was in gave him. While I administered the last Sacraments a crowd of pagans stood gazing close by. After it was over my "boy" (brother to the above-mentioned Paul Wong) and I were offered a bowl of Macaroni. I took the occasion to visit in the same village the home of one of our little seminarians, whose father acted the Good Samaritan in calling the priest and acting as guide.

Another sick call was to an old patriarch of Chuchow. He was stricken while sitting in his hovel after breakfast, and did not regain consciousness before breathing his last a few hours later. It is impossible to describe the place to you. It is a wonder a person could live to such an old age in such miserable, unhealthy surroundings. The tiny little shack was open on all sides; every old thing was jumbled pellmell, and dirty vases emitted an insupportable odor—I was glad when I got out into the fresh air. Today I performed the last Rites over his remains. In China it is forbidden to bring a corpse into a walled city, and so he could not be brought to the church—he died in the suburb. R. I. P.

Yours faithfully,

J. M. Fraser.

CONGRATULATIONS.

From authentic sources we learn that to the C.C.S.M.C. has fallen the honour of presenting the new mystery play, "Christ the King," in the Princess Theatre, during the last week of March.

Having read this production, we can safely prophesy for it a brilliant and well-merited success.

In this mystery play, the immortal story of Christ the King is retold in a manner at once singularly sweet and compelling. It does more than make a mere passing play upon the emotion; it moves, enlightens, grips.

"China" congratulates the C.C.S.M.C., and wishes it in this coming undertaking every success.

"Oh, sleep, it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole."

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Miscellaneous:

Bequest, Mrs. Thos. Quinn, $150.25; Elizabeth, $26.00; C.C.S.M.C., St. Cecelia's School, Toronto, $50.00; Seminary of Philosophy, Montreal, $22.00; Grand Seminary, Montreal, $24.00; Miss L. A. Melaney, $15.00; Loretto Abbey College, Toronto, $50.00; Renfrew Separate School, $20.00; St. Patrick's Convent, St. John's, Nfld., $15.00; Proceeds of "Chain Bridge", per Miss R. McGrath, Toronto, $60.00; Mr. W. H. McNabb, $25.00; Mt. St. Bernard's Academy, Halifax, N.S., $50.15; College Street School, Halifax, N.S., $55.00; St. Mary's Boys' School, Hamilton, Ont., $17.00; Mt. Carmel School, New Waterford, N.S., $14.00; Mt. St. Vincent, Halifax, N.S., $25.00; Convent of the Sacred Heart, Halifax, $25.00; St. Patrick Girls' High School, Halifax, for student's room, $75.00; Christian Mothers' Confraternity, St. Claire's Parish, Toronto, 70 jars canned fruit.

The Following Gave $10.00 Each:

Mrs. Jeffrey Sampson; Montreal Friend; Wm. A. Fawcett; St. Vincent's School of Commerce, Hamilton, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. Martin; Miss M. Connors; Rev. M. D. O'Neill; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Belliveau; Guardian Angels' School, Orillia, Ont.; St. Bridgid's Sunday School, Parrsboro, N.S.; Mr. J. Copeland; St. Stanislaus School, Ft. William, Ont.; Rev. J. P. McKey; Mrs. Sarah McKinnon; Miss Elizabeth Robinson; Notre Dame Academy, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; Friends, Hamilton.

The Following Gave Between $10.00 and $5.00 Each:

Mary Vale Abbey, Glen Nevis, Ont., $7.00; Per Rev. C. F. Gauthier, $6.00; Mrs. N. J. McNeill, $6.30; "R.", Sydney, N.S., $8.00; Friend, Toronto, $5.48; St. Stanislaus School, Hamilton, Ont., $8.00; Mr. L. McGurty, $5.50; Mrs. A. Campbell, $5.50; St. Joseph's School, Halifax, N.S., $6.00; "S. O'H", $7.00; St. Joseph's Convent, Charlottetown, P.E.I., $9.50; Miss Bird, $8.00.

The Following Gave $5.00 Each:

The Misses Gormey; Rev. J. Kimpton; The Kearns Family; Mrs. J. Barrett; St. Joseph's Convent, Brigus, Nfld.; Michael Bennett and family; Mr. Andrew Martin; Miss Mary Hoskin; Mr. J. D. McDonell; Rev. G. P. Monaghan; Mrs. Wm. A. Lafferty; Miss A. Dawzy; James Carroll; Friend, Canso; Mr. J. Hiemoski; Miss A. Hinschaft; Miss A. Metzker; Miss Mary Best; Mr. Julian A. Hogan; St. Mary's Academy, Windsor; Mrs. E. A. Driscoll; Mrs. Thos. Callery; Mrs. John Foley; L. Raymond Lennon; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan; St. Patrick's School, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Miss Nellie Foley; St. Ann's Convent, Glace Bay, N.S.; Mr. T. S. Melady; Mrs. E. Mason; Dr. W. A. Brown and family; Miss C. Gonyeau; Very Rev. Canon Cavanagh; J. Smith; Miss Nellie Scott; Pupils, Presentetion Convent, St. John's, Nfld.; Mr. J. M. Speechly; Miss Margaret Gaston; The Fleming Family; Miss Vera Gardiner; Miss Florence Nevins; Miss Bride Burke; Boys' Prep. Class, St. Bonaventure's College, St. John's, Nfld.; Mr. Cyril Cassidy.

Miscellaneous:

St. Cecelia's Sodality, Toronto, $3.00; Rev. W. F. Bowlen, $1.00; Mrs. J. Canning, $1.00; Miss M. B. McDonald, $1.00; Mrs. J. F. McKeough, $1.00; Miss B. Toner, $3.50; Mrs. Ellen O'Neill, $1.00; Mrs. W. B. Comerford, $2.00; Mrs. Mary A. Agnew, $1.00; Friend, Toronto, $1.00; Mrs. P. H. McGrath, $2.25; Miss J. Foley, $1.70; Mrs. R. Dwyer, $1.00; Mr. J. H. Burke, $2.50; Mr. Leo Freeman, $1.00; Miss K. McDonald,

$1.00; Miss C. McFeely, $2.00; Friend, Paris, Ont., $2.00; Master D. McCormac, $1.00; Mrs. E. Wenlock, $1.00; Miss R. Blainey, $2.00; Mrs. Jas. Battle, $2.50; Miss May H. James, $2.00; Mrs. A. Roach, $1.00; Mr. F. A. McKillop, $2.00; Miss F. Chisholm, $1.00; Advanced Pupils, Meteghan School, N.S., per Marie B. Robichaud, $2.50; Miss K. McLean, $1.00; Mrs. John Broderick, $2.00; Mr. M. McAuliffe, $1.00; Miss Margaret A. MacDonald, $2.50; Mrs. A. Starr, $1.00; Mrs. J. R. Comeau, $1.00; Miss C. Brennan, $1.00; Mrs. D. Smith, $1.25; St. Patrick's School, Kinkora, Ont., $3.25; Hotel Dieu of St. Joseph, Windsor, Ont., $1.00; Mr. J. J. McNally, $1.50; Miss Mary Columbus, $1.50; Miss E. Tobin, $1.50; Little Friends, Calabogie, Ont., $1.00; J. R. Campbell, $1.50; Mrs. John McGrath, $1.00; Erinsville School, Ont, $1.00; Miss Millie McNeill, $3.00; Miss S. McDermott, $4.00; St. Ann's School, Toronto, $2.00; Miss S. Jennings, $3.00; Mr. J. N. Campbell, $1.50; Mrs. H. Whiffen, $2.00; Mr. R. S. O'Hanley, $1.00; Miss M. Damask, $1.50; Mrs. Jas. Adams, $2.00; St. Mary's Church, Indian River, P.E.I., $2.00; Mrs. John McLellan, $2.00; Miss S. McGill, $2.00; Miss D. Akerman, $2.00; Mrs. P. Kelly, $2.00; Friend, St. John's, Nfld., $3.00; Miss M. Smyth, $3.00; Miss T. Hartshorne, $1.00; Miss M. Keating, $3.50; Mr. M. Ryan, $3.50; Friend, Toronto, $1.00; Mrs. C. H. Schaeffer, $2.00; Jos. F. Perry, $1.00; "Molly Bawn", $1.00; Miss S. Devine, $1.00; Miss M. Devine, $2.00; Mrs. M. J. O'Connor, $2.00; Alfred Tessier, $1.00; Mr. H. McGreevy, $2.00; Mrs. D. J. McDowall, $2.00; Rev. G. L. Blondi, $3.00; Mrs. E. Pinel, $3.00; Thos. McEwen, $1.00; Jas. McEwen, $1.00; Miss N. Cornell, $1.00; Miss M. Brown, $1.00; Miss G. Smyth, $1.00; Miss N. Passmore, $1.00; Miss C. Roberts, $2.00; Miss A. L. Maguire, $3.50; Mrs. J. L. Simpson, $1.00; Mrs. F. J. Bourgeois, $2.00; Miss M. G. Macdonell, $2.00; Miss A. Woolcot, $3.00; Mr. G. Barry, $1.00; Miss A. Crothers, $1.50; Miss J. Moran, $1.00; Mrs. A. G. Ellis, $2.00; Misses McManany, $2.00; Miss B. Walsh, $1.00; Herbert Johnson, $1.50; J. A. Devine, $2.00; Mrs. T. M. MacGuire, $1.25; Miss M. J. McGillvray, $3.50; Mrs. S. McKinnon, $2.00; Mrs. Jos. Robillard, $3.00; Jos. Radelet, $1.00; B. J. Hegarty, $1.00; Mrs. F. D. Burke, $3.35; Miss Louisa Power, $1.00; Miss Mary McGrath, $1.00; Mrs. L. J. Levoinois, $2.00; Miss I. Gillerlain, $1.00; Friend, Sudbury, $1.60; Mrs. Don Bray, $1.00; Friend, Toronto, $1.00; Miss W. A. Downs, $4.00; Mrs. Wm. Howe, Jr., $2.00; Christian Mothers' Confrat., St. Claire's, Toronto, $1.75; Mrs. J. J. Schihl, $1.00; Miss E. Cyr, $1.02; Mr. and Mrs. Schauenberg, $2.50; Mrs. M. McDonnell, $2.00; Mrs. J. Lynch, $2.00; Mr. M. J. Dodd, $2.00; Mr. P. Rouchan, $2.00; Mr. and Mrs. P. Curran, $1.00; Mrs. J. Gracie, $1.00; Miss T. M. D'Entremont, $2.50; Mr. J. C. Boll, $2.00; Miss B. Lindsay, $2.00; Mrs. H. F. Pineau, $1.00; Miss A. C. Sweeney, $2.00; Miss M. V. Power, $1.00; Miss C. Magenty, $1.00; Mrs. A. Laurin, $2.50; Mr. J. J. Dunbar, $2.00; Mr. J. Albert McDonald, $1.00; Friend, St. John's, Nfld., $1.00; Mrs. Thornton, $2.00; St. Ann's School, Brantford, Ont., $3.65; Mrs. D. Guiney, $1.50; Miss E. Livingstone, $1.00; Mrs. J. Browne, $2.25; Mr. H. Wellington, $2.50; Miss S. Queenan, $1.00; St. Columban's School, Ont., $1.00; Mrs. J. Long, $2.00; P. S. Ryan, $1.00; Miss M. G. Lennon, $2.00; Room 2, Our Lady of Lourdes School, Toronto, $3.00; IV Class Boys, St. Helen's School, Toronto, $2.50; Mr. Hugh McCulloch, $1.00; Mrs. John Butler, $2.00; Miss Mary J. Bon Ness, $2.00; Rev. J. R. MacDonald, $3.00; Miss Sadie McDonald, $2.00; Miss Annie J. Quinn, $2.00; Mrs. Mary Kohnen, $2.50; Rt. Rev. T. J. Valentin, $2.00; Mrs. O. E. Klein, $1.50; A. J. MacDonald, $1.00; Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Knox, $2.00; Mrs. M. J. Salisbury, $3.00; Mrs. Dr. McKinnon, $2.00; Mrs. W. Van Horne, $2.00; Mrs. John Walsh, $2.00; Mrs. Thos. Duffy, $1.00; Mrs. A. Boudreau, $1.00; Mrs. J. Sheehan, $1.00; Miss M. Sheehan, $1.00; Mrs. P. P. Cahill, $2.00; Miss Clara Madden, $1.00; Miss Lucia F. Bauer, $2.00; Miss H. Tully, $2.00; Miss M. B. McDonald, $1.00; A. R. Campbell, $2.50; Mrs. Coffey, $2.00; Rev. A. L. McIntyre, $1.00; Ed. Svenciski, $1.00.

Kindly make cheques and money orders payable to

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

(Continued.)

the end of a string. The object seems to be to figure from the way these dishes fall on the ground, both face up, or one up, one down, etc., the mind of the gods. The old fellow seemed to wish to have the discs one face up, and one face down, because if they didn't fall naturally this way, I noticed that by a quick pull on the string he would cause one of the discs to turn over. At times the members of the family joined him in his prostrations before the sacrificial offerings. I took a couple of snaps of the ceremony and hope they will come out well.

Yellow Dragon, for which I searched in vain, was our sleeping place for the night. It is only a group of stone houses, buried in a ravine off the main path. There is only one Christian family here, and contrary to the general rule, there are more women members Chistian than men. They had expected only one priest and consequently had only prepared one place, but doors come off very easily in these Chinese houses, where screws or nails are practically unknown, so it did not take us long to fix up a second shakedown. Four-thirty a.m. saw us stirring for the last and longest day of our journey, over twenty miles of mountain trails to be covered.

There are many pagan shrines along the route, to the numerous gods. One was especially picturesque, on the turn of a little creek, sheltered by a large, leafy camphor tree, that had seen the water of the creek hurry past for many long years. Two young farmer lads happened along as we were looking around. They had come to consult the gods about some affair they were about to undertake. They lighted their incense sticks, mumbled their prayers, made their numerous prostrations before the idols, and then one of them took the length of bamboo containing many strips of bamboo with the answers of the gods written upon them. He shook the bamboo cup until one of the strips fell out. They grasped it eagerly, read it and a pleased look came over their faces as they replaced the stick and hurried off. Evidently they had received a favorable reply.

We had our dinner at Three Streams, only seven miles from our starting point, as the rest of our journey is through a rough, sparsely habitated country, and there are no more "hotels." Our appetites did not mind the early dinner in the least, however. Friday to-day, so we made up for the absence of our pork by a good bowl of "mien," Chinese macaroni, and eggs. Just to tantalize us, so it seems at least, while we were waiting for our meal to be prepared, a large flock of ducks was driven past. There must have been at least three hundred; they were being guided along by three men, armed with long bamboo poles, evidently to some nearby market. Here in China it is also the custom to drive ducks and geese out to pasture, much the same as cows, in Canada.

(To be Concluded.)

A MODERN MARTYR.

(Continued from page 24.)

round him, to shake hands for the last time. He wrung their hands, exclaiming "Good-bye! good-bye! we shall meet in our true home," and the carriage set off rapidly for Parthenay. The sacrifice was over, and M. Venard, without wronging his other children, could say, "I have lost the fairest flower in my garden!" The delay at the moment of departure, though slight, made them miss the train at Parthenay by five minutes. This was a minor but very real trial to our poor Theophane, who longed for the final parting to be over. But there was no help for it, and so Theophane and Henry waited for the next train, which started at six o'clock in the morning. His brother remarked that when once settled in the railway carriage, Theophane looked away, and burying his face in his hands, cried bitterly and uncontrollably, to relieve the poor heart which had with such difficulty contained itself during the long ordeal.*

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* Henry, who was alive when the writer first visited Assai, remembered this night vividly. He died shortly before the Beatification.—Ed.

(To be continued.)

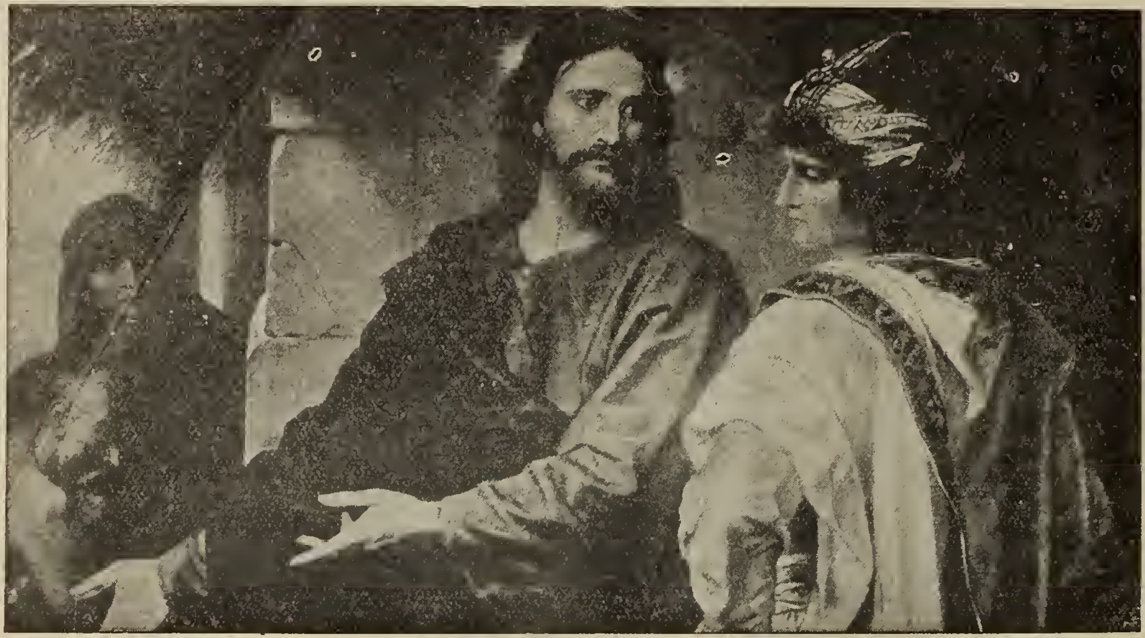
A WORD FROM FATHER MORRISON.

I wrote you a few days ago, and am writing you again, and sending you a picture which Father Joe took of the sword which was left here by the southern soldiers after the occupation of the residence and church. It was not the sword that was used to kill those men who were put to death here last spring. Those were the Northern soldiers, and were dispatched with rifle shots. Father Serra says that he heard the shots distinctly from the residence. Well, so much for the picture and the sword.

The nice balmy days of winter have come, when we would welcome a little of that heat we had last summer. The thermometer went down to freezing on the 8-9-10, but after old Sol put in an appearance, the white hoar frost suddenly disappeared. This is the season when the Chinese pile on all the clothes they have to their name. This with their little stove which they carry around with them, is their means of keeping Jack Frost away.

We are here now studying the language under a Chinese professor. We have advanced a little, so we can listen to the explications of the Chinese master. It is difficult as there is no means of communication between pupil and teacher except the language we are learning. Tell the boys to study well Ballers' "An Idiom a Day," and they will be well away when they come here. I preached twice while making the Yunhwo mission last month. I heard the confessions of the Christians, and taught them the catechism. I go again during Christmas week, and go through the same routine of business. When we have the language down well, all that will be child's play, and there are none of our Canadian youths who would not like to do mission work out here in the Far East."

DOES THIS MEAN ME?



"And Jesus looking on him loved him, and said to him: One thing is wanting unto thee: go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me—who being struck sad at that saying went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions."—Mark 10, 21:22.)

"Alas, alas for those who die without fulfilling their mission, who were called to worship Christ and who plunged into this giddy and unbelieving world, who were called to fight and remained idle. Alas for those who have had gifts and talents and have not used, or misused or abused them.

"The world goes on from age to age, but the holy Angels and blessed Saints are always crying alas, alas and woe, woe over the LOSS OF VOCATIONS and the disappointment of hopes and the scorn of God's Love and the ruin of souls."

—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

I Have a Vocation to be a Missionary Priest

—if I have a desire to serve God and gain eternal reward
by working to save souls,
—if I have been living a good Catholic life,
—and if I have average mental ability.

You can join our Priests in their missionary work. There is a place for you among those preparing to devote their lives to the work of China's conversion.

Do Not Postpone Taking the Step
Delay May Mean Losing Your Vocation

Write to REV. J. E. McRae, Rector,
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY—SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

There are More Pagans in China than there are Catholics in the World